THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill kly
Founded A Franklin

JUNE 20, 1914 5c. THE COPY

In This Number

Will Payne—Gouverneur Morris—Melville Davisson Post—Elmore Elliott Peake
George A. Birmingham—Fannie Hurst—Mary Stewart Cutting—Samuel G. Blythe

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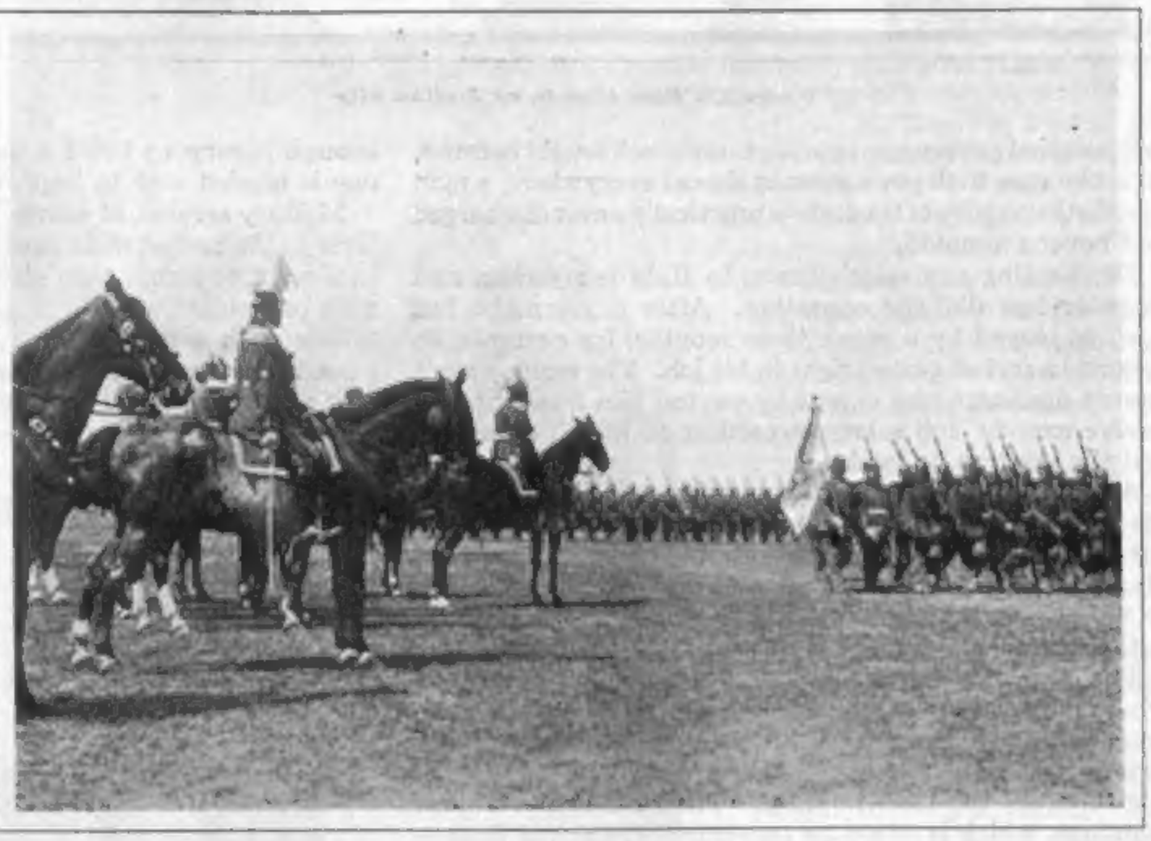
BARRACKS AND BEGGARS

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Women Unloading Coal in Berlin



German Infantry on Parade

By WILL PAYNE

IT WAS Gambetta, I believe, who described the goal of militarism as "a beggar sitting beside a barrack door"; and in Gambetta's time militarism was merely in its infancy. Italy has progressed considerably further toward that goal than any other European power. The little shop in Genoa was closed. It fronts upon a tortuous street—one of many such streets—so narrow that no horse-drawn vehicle can get through it. With outstretched arms and a walking stick in one hand you can almost touch the houses on both sides. They are six and seven stories high and the outswung shutters in the top stories seem fairly to meet. The tiny shops on the ground floor are piled with all sorts of goods, from cabbages to lace, and the street swarms with busy-looking people.

The wooden shutter of this particular little shop was down. A piece of paper the size of a playing card was tacked in the center of the shutter, bearing a scrawled notice to the effect that the shop was closed owing to the death of the proprietor, and on the notice was a duly canceled government stamp.

There is a government stamp on everything. Communications to the government and lawyers' pleadings must be on duly stamped paper. The government's eager eyes are ever watching for any place where a tax will stick, and as soon as the spot appears a tax is promptly stuck on. Thus if you hire another servant or another clerk your taxes go up. If you pay a little more house rent the government argues that you must have a little more wealth or income, and so moves your taxes up a notch. There is a tax on windows, doors, signs, a hearth tax and, of course, the octroi tax.

Excepting Japan, Italy is probably the most heavily taxed country in the world; and it is by no means a rich country. It lives by close economy. You see the pinch everywhere—in the country you see it in the painfully intensive cultivation, carried up stony hillsides on carefully constructed terraces; in town you see it in other ways.

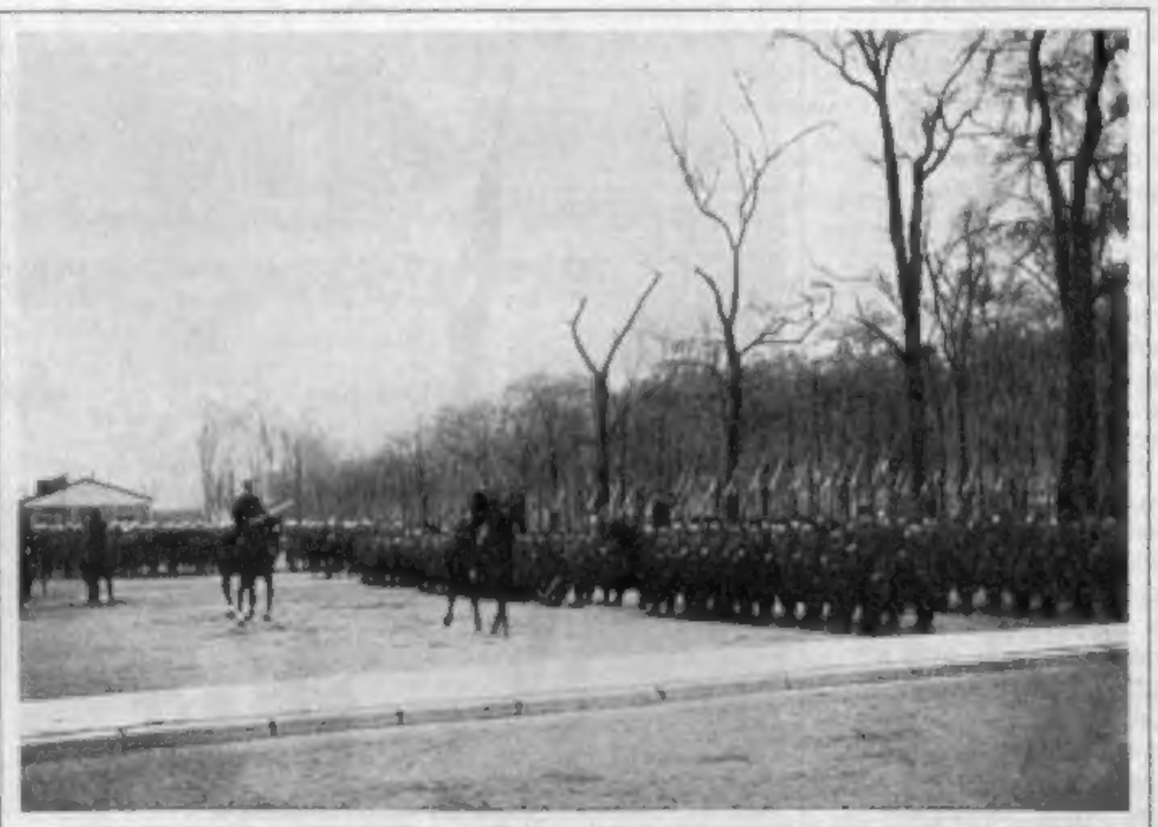
One might say, for example, that the whole United States is anxious to get a better job, while all Italy is anxious simply to keep the job it has. Often that attitude cropped out in my talks with Italians. Several of them repeated substantially this axiom:

"If a man loses a good job here he's done for; he can never get another one."

Hence a prevailing ambition to cement oneself to the job one has, which finds expression in various ways. The government, operating the railroads, telegraph, telephones and post, is a large employer of salaried labor and, in spite of amazingly low

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Raggpickers in the Streets of Paris



Review of French Troops Near the Invalides

Where the Poor Live in an Italian City

Italian Troops Parading in Rome

pay, salaried government positions are much sought because, as is the case with governments almost everywhere, a man once in the employ of the state is practically never discharged and never promoted.

Discharging any salaried man in Italy is a serious and more or less difficult operation. After a journalist has been employed by a paper three months, for example, he acquires a sort of vested right in his job. The management cannot discharge him except by paying him from three to twelve months' full salary, according to length of service and the position he holds.

All this, of course, reflects a poor country, living close to the margin, with limited opportunity. But with a third of our population, four per cent of our area and a fraction of our wealth, Italy spends more than half as much yearly as we do—regard being had to the central government in both cases.

The first tax is on land. As usual there are some gross inequalities; but including levies by the central government and by the province and communes, Italian land owners generally pay from a fifth to a quarter of the income from the land in taxes. Then there is a tax on buildings, which is based on two-thirds the actual income from factories and three-fourths the actual income from houses. On those proportions of the actual income the tax amounts to about sixteen per cent. Next there is a tax on incomes, except those derived from land. This income tax amounts to about twenty per cent, but is levied on only three-eighths of the income derived from government salaries and pensions and only three-fourths of the income derived from professions or from manufactures. Even at that it is high enough to induce heart disease in all objectors to our income tax.

How Bankruptcy Follows the Tax Gatherer

THEN there are the stamp and octroi taxes, which touch all sorts of business transactions and virtually all articles of general consumption, the octroi taxes going mainly, of course, to the cities where they are collected. There are heavy import duties, especially on wheat. Finally, salt and tobacco are government monopolies from which the state derives an important revenue.

"The way in which taxes press on the poor may be shown by the number of small proprietors sold up, owing to inability to pay land and other taxes. Between 1884 and 1902 no fewer than two hundred and twenty thousand sales were effected for failure to pay taxes," says one writer.

In round numbers one hundred and twenty-five million dollars of this painfully extracted money goes to support the army and navy, while over a hundred millions more goes to pay interest on an enormous debt that was mostly created by past wars. Naturally the government finds it difficult to lay hold of enough money to build a new telephone exchange, when one is needed, and to improve its railroads.

Military service, of course, is universal and compulsory. Every able-bodied male aged twenty must serve two years in the active army, then eight years in the active reserve with one month's training a year, then four years in the militia with a month's active training yearly, then five years in the territorial army with a month's training a year. The active army comprises about three hundred thousand persons, the active reserve about seven hundred thousand.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Market of the Poor, Whitechapel District in London

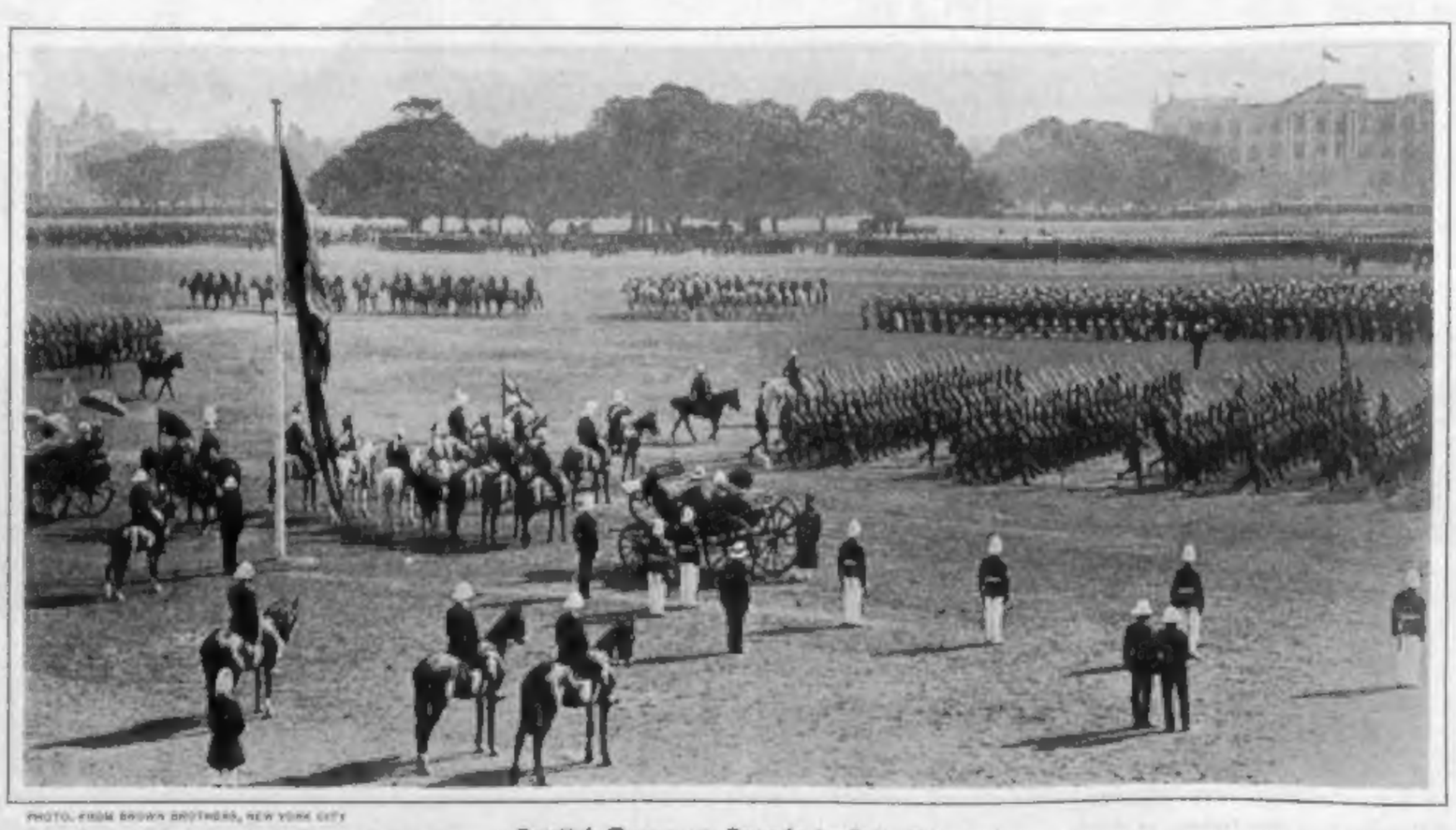


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

English Troops on Parade in Calcutta

The navy also is recruited by a compulsory service and comprises about thirty thousand men. Italy has fourteen battleships and twenty-seven cruisers afloat or building.

Nowhere, outside of Japan, are taxes heavier. Nowhere, so far as I can discover, are they more cheerfully paid.

"Your army and navy are a tremendous burden," I suggested fatuously to an Italian.

He was not connected with the army or navy or any other branch of the government, nor with an armament factory or a gunpowder trust. He was neither a plutocrat nor a chauvinist, but a modest, highly intelligent, well-educated professional man in middle circumstances with a growing family. Up to then the conversation had been progressing in the pleasantest possible way. But at that fatuous observation he shut his jaw hard, contracted his eyebrows, and shot a forbidding look at me while he declared with genuine passion:

"It isn't heavy enough! Many Italians now living can remember the rule of Austria and of the states of the Church. They know from experience what sort of government there was in Naples and at Venice and at Rome—with France always sticking a finger into our affairs according to her selfish policies—until Italians risked their last man and last cent to govern their own country."

Vivid Memories of Austrian Misrule

FIGURATIVELY shriveling up, I tried to make myself realize that the shocking misrule of Austria and of the Papal States—the latter supported by Austrian bayonets—had actually been within the memory of men still living; that when the nineteenth century was well along, men were flung into prison by the score on a mere whim in Rome, that spies swarmed and assassination was the most conspicuous—and safest—form of political activity. Gladstone does not seem far away from us. It was he who described the Bourbon rule at Naples as "the negation of God erected into a system of government." But you need to have the printed page at hand to make yourself realize that the Italian conditions which he wrote about were affairs of the nineteenth century and not of the twelfth. It was only forty-two years ago that Victor Emmanuel, as the representative of the Italian people, entered Rome to make it the capital of a nation.

Remembering these things naturally heats the blood, and I was almost ready to assure my Italian friend that if I were his countryman I, too, should be passionately in favor of more regiments and dreadnoughts, even if we had to sell up four hundred thousand peasants for nonpayment of taxes instead of only a beggarly two hundred thousand.

And that was my invariable experience when discussing militarism in Europe. In Italy you catch their point of view. The very air is saturated with it.

(Continued on Page 61)

SUPERMAN

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE canker of the city is loneliness. It flourishes—an insidious paradox—where men meet nose to nose in subway rushes and live layer on layer in thousand-tenant tenement houses. It thrives in three-dollar-a-week fourth-floor back rooms, so thinly partitioned that the crumple of the rejection slip and the sobs of the class poetess from Molino, Missouri, percolate to the four-dollar-a-week fourth-floor front and fuddle the piano salesman's evening game of solitaire. It is a malignant parasite, which eats through the thin walls of hall bedrooms and the thick walls of gold bedrooms, and eats out the hearts it finds there, leaving them black and empty like untenanted houses.

Sometimes Love sees the To Let sign, hangs white Swiss curtains at the window, paints the shutters green, plants a bed of red geraniums in the front yard and moves in. Again, no tenant applies; the house mildews with the damp of its own emptiness; children run when they pass it after dark; and the threshold decays. The heart must be tenanted or it falls out of repair and rots. Doctors, called in the watches of the night to resuscitate such hearts, climb out of bed reluctantly. It is a malady beyond the ken of the stethoscope.

One such heart beat in a woman's breast so rapidly that it crowded out her breath; and she pushed the cotton coverlet back from her bosom, rose to her elbow and leaned out beyond her bed into the darkness of the room.

"Jimmie? Essie? That you, Jimmie?"

The thumping of her heart answered her and the loud ticking of a clock that was inaudible during the day suddenly filled the third-floor rear room of the third-floor rear apartment. The continual din of the street slumped to the intermittent din of late evening; the last graphophone in the building observed the nine o'clock silence clause of the lease at something after ten and scratched its last syncopated dance theme into the tired recording disk of the last tired brain. An upholstered chair, sunk in the room's pool of darkness, trembled on its own tautened springs, and the woman trembled of that same tautness and leaned farther out.

"Who's there? That you?"

She huddled the coverlet up under her chin and lay back on her pillow, but with her body so rigid that only half her weight relaxed to the mattress; and behind her tight-closed eyes flaming wheels revolved against the lids. Tears ran backward toward her ears like spectacle frames and soaked into the pillow; a mouse with a thousand feet scurried between the walls.

"Essie? Jimmie, that you?"

Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock!

More tears leaked out from her closed eyes and found their way to her mouth so that she could taste their salt. Then for a slight moment she dozed, with her body at full stretch and hardly raising the coverlet, and her thin cheek cupped in the palm of her thin hand. The mouse scurried in a light rain of falling plaster and she woke with her pulse pounding in her ears.

"Jimmie? Jimmie? Who's there?"

Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock!

Sobs trembled through her and set the bedsprings vibrating, and she buried her head under her flat pillow and fell to counting the immemorial procession of phantom sheep that graze the black grasses of the Land of Wakeful Hours and lead their sleepless shepherds through the long pastures of the night.

"Three hundred'n five; three hundred'n six; three hundred'n seven; three hundred'n—Jimmie?"

A key scratched at the outer lock and she sprang two-thirds from the bed, dragging the coverlet from its moorings.

"Jimmie, that you?"

"Sure, maw! 'Smatter?"

She relaxed as though her muscles had suddenly snapped, her tense toes and fingers uncurled, and the blood flowed back.

"I —— Nothin', Jimmie; I was just wondering if that was you."

"No, maw; it ain't me—it's my valet coming home from a dance at his Pressing Club. You ain't sick, are you, maw?"

"Say, Listen to That Trot They're Playin'! Come On, Sis; be a Sport!"

"No. What time is it, Jimmie? It's so dark."

"You been havin' one of your spells again, maw?"

"No, no, Jimmie."

"Didn't you promise to keep a light going?"

"I'm all right."

"Ouch! Gee-whillikens, maw, if you'd burn half a dime's worth of gas till me and Essie get home from work nights we'd save it in wear and tear on our shins. I ain't got no more hips left than a snake."

"It's a waste, Jimmie-boy; gas comes so high."

"You should worry, maw! Watch me light 'er up!"

"Be careful in there, Jimmie! Stand on a chair. I got a little supper spread out on the table for Essie and her friend. You take a sandwich yourself ——"

"Forty cents in tips today, maw."

"Forty cents!"

"Yeh; and a dame in Seventieth Street gimme a quarter and hugged the daylights out of me till my brass buttons made holes in me, and cried brineys all over the telegram, and made me read it out loud twice, once for each ear: 'Unhurt, Sweetheart, and homeward bound—Bill.' Can you beat it? Five cents a word!"

"Jimmie, wasn't you glad to carry her a message like that?"

"It's a paying business, maw, if you're lucky enough to deal only in good news."

A chair squealed on its castors, a patch of light sprang through the transom, and the chocolate-ocher bedroom and its chocolate-ocher furniture emerged into a chocolate-ocher half-light.

"Jimmie?"

"Huh?"

"I'm—I wish —— Oh, nothin'!"

"Ain't you feelin' right in there, maw?"

"Yes, Jimmie; but—but come in and talk to your old mother a while, my boy."

"Surest thing you know! Say, these are some sandwiches! You must 'a' struck pay dirt in your sardine mine!"

"They're for her gen'l'man friend, Jimmie."

The door flung open and threw an island of light pat on the bed. In the gauzy stream the face on the pillow, with the skin drawn over the cheeks tight as a vellum on a snare drum, was vague as a head by an artist who paints through the sad film of a growing blindness.

"Jimmie, my boy!"

"Hello, maw!"

"Ain't your cheeks cold, though, Jimmie? It's right sharp out, ain't it? And Essie with a cold, and in her thin coat! You—you're a little late to-night, ain't you, Jimmie?"

He drew his loose-jointed figure up from over the bedside, and his features, half-formed as a sculptor's head just emerging from the marble, took on the easy petulance of youth, and he wiped the moist lips' print off his downy cheek with the back of his hand.

"Ah, there you go again! You been layin' here frettin' and countin' the minutes again, ain't you? Gee, it makes a fellow sore when he just can't get home no sooner!"

"No, no, Jimmie; I been layin' here sleepin' sound ever since I went to bed. I woke up for the first time just now. I'm all right, Jimmie, only—only ——"

"Honest, maw, you ought to ask the company to put me in short-pants uniform again, day duty, carrying telegrams of the day's catechism to Sunday-school Classes!"

"I —— Don't fuss at me, Jimmie! I—I guess I must 'a' had one of them smothering spells, and I didn't wait up for Essie and Joe to-night. I'm all right now, Jimmie—all right."

He placed his heavy hand on her brow in half-understanding sympathy.

"Gee-whillikens, why don't you tell a fellow? You want some of that black medicine, maw. You—gee!—you ain't lookin' kinda blue-like round the gills, are you? Old man Gibbs said we should send for him right away if ——"

"No, no, Jimmie; I'm all right now."

"Look! I brought you a carnation one of the operators gimme—one swell little queen too. You want some of that black medicine, maw?"

"I'm all right now, Jimmie. It was just earlier in the evening I kinda had a spell. Ain't that pink pretty though! Here, put it in the glass; and gimme a French kiss. Always ashamed like a big baby when it comes to kissin', ain't you! Ashamed to even kiss your old maw!"

"Aw!" He shuffled his feet and bent over her, with the red mounting above the gold collar of his uniform.

"And such a mamma-boy you used to be before you had to get out and hustle—such a mamma-boy—and now ashamed to give your old maw a kiss!"

"Ashamed nothin'! Here, maw, I'll smooth your hair for you the wrong way like Essie used to do when you came home from the store dead after the semiannual clearings."

"No, no, Jimmie; these days I ain't got no more hair left to smooth."

"You look good to me!"

"Aw, Jimmie, quit stringing your old maw. How can a stack o' bones look good to anybody?"

"You do!"

"Your papa used to say so too, Jimmie; but in them days my hair was natural curly—little cute, springy curls like Essie's. The first day he seen me he fell for 'em; and the night before he died, Jimmie, with you and Essie asleep in your folding cribs and me little thinkin' that the next week I'd be back in the department clerking again, he took me in his arms and ——"

"Yes, yes; I know, maw—but didn't the old Gibbs say not to get excited? Lay back and don't talk, maw. I can feel your heart beatin' 'way down in your hands."

"You're all tired out, ain't you, Jimmie?—too tired to listen to my talk; but you're going to wait up for your sister's young man to-night, ain't you, my boy? Go wet your hair and smooth it down. You'll wanna see him, Jimmie."

"Fine chance."

"Sure he's coming to-night, Jimmie. I got their supper all waitin'; and see, there's my flowered wrapper at the foot of the bed, so I can get up and go in when ——"

"Aw, cut out the comedy, maw! She ain't comin' straight home after the show any more'n a crooked road; and if she does he ain't coming with her."

"Jimmie, she promised sure to-night."

"Didn't she promise last night and the night before, and the night before that?"

"But this afternoon when she left for the matinée, Jimmie, I wasn't feelin' so well; and she promised so sure."

"Them girl ushers down there is too lively a bunch for her, maw. Ushin' in a theayter is next to bein' in the chorus—only ——"

"Jimmie!"

"Sure it is—only it ain't so good one way and it ain't so bad another. This newfangled girl ushin' gets my goat anyways. It ain't doin' her any good."

"Oh, Jimmie, don't I know it? I hated to see her take it—her so little and cute and pretty and all! Night work ain't nothin' for our Essie."

"Sure it ain't!"

"But what could we do, Jimmie? After I gave out, her six a week in the notions wasn't a drop in the bucket. What else could we do, Jimmie?"

"Just you wait, maw! This time next year life'll be one long ice-cream soda for you and her. Wait till my dynamo gets to running like I want her to—I'll be runnin' this whole shebang with a bang!"

"You're a good boy, Jimmie; but a kid of seventeen ain't expected to have shoulders for three."

"Just the samey, I showed a draft of my dynamo to the head operator, maw, and he's comin' up Sunday to have a look. Leave it here on the table just like it is, maw. You'll be ridin' in your Birdsong self-charging electric automobile yet!"

She let her fingers wander up and down his cheek and across his shoulders, and into his uneven nappy hair.

"Poor Jimmie! If only you had the trainin'! Miss Maisie was up from the store today in her noon hour and seen it standing here next to my bed; and she thought it was such a pretty-lookin' dynamo, with its copper wires and all."

"You didn't let her ——"

"No—honest, Jimmie! See—it ain't been touched; I didn't even let her go near the table's edge. She wanted to know when I was comin' back to the store—she says the corsets have run down since they got the new head saleslady, Jimmie."

"If I'd 'a' been here I'd 'a' told her you ain't going back."

"Sometimes I—I think I ain't, neither, Jimmie."

"What?"

"Nothin'."

"When you get well, maw, then I ——"

"Then I'm going back on my job, Jimmie. Eighteen years—not countin' the three years your papa lived—at doing one thing sort of makes you married to it. I got my heart as set as always, Jimmie, on gettin' you in at the Electric Training School next door. If I hadn't broke down ——"

"Nix for mine, maw!"

"Every day I sit by the window, Jimmie, and see the young engineers and electricians who board there goin' to work; and it breaks my heart to think of you, with your mind for inventions, runnin' the streets—a messenger boy—just when I was beginnin' to get where I could do for you."

"Aw, cut that, maw! Don't I work round on my dynamo every morning till I go on duty? Wouldn't I look swell with an electricity book under my arm! I'd feel like Battling John drinking tea out of an eggshell."

"The trainin' school's the place for you, Jimmie. If you'd only take the dynamo over to the superintendent and show him where you're stuck, he'd help you, Jimmie. I been beggin' you so long, and if only you wasn't so stubborn!"

"I ain't got the nerve, buttin' in over there; it's for fellows who got swell jobs already."

"There's classes for boys too, Jimmie; the janitor told me. Just go to-morrow and show your dynamo. It won't hurt nothin' and maybe they'll know just what the trouble is—it's only a little thing, Jimmie—three times in succession it worked last night, didn't it? It won't hurt to go, Jimmie—just to go and show it."

"Nix; I ain't got the nerve. You just wait! I ain't got the trainin'; but didn't I sell my double lens the day after I got the patent? Didn't I make that twenty-five just like battin' your eye?"

"The janitor says you was robbed in it, Jimmie."

"We should worry! Didn't we get a rockin'-chair and a string of beads and a tool chest out of it?"

"It ain't you worries me so much, Jimmie. Here, put your head here on the pillow next to me, Jimmie. My heart's actin' up to-night. It ain't you worries me—you're a man like your papa was and can hit back; but Essie—if only Essie ——"

"You don't handle her right, maw; you're too easy-going with her. Since she went on her new job she's gettin' too gay—too gay!"

"Jimmie!"

"Just Tell Her Everything's All Right—Everything's Comin' All Right for All of Us"

"Sure she is. Like I told her last night when she came in all hours from dancing—if she didn't take that war paint off her face I'd get her in a corner and rub it off till ——"

"I've begged her and begged her, Jimmie, just as hard as I ever begged you about the dynamo, to wash her face of it. It's eatin' me, Jimmie—eatin' me! There wasn't a girl in the store that didn't envy that girl her complexion. Oh, Jimmie, it ain't the paint alone—it's where it can lead to."

"She needs an old-time spankin'."

"Them girls down at the theayter where she works put them ideas in her head. It's only of late with her, Jimmie. Wasn't she like a little baby when I had her across from me in the notions?"

"She's gotta keep her face clean or I'll ——"

"She needs somebody strong like her papa was to handle her, Jimmie. She's stubborn in ways, like you, and needs somebody older, my boy—somebody strong that can handle her and love her all at once."

"She's gotta quit sneakin' home at all hours. She don't pay no attention to me; but she's gotta quit or I—I'll go down and smash up that whole theayter crowd of 'em!"

"If she'd 'a' had a father to grow up under it would 'a' been different. He was one of the strongest men in the power house, Jimmie. Mechanics make strong men, my boy, and that's why my heart's set on you, Jimmie, takin' up where he left off."

"It's that job of hers, maw; it ain't no hang-out for her down there round the lights. She's gettin' too gay. I'll smash that ticket speculator to gelatin if he don't show up or leave her alone!"

"Sh-h-h, Jimmie! He's her young man; she says he's a upright and honorable young man, with intentions."

"Where she hidin' him then?"

"He—he's bashful about comin', Jimmie. Last night on her knees right here by this bed she told me, Jimmie, with her eyes like saucers, that he's said everything but come right out and ask her."

"What's the matter? Is he tongue-tied?"

"A fine fellow, she says, Jimmie—up to date as a new dime, makin' from thirty to forty a week. Get that, Jimmie? Forty a week! On forty a week, Jimmie, what they could do for themselves and for you!"

"I wanna look him over first. I knew a fellow in that game got forty a week and ninety days once, too."

"Jimmie!"

"There's a bunch of speculators used to hang round the Forty-second Street telegraph office, with one eye always on the cop and the other always open for rubes. They was all hunchbacks from dodging the law."

"He ain't one of them kind, Jimmie."

"Then why don't he have a roof over his head instead of doing sidewalk business?"

"Ticket speculatin' is like any other business, Essie says. Profit is profit, whether you make it on a sheet of music, a washboard or a theayter ticket."

"Then why don't he show his face round here, instead of runnin' her round night after night when she ought to be home sleepin'?"

"I don't know, Jimmie, except what she says. I just feel like I couldn't stand her not bringing him to-night—like—like I couldn't stand it, Jimmie."

"Lay easy there, maw."

"They're young, I guess, and gotta have life; but I lay here with it in front of me all night, long after she gets home and is sleepin' here next to me as light as a daisy. She's so little and pretty, Jimmie."

"I wanna get my glims on him ——"

"What, Jimmie?"

"I wanna see him."

"Me, too, Jimmie. I wouldn't care much about anything else if I could see him once; and if he is big and strong like your father was ——"

"That gang don't come big and strong. They got big heads and little necks."

"The kind of fellow that would know how to treat you when you got stubborn, and would put his hand on your shoulder and not try to drive you. If he was a man like that, Jimmie, the kind you and Essie need, I—I'd stop fightin'; I'd fold my hands and say to God: 'Ready! Ready right this minute!'"

"Ready for what, maw?"

"Ready, Jimmie, my boy. Just hands folded and ready—that's all."

"Aw, cut it, can't you, maw? I—maw, quit scarin' a fellow. Quit battin' your eyes like that—tryin' to flirt with me, ain't you, maw? Quit it, now! Lemme get you some of that black medicine—you're gettin' one of your spells. Just lemme run downstairs and send Lizzie Marks out to get old man Gibbs."

"No, no, Jimmie—don't leave me! Hold me, my boy, so I can feel your face. Don't cry, Jimmie; there ain't nothin' to cry about."

"Cut the comedy, maw! I ain't cryin'; I'm sweatin'."

"Jimmie, are—you—there? I feel so—so heavy."

"Sure I am, maw—right here, holding you in my arms. Feel! There's the scar where old Gibbs sewed my face the time I got hit with a bat—feel, maw—see, it's me."

"What's that, Jimmie, on the foot of the bed—movin'?"

"See, maw—that's your flowered glad-rag. You're go-goin' to put it on when Essie and her gen'l'man friend come in. It ain't movin'; I shoved it."

"Don't muss it, Jimmie."

"No; see, I smoothed out its tail—it's a sash for you, maw."

"Jimmie, you won't leave me? It gets so dark, and—the mice ——"

"You couldn't pry me away with a crowbar, maw! I'll hold you till you yell 'Leggo!' Lemme go for old Gibbs, maw; you're breathing heavy as a pump."

"No, no, Jimmie; don't leave me."

"Sure I won't; but you're all twitchin' and jumpin', maw. Just leave me run down and send Lizzie Marks for him."

"No, no, Jimmie; I'm all right."

"Sure, maw? You—you're actin' up so funny."

"It ain't nothin'—only I'm an old woman, Jimmie. All of a sudden I got old and broke. It ain't the same in the department, Jimmie, with Essie gone from the notions across the aisle. Always when we were overstocked in the corsets she—she—Essie ——"

"Aw, maw, you ain't talkin' straight. Lemme have old man Gibbs."

"I'm talking straight, Jimmie. Ain't I layin' right here in your arms, and ain't my hair caught round one of your brass buttons?—quit pullin', Jimmie! Essie's hair is so bright, Jimmie. I can see it shinin' in the dark when she's sleepin'."

"Some hair the kid's got! Remember the night you took me and her to ——"

"Sh-h-h-h! Ain't that them coming? Ain't it, Jimmie? I ain't equal to gettin' up, Jimmie. Bring 'em in here and tell ——"

"Like fun it's them! Whatta you bet right now they're holding down a table for two at the Palais du Danse? Swell joint!"

"Oh, Jimmie!"

"I was kiddin', maw—only kiddin'. Open your eyes, maw. Gwan! Be a sport and open up! Remember, maw, when I was a kid, how I used to make you laff and laff, makin' a noise like a banjo—plunka-plunk-plunk-plunk-plunka-plunk?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

"I knew I'd get a laff out of you—plunka-plunk-plunka-plunk!"

"Yes, Jimmie, my boy! Go on! I like to lay here and remember back. Essie was always grabbin' your spoon—I used to slap her little hands and ——"

"Maw, open your eyes! Don't go off in one of 'em again."

"See, they're open, Jimmie! I can see your gold buttons shinin' and shinin'—I ain't sleepin'; I'm only waitin'."

"She ain't had time to get home yet, maw. They gotta pick up programs and turn in lost articles and all."

"Put your arms round me, Jimmie. I keep slippin'."

"Lemme run for old man Gibbs, maw. Please!"

"No, no, Jimmie! Sing like you used to when you was a little kid, Jimmie; I used to laff and laff."

"Plunka-plunk-plunk-plunk!"

"Sh-h-h! There's the chimes—you won't never tell me the right time nights, when I ask you, Jimmie."

"It ain't late, maw."

"Sh-h-h! What time is that? Listen!"

"It's early. Don't you count chimes, maw—it's a sign of snow to count 'em, and Essie's got her thin jacket on. Listen! This is a swell one I know: Plunk! Plunk! Plunk! Plunk! ——"

"Sh-h-h, Jimmie! One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten ——"

"See, it ain't late."

"'Leven! You can't cheat me, I heard the last one."

"'Leven already? Well, whatta you know about that! Them chimes is always ahead of themselves."

"Jimmie, my boy, quit playin' with your old maw."

"They'll be comin' soon now."

"Don't leave me, Jimmie."

"Sure I won't—see!"

"Jimmie! Jim—mie ——"

"Maw! Maw, open your eyes! Maw darlin'—please—please ——"

"Sing, Jimmie, like—a banjo."

"Plunka-plunk-plunka-plunk!"

On that last boom of eleven the Stuyvesant Theater swung its doors outward as the portals of a cuckoo clock fly open on the hour, and women in fur-collared, brocaded coats, which wrapped them to the ankles, and carefully curved smiles that Watteau knew so well and Thackeray knew too well, streamed out into the white flare of Broadway, their delicate fingers resting lightly on the tired arms of tired business men, whose faces were like wood carving and whose wide white shirtfronts covered their hearts like slabs.

Almost before the last limousine door had slammed and the last tired business man had felt the light, compelling pressure of the delicate finger tips on his arm, and turned his tired eyes from the white lights to the whiter lights of cafés and gold-leaf hotels, the interior of the Stuyvesant Theater, warm and perfumed as the interior of a jewel box, blinked into soft darkness. Small figures, stealthy *espions* of the night, padded down thick-carpeted aisles, flashing their pocket searchlights now here, now there; folding rows of velvet seats against velvet backs; reaching for discarded programs and seat checks; gathering up the dainty débris of petals fallen from too-blown roses, an occasional webby handkerchief, an odd glove, a ribbon.

Then the dull red eyes above the fire exits blinked out, the sea of twilight deepened, and the small searchlights flashed brighter and whiter, glowworms in a pit of night.

"For Pete's sakes! Tell Ed to give back them lights; my lamp's burnt out."

"Oh, hurry up, Essie! You girls up there in the balcony would kick if you was walkin' a tight rope stretched between the top stories of two Flatiron Buildings."

"It's easy enough for you to talk down there in the orchestra, Lulu Pope. Carriage shoes don't muss up the place like subway shoes."

"Gimme the balcony over the orchestra every time."

"What about us girls 'way up here in the chutes? Whatta you say about us, Lulu Pope—playin' handmaids to the gallery gods?"

"Chutes the same, I used to be in the chutes over at the Olympic, and six nights out of the week I carried water up the aisles without a stop. Lookin' each row in the eye too!"

"Like fun!"

"Sure's my name's Lulu Pope! Me an' a girl named Della Bradenwald used to play Animal or Vegetable Kingdom every entr'acte with the fireman."

"Oh-h-h! Say, Loo, you oughtta see what I found up here in Box E!"

"Leave it to Essie Birdsong for a find! What is it this time—the diamond star the queen in E was wearin'?"

"A right-hand, number five and a half—white stitchin'."

"Can you beat it? And you ain't never had a claim yet at the box office."

"I knew my luck would break, Lulu. My little brother Jimmie says if you break a comb your luck breaks with it. I broke one this morning. Whatta you bet now I begin to match every one of my five left-hand gloves, without a claim from the office?"

"Lucky kid!"

Conversation curved from gallery to loge box and from loge to balcony.

"Gee! Look at this amber butterfly! I seen it in her hair when I steered her down the aisle. She must be stuck on something about this show—third time this week, and not on paper neither."

"Amber, is it, Sadie? I'll trade you for the tortoise-shell one I found in G 4; amber'll go swell with my hair."

"Whatta you bet she claims it?"

"Nix."

"Say, did you hear Wheelan fumble her big scene to-night? I was dozin' in the foyer and she tripped over her cue so hard she woke me up."

"I should say so! I was standing next to the old man, and he let out a line of talk that was some fireworks; he said a super in the mob scene could take her place and beat her at pickin' up cues."

"Ready, Sadie?"

"Yes; wait till I turn in one gent's muffler and a red curl."

"Are you done up there too, Essie?"

"Yes; but you needn't wait for me, Loo. If you're in a hurry I'll see you down in the locker room."

Seats slammed; laughter drifted; searchlights danced and flashed out as though suddenly doused with water; and the gold, crystal, velvet, and marble interior of the Stuyvesant Theater suddenly vanished into its imminent wimple of blackness.

In the bare-walled locker room Miss Essie Birdsong leaned to her reflection in the wavy mirror and ran a fine pencil line along the curves of her eyebrows.

"Is this right, Loo?"

"Swell! Your eyes look two shades darker."

"Gee!"

Miss Birdsong smiled and leaned closer.

"The girls all out, Loo?"

"Yeh; hurry up and lemme have that mirror, Ess—Harry gets as glum as glue if I keep him waiting."

Miss Pope adjusted a too-small hat, with a too-long pheasant's wing cocked at a too-rakish angle on her brass-colored hair, and powdered her already powdered cheek bones.

"Here—you can have the mirror first, Loo. I—I ain't in a hurry to-night. You and Harry better go on and not wait round for me."

Miss Pope placed her long, birdlike hands on her slim hips and slumped inward at the waistline; her eyes had the peculiar lambency of the blue flame that plays on the surface of cognac and leaves it cold.

"What's hurtin' you, Ess? The whole week you been makin' this play to dodge me and Harry! If you don't like our company, Essie, me and Harry can manage to worry along somehow!"

"Oh, Lulu, it—it ain't that, and you know it."

"You're all alike. Didn't my last chum, Della Bradenwald, do the same thing? I interdooced her to a gen'l'man friend of mine, a slick little doorman for a two-a-day show, and what did she do? Scat! After the second day it was Good-by, Loo-Loo! They went kitin' it off together and dropped me and Harry like parachutes."

"Loo darlin', honest, me and Joe just love goin' round dancin' with you and Harry; but—but ——"

"Then what's hurtin' you?"

"If You Don't Like Our Company Me and Harry Can Manage to Worry Along Somehow!"

"You Know All Righty, Missy, Why She Wants You to Wash It—You Know ——"

"It's maw again, Loo. She looked like she was ready for one of her spells when I left; she's been worse again these two days and the doctor says we mustn't get her excited—her heart's bum, Loo."

"Say, I used to have heart failure myself, and I know a swell cure—Hartley's Heart's Ease. Honest, when I was over at the Olympic I used to go dead like a tire. Lend me your eyestick, Ess."

"You'll laff, Loo; but she's daffy for me and Joe to come home after the show; she's never seen him at all, and ——"

"Oh, I gotta flashlight of Joe goin' to call on your old lady!"

"When maw and I was clerkin' the girls and fellows always used to come to our flat, Loo; and, say, for fun! Maw was as lively as any of us in those days; and we'd have sardine sandwiches, and my kid brother used to imitate all kinds of music and actors; and we used to laff and laff until they'd knock on the ceiling from upstairs and maw'd pack the whole lot of 'em home. Why don't you and Harry come up to-night too, Loo? And we'll have a little doin's."

"Nothin' doin', Beauty. There's a Free-for-All Tango Contest round at the Poppy Garden to-night; and believe me, I wouldn't mind winning that pink ivory manicure set. All I gotta ask is one thing, Ess! Bring me a snapshot of Joe doing the fireside act!"

The glaze of unshed tears sprang over Miss Birdsong's eyes like gauzy clouds across a summer sky.

"I—that's just it, Loo. I can't get him to come. Sometimes I think maybe it's just because he's stringing me along; and I—he—he was your friend first, Loo. Ain't he ever said anything to you about me—about—aw, you know what I mean, Loo."

"He's stuck on you, girl. I know Joe Ullman like I know the floor plan of this theater."

"Honest, Loo, do you think so?"

"Sure! I knew Joe when I was making sateen daisies in a artificial flower loft on Twenty-second Street, and him and my brother was clerkin' in a cigar store on Twenty-third, and running a neat little book on the side."

"A book?"

"Yes, dearie—a pretty picture book."

"Joe never told me."

"He ain't always been the thirty-dollar-a-week kid he is now—take it from me. Just the samey, you can thank me for interdoocing you to the sharpest little fellow that's selling tickets on the sidewalks of this great and wicked city!"

"I always tell him he ought to save more—taxis and all he has to have, that spendy he is!"

"Sidewalk speculatin' is a good pastime if you're sharp enough; and I always tell Joe he's got a edge on him like a razor."

"Like a razor! Aw, Loo, you talk like he was a barber."

"Sure, he's that sharp! Take Harry now: he's as slick as a watermelon seed when it comes to pickin' a sheet of music with a whistle in it; but put him in a game like Joe's, with the law cross-eyed from winkin' and frownin' at the same time, and he'd lose his nerve!"

"It ain't a game, Loo. Joe says there ain't a reason why a fellow can't sell a theater ticket at a profit, just like Harry sells a sheet of music. Sidewalks are free for all."

"Leave it to Joe to stretch the language like a rubber band. His middle name is Gutta-Percha."

"He was your friend first."

"He is yet, Beauty—even if you have grabbed him. I like him—he's one good sport; but with Joe's gift for tongue work he could make a jury believe a Bowery jewelry store ought to have a habeas corpus for every body it snatches; he could rob a cradle and get a hero medal for it."

"I—sometimes I—I don't know how to take him, Loo. We've been goin' together steady now; and sometimes I think he—he likes me, and sometimes I think he don't."

"Take it from me, you got him goin'. I never knew him to take a five-evenings-a-week lease on anybody's time."

"Six."

"Six! For all I know, you—you're keepin' things from me. Lemme see your left hand—whatta you blushing for, Beauty? Whatta you blushing for?"

"Aw, Loo!"

"Say, how does this jacket look, Ess? Half them judges over there at the Poppy watch your clothes more'n your face."

"Swell!"

"Well, is this where me and Harry exit, Beauty?"

"Yeh; you go ahead, Loo. I—I'll tell Joe you and Harry went on ahead to-night."

"I gotta half bottle of Hartley's Heart's Ease at home, Ess. Tell your old lady to have it on me. Don't you worry, kiddo. I used to have heart trouble so bad I'd breathe like a fish at a shore dinner—and look at me now! I'll bring it to-morrow—a tablespoonful before meals."

"Good night, Loo. I'll see you Monday."

"Put on a little more color there, Ess, or you'll never get nothin' out of him. You look as scared as an oyster. Lordy, you can handle him easy! Lemme know what happens. S'long! S'long!"

"Good night, Loo!"

Miss Birdsong brushed at her soft cheeks with the pink tip of a rabbit's foot and the color sprang out to match the rose-colored sateen facing of her hat. Her lips opened in a faint smile; and after a careful interval she scrambled into her jacket, flung a good night to the doorman and hurried through the gloomy foyer.

No sham like the sham of the theater! Its marble façade is classic as a temple, and its dirty gray-brick rear opens out on a cat-infested alley. The perfumes of the auditorium are the fumes of the wings. Thespis wears a custom-made coat of many colors, but his undershirt is sackcloth.

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Business at Judicial Discretion

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

IF ONE could imagine human society suddenly confronted with the necessity of enacting a criminal code and undertaking to do it in a single statute, he would be able to realize in a way what those who formulated the Sherman Antitrust Law attempted.

Mr. Justice Harlan tells us that at the time this law was enacted there was everywhere, among the people generally, a deep feeling of unrest. "The nation had been rid of human slavery—fortunately, as all now feel—but the conviction was universal that the country was in real danger from another kind of slavery sought to be fastened on the American people—namely, the slavery that would result from aggregations of capital in the hands of a few individuals and corporations controlling, for their own profit and advantage exclusively, the entire business of the country, including the production and sale of the necessaries of life. Such a danger was thought to be then imminent, and all felt that it must be met firmly and by such statutory regulations as would adequately protect the people against oppression and wrong."

In order to meet this condition it was necessary to formulate a law that would prohibit new wrongs not before this time defined in any statute. This was a tremendous undertaking—as difficult as though in the imaginary state the lawmakers were suddenly called on to formulate a statute covering all the varieties of crime.

No state could have a general statute prohibiting all crimes. That would leave the courts in every case to say what a crime is. No man would know how to conduct himself, and every man would be at the mercy of a prosecutor and might be haled into court for any sort of imaginary wrong. The absurdity of the thing when applied to our criminal procedure is at once apparent. Nevertheless, it was by a single general statute that Congress undertook to prohibit the new wrongs and to punish the new crimes against our commercial civilization.

Senator Edmunds, who drafted the statute, took the position that restraint of trade, like fraud, ought not to be defined, and that a general prohibition of it was sufficient. The first and second sections of the Sherman Law were formulated to meet this new condition.

The first section provided that every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, was to be declared illegal. And the second section provided that every person who should monopolize or attempt to monopolize, or combine, or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce among the several states, and so on, should be guilty of a misdemeanor. And both sections provided punishment by fine or imprisonment.

It was a sweeping enactment against every restraint of trade and every attempt to monopolize—as sweeping as though a state had undertaken to prevent all wrongdoing by the enactment of a single statute prohibiting the commission of crimes. This law remained for a long time practically ineffective.

One of the early attorney-generals considered it unconstitutional. It is said that he had been attorney for a great trust, and he advised the president under whom he served that it was unwise to endeavor to enforce the statute. Some attorney-generals were disinclined to act, and the ability of others recalls Doctor Johnson's remark on a nobleman of his time who had been elevated to a high office: "His parts, sir, are pretty well for a lord, but would not be distinguished in a man who had nothing else but his parts."

During the last year of McKinley's Administration it was a complete dead letter, and it has been only under recent administrations that any effort has been made to enforce it. From 1897, however, the law had had a curious history. On March twenty-second of that year, in the Trans-Missouri Freight Case, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that this law applied to all restraints of trade, and that the term "contract in restraint of trade" used in it meant every contract in restraint of trade and was not limited to the kind of contracts that were in unreasonable restraint of trade.

The great corporations of the country undertook to induce the Supreme Court to say that this law meant only unreasonable restraints of trade, but in plain terms the court refused to do so.

Having failed to persuade the court to change this law by judicial amendment, the great business interests went to Congress and endeavored to have the law amended so as to apply only to unreasonable restraint of trade or commerce. The Senate Judiciary Committee reported against this amendment. They said that so to change it would be entirely to emasculate the law and for all practical purposes render it nugatory as a remedial statute.

And so the law remained until the Standard Oil Case and the Tobacco Trust Case came into the Supreme Court of the United States in 1910. The following year, in the decisions in those cases, the Supreme Court amended the law by inserting the word "undue"—an amendment that Congress had refused to make and one for which the great business interests had all along contended.

By judicial amendment the court, in the case of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, interpreted the law to mean not that every restraint of trade was prohibited, as the act said, but "only undue restraints of interstate or foreign trade or commerce are prohibited by the provisions of the act of July 2, 1890." And so by the decision in that case the rule of reason became the measure for the purpose of determining whether in a given case a particular act had or had not brought about the wrong against which the statute provided.

One of the ablest members of the court dissented forcibly from this decision:

"By every conceivable form of expression," he said, "the majority, in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic Cases, adjudged that the act of Congress did not allow restraint of interstate trade to any extent or in any form; and three times it expressly rejected the theory, which had been persistently advanced, that the act should be construed as though it had in it the word unreasonable or undue. But now the court, in accordance with what it denominates the rule of reason, in effect inserts in the act the word undue, which means the same as unreasonable, and thereby makes Congress say what it did not say—what, as I think, it plainly did not intend to say, and what, since the passage of the act, it had explicitly refused to say.

"It has steadily refused to amend the act so as to tolerate a restraint of interstate commerce even where such restraint could be said to be reasonable or due. In short, the court now, by judicial legislation, in effect amends an act of Congress relating to a subject over which the legislative department of the Government exclusively has cognizance."

Almost the dissenting justice persuades us to believe him right against the majority of the court. Even in the day when Lord Mansfield drank champagne with the wits it was considered questionable taste to ask a court to reverse itself. "Does it not lessen the confidence of the public?" wrote the author of The Rambler. "Will not he who knows himself wrong to-day hope that the courts of justice will think him right to-morrow?"

After this decision the law, which had been in the most general terms, became wholly uncertain. The courts could have said what restraint of trade was, as a matter of fact, perhaps; but whether or not there was undue restraint of trade was a great, vague question, to be decided in every case. Moreover, the law would now seem to admit that certain kinds of restraint of trade were permissible. It was as though a general statute prohibiting all crimes was now amended to prohibit only undue crimes.

By this decision the Supreme Court not only assumed the prerogative of the national legislature and amended the law in a way that the national legislature had refused to do, but by this decision the courts were granted the great latitude of deciding cases according to the economic

theories of the presiding judge—that is to say, the law was now so large and vague that every court could decide it practically as it pleased. Whether or not an act was prohibited under this law became a question of the opinion of the court trying the case.

The courts now sat under it as boards of control to determine how the business of the country ought to be conducted, and with no restraint on them except their opinion. They were no longer bound to enforce the penalties of the statute because a restraint of trade was proved. They must be convinced that it was an undue restraint of trade. They could apply the rule of reason and, having no precedent before them, the rule of reason could be any sort of measure they liked. It is said that the Due d'Uzès, *chevalier d'honneur* to Louis the Fourteenth, being asked by the queen what o'clock it was, replied:

"What your Majesty pleases!"

Mr. Justice Harlan was not misled about the sweeping effect of this decision:

"I have a strong conviction," he said, "that it will throw the business of the country into confusion and invite widely extended and harassing litigation, the injurious effect of which will be felt for many years to come. When Congress prohibited every contract, combination or monopoly in restraint of commerce it prescribed a simple, definite rule that all could understand, and which could be easily applied by every one wishing to obey the law and not to conduct their business in violation of law. But now it is to be feared we are to have in cases without number the constantly recurring inquiry, difficult to solve by proof, whether the particular contract, combination or trust involved in each case is or is not an unreasonable or undue restraint of trade.

"Congress, in effect, said that there should be no restraint of trade in any form, and this court solemnly adjudged many years ago that Congress meant what it thus said in clear and explicit words, and that it could not add to the words of the act; but those who condemn the action of Congress are now, in effect, informed that the courts will allow such restraints of interstate commerce as are shown not to be unreasonable or undue."

The Peril of Vague Statutes

RICHARD II made the crime of treason so vague that in the first year of his successor an act was passed reciting: "That no man knew how he ought to behave himself, to do, speak or say, for doubt of any such pains of treason."

Under the Sherman Law as it is now judicially amended the perplexities of the business interests of the country are precisely expressed by the opening paragraph of this statute of Henry IV. The people do not know what restraints of trade are to be prohibited. The business interests do not know how far they may go with such restraints. They may go to a certain length—but what is it?

Every business engaged in interstate trade is conducted at the peril of the opinion of the attorney-general. It is conducted at the peril of the opinion of the Federal judges. It is the prerogative of the courts to say how the business of the country is to be conducted, and what is proper and what is not proper in restraints and monopolies.

The extraordinary situation has had no equal except in the early history of the English-speaking people, when the crime of high treason was thus indeterminate. Sir William Blackstone tells us that by the ancient common law there was "a great latitude left in the breast of the judges" to determine what was treason or not so—precisely as there is to-day "a great latitude left in the breast of the judges" to determine what is undue restraint of trade.

Sir William Blackstone was not of the opinion that such a condition was one to be desired. The result of this great latitude does not inspire us with confidence when we read his comment on it.

"Whereby," he continues, "the creatures of tyrannical princes had opportunity to create abundance of constructive treasons—that is, to raise by forced and arbitrary constructions offenses into the crime and punishment of treason which never were suspected to be such."

Our history does not encourage us to believe that civilization will be advanced by setting up the judges as governors of public conduct and with latitude to say what is or is not an offense against the public welfare.

Montesquieu said that to leave the crime of high treason indeterminate was alone sufficient to make any government degenerate into arbitrary power. Restraint of trade and the effecting of monopolies are the highest crimes against commerce; and yet this decision leaves them indeterminate, with a great latitude in the breast of the judges to determine what they are.

The old law writers said that as treason was the highest crime which—considered as a member of the community—any man can possibly commit, it ought therefore to be the most precisely ascertained. In order to rescue the country from a condition of industrial slavery, as Mr. Justice Harlan indicated, restraint of trade was made a great statutory crime. Therefore, if it is the highest crime against our commercial civilization, ought it not to be the most precisely ascertained?

We have not been without abundant illustration of the evils of leaving Federal statutes uncertain—their meaning at the discretion of the Federal judges. The litigation against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is a conspicuous example. This company was indicted under the Elkins Law on nineteen hundred and three counts charging that its product was hauled by the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company at less rates than those named in the tariff schedules published and filed by that company with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The company was tried on fourteen hundred and sixty-two counts and found guilty. District Judge Landis imposed the maximum fine on every count, making in the aggregate a fine of $29,240,000.

The so-called Elkins Law, under which this indictment was brought, was so indefinite that nobody could say what it meant. No one knew from the language of the act what constituted an offense. Did it mean that the thirty-six payments for shipments constituted one offense or thirty-six offenses? Did it mean that every time a consignment of cars was moved that constituted one offense or that the moving of every car was an offense, or the moving of every barrel or gallon or pound of oil?

The case was taken to the Circuit Court of Appeals and was reversed, this court holding that the gist of the offense was the acceptance of the concession, irrespective of whether the property involved was carloads, trainloads or pounds; and finally the case, after being remanded, was heard by Judge Anderson and dismissed.

The question of whether there had been a definite rate published and filed before the Interstate Commerce Commission had also perplexed the judges. Judge Landis was of the opinion there was no such rate. The Circuit Court of Appeals said: "The most we can say is that the question is one on which judges, after full discussion, might very reasonably disagree."

Judge Anderson said: "Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, if it is a matter about which reasonable men may differ or trained judges may disagree; the Court of Appeals says, after reviewing these papers, after looking them over and after consulting together, that they cannot tell what the rate is, that reasonable men might differ on that question, then, of course, the evidence is not sufficient to warrant you in finding that these papers establish that rate beyond a reasonable doubt."

If judicial discretion on indefinite statutes may extend from not guilty to a fine of twenty-nine million dollars, can we imagine any circumference to inclose it? Decision at the pleasure or at the whim or caprice of the court would have no more extended limitations. Surely such examples do not encourage us to leave the intent of a law to the mere opinion of the judiciary.

When Judges Become Legislators

THE Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, created in 1903, presented this idea with clearness and force:

"The committee has full confidence in the integrity, intelligence and patriotism of the Supreme Court of the United States; but it is unwilling to repose in that court or any other court the vast and undefined power it must exercise in the administration of the statute under the rule it has promulgated. It substitutes the court in the place of Congress, for whenever the rule is invoked the court does not administer the law but makes the law.

"It is inconceivable that in a country governed by a written Constitution and statute law the courts can be permitted to test each restraint of trade by the economic standards which the individual members of the court may happen to approve. . . . It may be that the Supreme Court will be so enlightened and so alert that its opinion respecting what is due and what is undue restraint of trade will be in harmony with an awakened public conscience and a disinterested public judgment; but to fashion our conduct on that hypothesis is to repudiate the fundamental principles of representative government."

It is no reflection on our courts to insist that they restrict their functions to an administration of the law. The electorate will never be content to permit the courts to legislate for it—to make laws for it. It will never permit the judges to sit as censors, to say how the business of the country shall be conducted, what are good and what are bad trusts, who shall be permitted to indulge in restraints of trade and monopolies, and who shall be refused those desirable privileges.

One may object to this and yet believe that the judges are our most conscientious public servants. He may object to it and yet believe that there is virtue in the bench to make a man more upright than his fellows. We know that a great trust has sometimes made even a doubtful person honorable. A cutpurse once made a very good Chief Justice of England. True, he one day got a rather startling idea of rewards. Hearing that one of his old companions was in jail, he called on him and asked what had become of the rest of the gang; to which the prisoner answered:

"Alas! They were all hanged except myself and your lordship!"

Sir Matthew Hale considered that Parliament had acted with the greatest wisdom in keeping the judges within proper bounds and limits. Sir Matthew Hale and Sir William Blackstone did not believe in judicial legislation. They thought that the only way the law could be enlarged was by a new declarative act of Parliament.

No fault is to be found with the intent of the Sherman Antitrust Law. It is the duty of the people to take steps

(Concluded on Page 50)

BANTRY

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS finally decided, in solemn family conclave, to let him go to see the circus come in.

"Thank you, father!" said the boy tremulously. "Thank you, mother! I'll bring in two big armloads of wood so there'll be plenty to get breakfast with." And he vanished.

"He'll probably oversleep anyhow," remarked the Reverend Mr. Pettigrew.

"Would it be just the square thing, Homer, to let him oversleep?" asked Alicia Pettigrew. There was an edge to her voice which made her husband's bushy black eyebrows contract in displeasure.

"I can't see that our permission to let him go obligates us to make sure that he does go," he answered in his sonorous, didactic, pulpit tone. "However, do as you please. The incident has already occupied too much of my time." Whereupon he again opened the Homiletic Review to an essay on the Copartnership of Man with God, written by himself and now under perusal for the third time.

A couple of minutes later Foster, having finished his chores with sleight-of-hand dispatch, scrambled over the board fence in the back yard, crossed the alley, and cautiously approached the rear of a shanty which exhaled the odor of ancient soapsuds. He approached cautiously, because it was the home of a drunkard and he was afraid of drunkards.

"Come on. Dad ain't home," called Stub Hatch, pausing in the ignominious task of filling a couple of tubs from a rainbarrel at the corner of the house.

"I can go, Stub!" cried Foster exultantly. "And I got a fishin' line, too, to tie round my big toe and hang out of the window, like you said."

"I guess you better not count on me," remarked Stub gloomily. "I gotta fill these two tubs and then go clean up to Tallman's fer a wash, and I'll probably be so tired I'll oversleep in the morning."

"Why, I'll fill the tubs," volunteered the innocent Foster.

Stub affected hesitancy, and spat dark-brownishly.

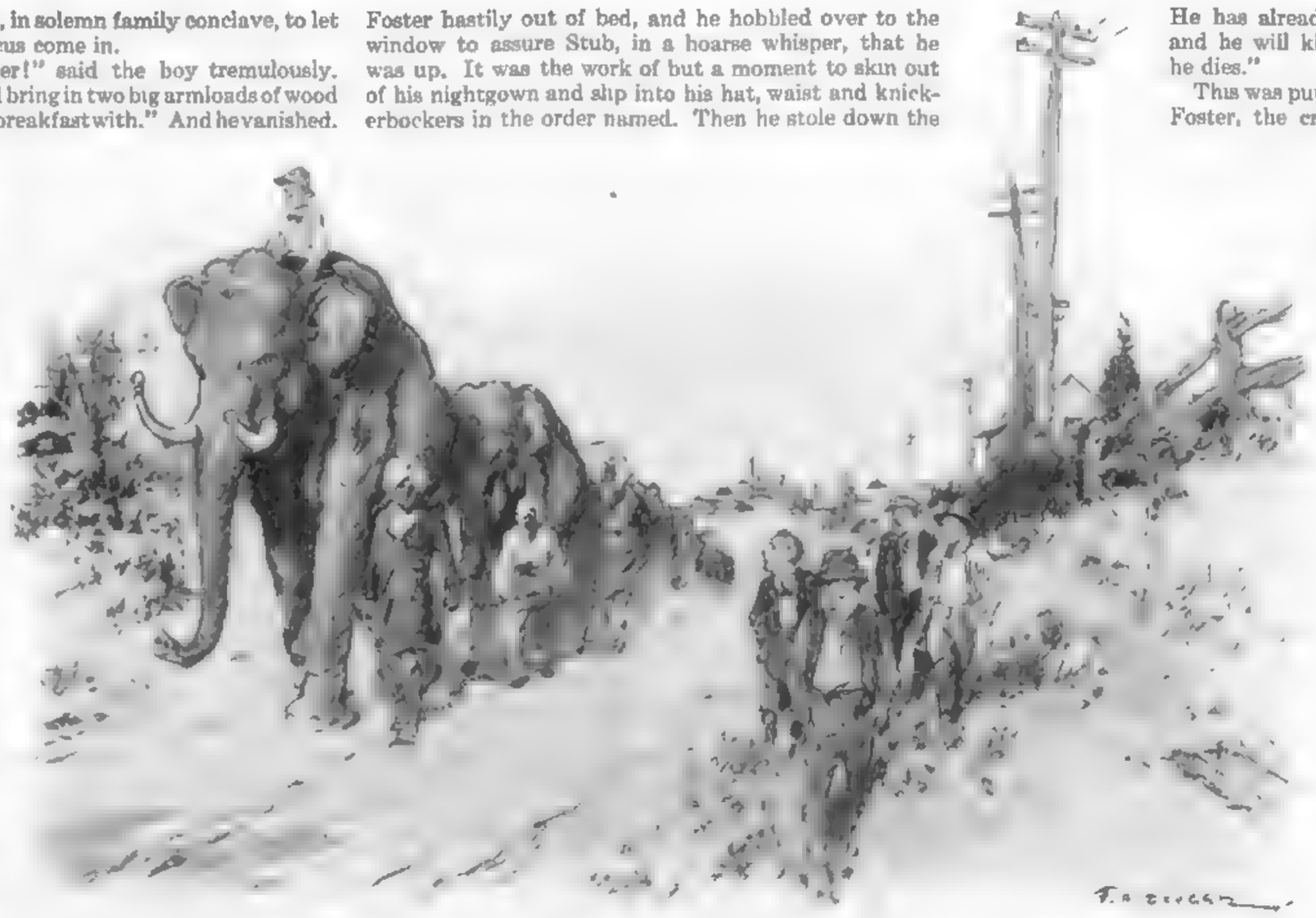
"All right; but don't waste none or maw'll hawl me out for it. She's down to Carmichaels' for soap. Old Hobbs won't tick her no more. Try and git through before she gits back. If you do I wisht you'd bring in a scuttle of coal. I wouldn't ast you, but I spraint my wrist to-day."

Again he spat. Foster tried to ignore the dark-brown, for Stub had joined his Sunday-school class two weeks before and signed the pledge, which included tobacco. It was better to think of Stub's good points, for here was a boy who was not afraid of his drunken father, who knew the best catfish holes in Haymeadow Creek, could outskate and outwrestle any boy in the neighborhood, went barefoot from April to October, slept away from home whenever he chose—often with tramps, so he said—and owned collections of birds' eggs, stamps, marbles and tobacco tags that even boys whose fathers were rich had to envy.

Indeed, in Stub's presence Foster always felt his own limitations keenly. In the first place his father was a preacher. Secondly, he had been named for a bishop. There seemed small chance for a boy named after a bishop. Nobody ever thought of calling him Chick or Skinny or Red or Shorty in the spirit that Stub was called Stub. Preachers who came to the parsonage for dinner, when they had to stop over between trains, always said with a hand on his head: "Ah, Foster! After our beloved bishop! I hope you may tread in the footsteps of that great man."

For a glorious period, it is true, he had expanded under the diminutive of "Foss" among the boys. But, alas, two Sundays later he learned at church that Foss was the name of still another bishop. He locked the secret in his breast, but all the romance, all the dare-deviltry, had forever been squeezed out of "Foss," and eventually it languished and died. As for "Fossie," it sounded too much like Flossie.

The objects in his room were just merging into ghostly visibility when a vigorous yank at the fishline brought Foster hastily out of bed, and he hobbled over to the window to assure Stub, in a hoarse whisper, that he was up. It was the work of but a moment to skin out of his nightgown and slip into his hat, waist and knickerbockers in the order named. Then he stole down the backstairs, paused briefly at the cooky jar in the pantry and joined Stub outside.



The Other Boys, Tasting the Bitter Aloes of Envy, Tramped in the Dusty Weeds

A robin was already caroling in the big sugar maple by the well, but the boys, visioning lions and tigers and elephants, heard it not, and pattered off in their bare feet for the railroad yard. At the first corner they happened upon a third boy; at the next, upon a fourth and a fifth; and before they reached the yards there was a dozen in the squad.

"We'll give 'em the slip as soon as we kin," whispered Stub cunningly. "Them circus fellers won't let a bunch like this come close enough to see nothin'."

The circus, they found, had already pulled in; but their disappointment was mitigated by the fact that no activity was yet afoot. The big yellow cars splashed with red loomed like a dream city. The roustabouts, rolled in tarpaulins under the wagons on the flats, still slept. The curtains of the sleepers were still tightly drawn.

But soon all was changed. A man in shirtsleeves and battered derby hat stiffly descended the steps of the foremost sleeper and sounded a watchman's rattle. The roustabouts, yawning and stretching, came to a sitting posture; and in an amazingly short time horses and ponies were pouring out of the cars; wagons, cages, chariots and the steam calliope were shunted down inclines; and half the elephants were on the ground before Foster and Stub had discovered their whereabouts.

Elephants were a passion with Foster. His schoolteacher, the day before, had given a little talk on them, explaining the difference between the Asiatic and the African species. Foster remembered that the Africans had much larger ears, rougher trunks, three toes on the hindfeet instead of four and a bulging instead of a concave forehead. He even remembered their Latin names—*Elephas asiaticus* and *Elephas africanus*. But he spoke nothing of this to his companions. Though a remarkably innocent boy, with the delicacy of a girl and the imagination of a poet, he had gathered some worldly lore. He had learned, for one thing, that all boys despise a superior boy.

He discovered, to his surprise, that all the elephants in the herd were Asiatics and their mahouts dark-skinned Orientals, with tiny, silky mustaches, gleaming teeth, fluffy turbans and baggy trousers. Even Maharajah, the big bull that had risked his life to save his baby from a locomotive—according to the billboards—was an Asiatic. Foster studied him with awe. He did not look like a fond parent. His little eyes twinkled wickedly; he swung his great trunk restlessly to and fro as if seeking that which he might destroy; and his mahout, bawling a strange lingo, incessantly pulled and prodded him with a goad.

"What do you keep punchin' him for?" Foster finally mustered courage to ask.

"Because he is an old devil," answered the Bengalese. "Do not come too near or God Himself cannot save you. He has already kill one thousand boys, and he will kill a thousand more before he dies."

This was putting it pretty strong. Even Foster, the credulous, was skeptical for once. Still he fell back a yard. At the same time he said: "No elephunt will hurt me."

He spoke so quietly, with such dignity and assurance, that the mahout looked at him curiously. "Why, little sahib?"

Foster did not know why. He had spoken, as was his habit, like one in a dream. Indeed, at that moment he was dreaming that he was the greatest mahout in the world, just as he had often dreamed, with wide open eyes, that he was the greatest sea-captain, the greatest locomotive engineer, the greatest aëroplanist in the world.

"Come nearer then, little sahib, if you are not afraid," continued the man, smiling. "Lay your hand upon him."

Even Homer Pettigrew's steady heart would have throbbed with pride could he have envisaged his son's soul at that instant; for Foster, impelled by a mysterious impulse that took no account of fear—for he was afraid—did step forward.

"Steady, Maharajah, steady!" said he, though his voice was not quite steady.

The great beast extended his trunk and lifted the boy to the top of his head. Makunda Das, mumbling some kind of an incantation, weaved his long, slim brown hands to and fro with a smoky motion; and it was in this fashion that Foster rode to the circus grounds a mile away, looking straight ahead, like the picture of Pompey entering Rome, while the other boys, tasting the bitter aloes of envy, tramped along in the dusty roadside weeds.

At the grounds a few of the pachyderms were impressed to butt wagons into position and help raise the "big top"; but most of them, including Maharajah, were staked off to one side, where they were served a breakfast of baled hay by their dusky attendants. The other boys were soon attracted elsewhere, but Foster remained with his beloved elephants.

Presently a white man appeared, smoking a cigarette. His hands and shirt were very dirty, he wore no suspenders, and his trousers sagged so low over his hips that Foster momentarily feared a disastrous slide. But the way that man handled elephants, kicking them about like bales of excelsior, without a goad, was a marvel. And the way he cursed the Bengalese about, though there seemed no occasion for cursing, was fairly hair-raising.

Suddenly he turned his attention to Foster. "See that bar'l, kiddo? Take them two buckets and go over to Aunt Molly's yonder for water. When the bar'l's full you get a free ticket to the show this afternoon. Savvy?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

A free ticket was of no use to him. He never had attended a circus and never expected to. He had never even asked to, for his father believed that circuses were the devil's own device, and had said so from the pulpit only the Sunday before. Hence when he picked up the dingy canvas buckets, it was not a free ticket but Service that he was thinking of. Service, always with a capital S, was a thing of which he heard a great deal, both at home and at church. And it was now indeed a privilege to him to carry water to the great beasts which he had such a curious affection for; which so inflamed his imagination, transporting him in spirit to that strange land where the missionaries went; that land of terrible jungles, in which the tiger and the cobra made their lairs; where women cast their babes into the Ganges, or flung themselves upon their husbands' funeral piles.

Yet as he trudged back and forth, back and forth between Aunt Molly's and the herd; as the dew dried from the grass and dust began to fly; as the sun grew hot, his arms tired, his hands blistered, the hope was presently born that

if he earned a ticket his father might let him use it. At first it was a very tiny thing; yet it waxed rapidly in strength and size, and ere long it had become a Belief.

But that barrel! It was not a particularly large barrel to look at. The first two bucketfuls made quite a showing in the bottom. When it was a third full he was still fresh. At the half, though weary, his determination was still strong. But after that the waterline crept up at a snail's pace, until it seemed as if the barrel must have some subterranean connection.

Then Aunt Molly—he didn't believe that to be her real name—came out and told him sharply that she couldn't spare any more water. She added more gently—perhaps after a second glance at his drooping figure and flaming face, all streaked with sweat and dust: "Besides, you're too little for such work. Why don't some of those lazy circus men carry the water?"

"Oh, they aren't lazy, ma'am," said he loyally. "They're looking after the animals and tents and getting ready for the parade."

Houses here in the outskirts were scattering. The next well was almost a block farther off, or two blocks to the round trip. They told heavily on him, and after six round trips the barrel loomed as big as a hogshead, and swallowed his last load like the contents of a pint cup.

Then a tragic thing happened.

He was resting in the shade of a ticket wagon when a bare-legged, lean-shanked mahout approached the barrel, dipped out two candy-bucketfuls of water and carried them to an elephant.

Foster was no crybaby. He had been taught that all the vicissitudes of life are sent by God for a good purpose, and are, therefore, blessings in disguise, to rebel against which is ingratitude. But he was deathly tired, his temples throbbed and his palms burned like fire. So he burst into tears.

"What's the matter now, huh?" presently demanded the man with the precariously clinging trousers, as he lit a fresh cigarette and emitted two white jets of smoke from his nose. "Quit the job, huh?"

"I can't ever fill the barrel, sir, if they keep dippin' out," answered the lad.

"You're seein' things, kiddo. Nobody's dippin' out."

"Yes, they are, sir. A Hindu man dipped out two big buckets and watered one of the elephunts."

The man grinned. "Well, well! I'll see he don't do it again," he promised, with a wink at a spectator. "So hustle up! And remember: the bar'l full or no ticket. If you don't want the job ——"

He broke off abruptly at sight of a second spectator, a little man with sharp, black eyes, dressed in a neat gray suit and a broad-brimmed gray hat.

"Did this man promise you a ticket for filling that barrel?" he asked of Foster.

"Yes, sir."

"Up to your old tricks again, eh!" exclaimed the little man, and the cursing he then gave the cigarette man made the latter's cursing of the Bengalese seem a very tame affair indeed. Foster shivered for the little man's safety, but oddly enough the cigarette man shuffled off without a word. Then the little man drew something like a check book from his pocket, signed his name, tore out a leaf and handed it to Foster.

"Here's your pass, my boy—good for this afternoon only. Now go over to that barrel and souse your head and keep in the shade awhile. You look hot. I've got a boy about your age back home, and I know what's good for boys that are hot."

Foster, thanking him eagerly, obeyed instructions, though the period spent in the shade was the very shortest reconcilable with his conscience. Then, without waiting for the parade to form, he made a beeline for home, the precious pass in his hand, his hand in his pocket, and his pocket pressed against his thigh.

His mother was in the kitchen, paring potatoes for dinner. He told his story. If she perceived its pathos it was through maternal divination, not any art of his; and when he finished and asked falteringly if she thought he might go to the circus, she arose and dried her hands and said in a peculiarly quiet tone: "Wait here. I'll go up to your father's study and talk to him."

This was unusual, for the first rule of the household was that Homer Pettigrew should not be interrupted during the morning hours except for urgent matters.

His mother was gone a long time, and when she came back she entered the kitchen softly and said in the same strangely quiet tone, with a stiffness about the lips that made him wonder: "Your father will tell you himself at dinnertime."

When the family was seated at the table Pettigrew returned thanks for the food, unfolded his napkin, stuck it in his collar, carved the pot roast and served the plates. Foster had an empty feeling inside, but it was not the emptiness of hunger, in spite of no breakfast. However, at the parsonage you either ate or you left the table—if you were little; and as leaving the table was not to be thought of until his momentous question had been answered, Foster picked up his knife and fork without daring to glance at his father.

"Foster," said the latter at last, "your mother has related your experience to me. In giving you permission to see the circus come in I did not contemplate your going to the grounds. But doubtless you misunderstood me or you would not have gone. Now I have only this to say: I believe circuses are wrong. I preach against them; I advise my parishioners to keep their children away from them. Naturally I have kept you from them, and should under ordinary circumstances, as a matter of course, forbid your going to this one."

He paused and drank a glass of water. He drank a great deal of water—the only beverage, he was fond of saying, when asking for a third or fourth glass out at dinners, which God had made for man. Meanwhile, Foster's heart began to race.

"The present circumstances," continued his father, "are not ordinary. You have earned a ticket. I hope I understand something of what that means to you, so I am going to let you do as you please. I am going to put the matter up to your conscience. You know my views. You know that I am older and wiser than you. You are old enough to understand, in part, at least, the embarrassment which your going would put upon me and your mother. And that is all I have to say."

All That Drowsy June Afternoon Foster Sat on a Soap-Box, Sober-Faced But Tearless

Foster, with his eyes upon his plate, swallowed a bite of bread that all but choked him. There seemed to be not room enough for it and the lump in his throat at the same time. He thought of the Ledbetters, who had subscribed more money for the new Methodist church than any other family. He thought of Eddie Preston, the Presbyterian minister's son. He thought of lots of other people who always went to circuses. But he did not speak his thoughts; he had been taught not to argue with his father. What he did do was to rise with a white face, quite suddenly, run toward the kitchen, and from the door call back:

"I want to go, father, but I won't go. And I don't want you to say you're glad, or praise me, or ever speak of it again." With which he fled.

Homer Pettigrew leaped from his chair with a black brow.

"No!" said Alicia, with flashing eyes, placing herself between him and the door. "You took your fling at him first about having no more to say."

All that drowsy June afternoon Foster sat on a soap-box under the maple, sober-faced but tearless. The street was very quiet; not a boy passed. Bumblebees droned in the hollyhocks. A brood of young orioles overhead incessantly voiced their querulous, monotonous cries. Ever and anon there floated to his ears, at the caprice of the shifting zephyrs, a strain of band music from the circus tent, softened and etherealized by distance till one could almost imagine it the strumming of angels upon their golden harps. And at the bay window sat his mother, sewing—when the needle-point was not blurred through tears.

About six o'clock Stub Hatch hopped over the back fence, crunching an apple. "Go t' the show?" he asked briskly.

"Father wouldn't let me," answered Foster truthfully.

"Gee, it was fine! I'm goin' agin to-night. Then I'm goin' to see 'em load up. They've got some new cars for the elephunts, and I heard one of the circus fellers say mebbe the elephunts wouldn't go into 'em, 'count of the smell of paint, and would have to be drug in with a rope. Mebbe your dad would let you go to that."

"No, he wouldn't," said Foster bitterly; and he did not even resent Stub's contemptuous "Geeminy crickets, what a piker!"

On account of his early rising Foster was sent to bed at eight o'clock. But he could not sleep. The circus band music was even plainer than in the afternoon, and his restless mind, aided by the billboards, pictured the dazzling spectacle, scene by scene.

Then suddenly, for the first time in his life, he resolved to deceive his parents; to see the loading of the circus.

He counted the clock strokes, and almost before the last, deliberate, mellow tones of ten had died away he was into his clothes and out on the porch roof. Sliding down the corner post was but the repetition of a familiar feat, and five minutes later he reached the railroad yards. *(Concluded on Page 33)*

He Turned the Corner, Thinking His Unwieldy Pursuers Might Skid

THE ARGONAUTS

Sonny—By George A. Birmingham

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS late in November and it had been raining without cessation for more than three weeks—not vigorously, as I have seen it rain in New York and Philadelphia, but with a dull persistence, as it rains nowhere else except in the west of Ireland. Rain there seems—at certain, indeed at most seasons of the year—to be the normal thing, as if the genius that presides over the weather had turned on rain and then gone to sleep. The country was saturated and I, though well inured to the climate of Connaught, felt that the pervading damp was getting on my nerves. I was dry in bed at night—I did not seem to be dry anywhere else. I confess that my temper was bad.

John Cassidy met me on the road a mile from my house at four o'clock one afternoon. He was standing at the bottom of a muddy lane that leads up to the wretchedly poor cabin in which he lives. I realized at once that he was waiting for me. I sighed.

John Cassidy is an excellent fellow—what we call a decent poor man—and I would do a good deal for him; but I did not want to do anything for him just then. I wanted to get home and change my sodden clothes. I had been tramping through the rain all day. I wanted hot tea. I wanted tobacco. I wanted a deep chair in front of a fire.

John Cassidy also wanted something—something from me. Therefore I sighed.

"I'd be glad," he said, "if your reverence would step up and take a look at herself—and maybe say a word to her that would do her good."

Herself was, of course, Mrs. Cassidy. It is in this way that we speak of our wives in the west of Ireland. It is, I think, a beautiful and respectful way of speaking of them. The use of the pronoun in this absolute fashion suggests that for each of us there is no other woman in the world, but only the one; and that is as it should be.

"There's a kind of weakness on her," said John Cassidy; "and it's worse she's getting instead of better."

I grasped at a ray of hope. I am, after all, a clergyman—not a doctor. A weakness is a physical rather than a spiritual malady. I could scarcely be expected to cure her.

"Why don't you get the doctor if she's ill?" I asked.

I was standing in a pool of water, but that made very little difference to me. My boots had been soaked through for hours.

"I had the doctor," said Cassidy. "I had him four times and I paid him twice, and it's very little good he did her."

Doctors are not of much use if you take them off the beaten track. In the face of a recognized disease—measles, pneumonia or appendicitis, something they can look up in a book—they make some kind of fight. When they come up against anything as vague and formless as a weakness they can very rarely do anything.

"He gave her a bottle, I suppose," I said bitterly.

In Ireland we describe every medicine as a bottle—and we are beginning to lose faith in bottles.

"For all the good it did her," said Cassidy, "it might as well have been water that was in it; though I will say for that bottle it smelt powerful bad when you took the cork out of it."

"I don't see," I said, "that I'm likely to be of much use."

"It could be," said Cassidy, "that if your reverence was to speak a word to her it might comfort her."

This was, of course, possible. I followed John Cassidy up the lane.

On the way to the cabin he explained more fully the nature of the weakness.

"It's been coming on her," he said, "ever since the young lad went from us. Two years ago he took the notion into his head that he'd go to America—and he went."

I knew that. We had all discussed the departure of the Cassidys' son; but he had been gone two years and I had seen Mrs. Cassidy many times since. She seemed none the worse. Cassidy read my thoughts with that uncanny intuition which you often find among west-of-Ireland peasants.

"My Mother Says Will Your Reverence Step Up to the House for a Minute?"

"At the first go off," he said, "you wouldn't have thought she minded—no more than another would anyway; but the weakness was within, in the inside of her, and it's lately that it has begun to come out."

I listened to a list of symptoms. It seemed that Mrs. Cassidy had lost heart and no longer took any pleasure in life. She baked bread; she washed clothes; she fed the pig—but she did these things without zest.

"It's seldom ever I can get her to go as far as the town on a market day," said Cassidy; "and she doesn't care if she never saw a neighbor woman or heard a word of what's going on.

"You couldn't get her to put a shawl over her head and go as far as the road—not if you was to offer her a fistful of gold for doing it."

This was plainly an evil case; but it seemed scarcely likely that my words would charm away so lethal an apathy.

"You'd think now," said Cassidy, "that she was no more than able just to put the one foot in front of the other."

He whispered these words in my ear, for we had reached the door of the cottage and it stood open. I went in and Cassidy followed me.

Mrs. Cassidy was sitting on a stool in the chimney corner, crouching over a fire that had burned low. There was a great round pot at her feet, with glowing cinders underneath it and gray, ash-covered coals piled on its lid. In such pots the west-of-Ireland people bake their bread, and Mrs. Cassidy, no doubt, had a loaf in hers; but she was not watching her pot.

I got accustomed to the gloom of the house and I could see that her eyes were fixed on something beyond the pot, beyond the chimney corner and beyond the house itself. They had a long, sorrowful look in them. For a while she seemed unconscious that we were in the room with her. Her husband roused her.

"Do you not see," he said, "that his reverence is here? Will you not give him a chair the way he'll be able to take an air of the fire? He's wet through, so he is."

Mrs. Cassidy's courtesy overcame the weakness that was on her. She stood up and bowed to me with that air of quiet, unassertive dignity which the west-of-Ireland peasant possesses in common with the best-bred members of the English aristocracy. Neither squalor, on the one hand, nor the surroundings of the smart set, on the other, can rob a woman of this great-lady manner if it is born in her.

Having bowed, Mrs. Cassidy drew forward a chair and wiped the seat of it with her apron.

"It's pleased I am to see your reverence," she said, "either now or at any other time."

I sat down. John Cassidy gave me a meaning glance, and then said he was going out to see whether the young heifer had broken down the wall which separated her field from the potato patch. It is, I know, the habit of young heifers to break walls. The young of all species do it. I have heard of young girls—but their doings are no concern of mine. They may break all the walls of all the conventions without interference from me.

Nor do I think that John Cassidy cared much whether his heifer had broken her wall or not. The potatoes had long since been dug. The ground in which they grew would suffer no harm by the incursions of a young heifer. He was making an excuse to escape, so that I should be left alone to speak to Mrs. Cassidy the word which might do her good and help to remove the weakness that was on her.

For some time Mrs. Cassidy and I sat in silence, one on each side of the fire. I looked at her and noted a slovenliness in her attire that was new to me. She used to be a neat, trim woman, even when she was going about the business of cleaning her house and feeding her pig.

I noticed that the hens wandered unchecked about the floor of the room. They pecked and scratched among the ashes on the hearth. They sprang up on the dresser, where plates and jugs stood in rows. They were free with all that was in the house. This was not Mrs. Cassidy's way with hens. In the old days an intruding fowl,

"There's No Use Your Talking, for My Mind's Made Up"

unless it were a chicken in delicate health, was ruthlessly driven from the door. Now Mrs. Cassidy was apathetic.

It is only very good friends who can sit opposite each other without speaking. Silence is usually embarrassing to civilized people. I confess that our long silence began to embarrass me and it came as a relief when Mrs. Cassidy began to speak. Her words fell from her slowly and scarcely seemed to be addressed to me. It was rather as if she spoke a monologue, telling to the brooding spirit of her home the tale of her sorrow.

"It was three years ago that the fancy first took him. Before that he was always contented enough."

I knew she was speaking about her boy—her son, who had gone to America.

"His name," she added, "was Michael Antony; but it was Sonny we called him."

I waited, for I had nothing to say. There are scores of these sonnies, whose names are really something else. The mother love that cleaves to the pet name is the same for all of them; so is the heartbreak for the mother.

"I don't rightly know," she went on, "how the notion of America came to him first. You'd think he was contented enough. It wasn't that his father was hard on him. The lad had no more to do than what he seemed willing for. He had a decent suit of clothes to wear of a Sunday or a fair day, and nobody denied him his share of any pleasuring there might be in it—the like of a football kicking, or maybe a dance at an odd time; but the notion took him and nothing would do him only to go to America. I was against it and so was his father."

Mrs. Cassidy relapsed into silence again. She seemed to have forgotten my presence altogether. Then suddenly she looked at me and added a word of explanation—a pathetically unnecessary word.

"His name was Michael Antony, but it was Sonny we did be calling him. Well," she went on, "nothing would do him but to write to his Aunt Matilda, who's out in Pittsburgh and married to a man that went from this parish. I never seen her myself, but she was his father's sister. Sonny was always a good scholar and he was well fit to write a letter to his aunt or to any other one. We kept him to his schooling regular, only when there might be a press of work at the hay or the like of that, so as he'd be wanted at home. It was always his father's wish and my own that he'd get good learning while he could—and he got it. There wasn't a better speller than Sonny; and the way he'd write, a blind man could have read it!"

The half door of the cottage was opened and two girls came in. I looked round and recognized the Cassidys' little daughters, children of twelve and fourteen years of age, with school satchels over their arms.

"Norah Kate," said Mrs. Cassidy, "your dinner's waiting for you and Susan's along with it. Will you sit down now and eat it? And, before you do, let Susy hoosh the hens out of the house. It's too bold those same hens is getting."

The children did as they were bidden, without speaking. Doubtless they shouted and laughed elsewhere, in the school playground or on the roadside. Here at home they were silent. It may have been my presence that awed them; but I think that even the merriest child would have found it hard to laugh in the house where Mrs. Cassidy ceaselessly mourned for Sonny, whose real name was Michael Antony.

When Mrs. Cassidy spoke again the hens had been driven forth and the two girls were sitting at the table, with a bowl of boiled potatoes between them.

"It was a month, or maybe a little more, before the answer came back from his aunt; but when it did come I was glad to see it. What she said was that it would be no use for Michael Antony—his name was Michael Antony, though it was Sonny we always called him—that it would be no use for him to go to America. The times was bad out there, she said, and little likelihood of their getting better. Let the boy stay where he is, she said, where he has a living to get without working the flesh off his bones. Let him not go there, she said, or else he'd be sorry for it after. Well, you'd think that would have contented him and put the notion of America out of his head and so it did seemingly."

The hens, grown bold by long impunity, had made their way into the house again; but Mrs. Cassidy was roused now.

"Norah Kate," she said, "will you and Susy put them hens out and yourselves along with the hens! Don't you see I'm talking to his reverence?"

Mrs. Cassidy, like most good women, had small respect for her daughters. Sonny, I imagine—had Sonny remained at home—might have sat out the visit of a bishop. His mother would have considered his presence an honor to the highest ecclesiastic; but daughters, even though their fathers spoil them, never stand so high as sons in the opinion of a good mother. Norah Kate

(Continued on Page 53)

I Could See That Her Eyes Were Fixed on Something Beyond the Pot

ON WITH THE DANCE

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"YOU must get your husband to join the class! The Watkinses are going to give a ball next month when they come back from the Coast; so we'll have to learn to dance before that. If you don't dance nowadays you're out of everything!" Mrs. Roberts spoke winningly. She shared the usual anxiety of the promoter of any suburban scheme; the more subscribers you got the less was the individual toll.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Chandor doubtfully. Her graceful head, with its ripply brown hair, drooped a little on one side; her clear blue eyes fastened themselves on the large marblelike orbs of the fashionably attired visitor. "I'd love to join, myself; but I've been trying for the last six months to get Preston to learn and he just simply refuses to. He says he's too old to begin again, with a boy nearly fourteen! But he never cared much for dancing anyway, and after what he saw over at Wickham last summer ——" Mrs. Chandor paused expressively.

Mrs. Roberts' face flushed.

"Too old! Why, Mr. Brentwood is more enthusiastic than anybody, and he's a grandfather! But I don't think—do you?—that people—that is, really nice people—talk much about age any more. And these dances are so different from the waltz and two-step, which were so tiring."

She caught herself up deftly, and then continued: "I don't mean by this that they're at all like the kind of thing they have at Wickham; we all know what that set is! No; when the new dances are taught properly they're a very different thing. Little Emma Prankly, whom we have engaged to teach us, is the dearest creature; so inspiring! You were saying a moment ago that Mr. Chandor was too tired when he came home at night—that's the very reason he should join the class. Emma Prankly says she teaches more tired-out business men than any others; the tonic effects are wonderful. Doctor Sayres himself told me the other day that if he could run in for an hour of dancing after a day of operations, and work off the strain, it would make a new man of him. I have insisted that my husband should join just on account of his liver; he's so pessimistic lately—business is so bad—that I can hardly stay in the same house with him!"

She paused, and then went on again:

"It's strange how husbands and wives differ on the subject! Now at the Iversons' it's Leslie who's crazy over dancing. Winifred says he tangoes even while he's dressing. She feels that she can't take on another thing, what with little Matilda and the house, and changing servants, and the consumers' league, and all that interminable suffrage telephoning every evening. As she says, Leslie has only his business and his golf to think about. Life seems so simple for a man, doesn't it, in comparison with what it is for a woman? I said to her: 'Winifred, you need relaxation!' Now do think of the bull and get Mr. Chandor to join! You know you can if you want to."

"Oh, I'll try!" said Elinor.

It was the received cult among the married that you could always get a husband to do anything if you set your mind to it, with the suppression of that other fact that such success, when it did occur, was often more lamentable in its effects than failure. There is no sadder thing than a man forced unwillingly to his amusement.

If she could only get Preston to think that he wanted to dance!

He was such a dear usually about doing what she wished, but when he became inert he had a sort of masculine ponderosity that made it almost impossible to move him. Yet, if he did not give in to the new order of things it was sadly true that they would be out of everything.

The town was steadily growing to be dancing-mad, not only as regarded the younger set, who were by right votaries of the art, but among the middle-aged, the heavyweights, people who had long been relegated to the seats along the wall, and who were now happily taking advantage of the door that opportunity, even at this late day,

held open for them. The Bannards and a small party, penetrating with a sense of reckless gayety into a dancing restaurant in town one evening to watch the show, had been quite taken aback by the number of solid elderly husbands and wives disporting themselves earnestly on the floor.

"Well, of course, when you think of it, I suppose they're never invited anywhere to dance," Lucia Bannard had stated; "so this is the only chance they get!"

There was, indeed, one young man and woman who seemed to be performing rather extraordinarily, with immense acrobatic muscle; but even they had soon stopped at a quiet signal from the proprietor. It was felt disappointedly that the gayety of the scene had been overrated; with, however, the saving thought that it was probably quite different at a later hour.

At home there were the elder Iversons, equally grandparents with Mr. Brentwood, though none of them was at all venerable. Mr. Iverson, a semi-invalid for years, had become an ardent devotee of the cult; while his wife, delicately dignified, performed with delightful grace. When eighteen-year-old Tommy Atmore came home from college for the holidays, and it was whispered that he could dance the Bird Boomerang, or some such matter, all his mother's friends vied for his presence at their afternoon teas, coaxing him to give them lessons.

Even old Mrs. Crandall, who every one thought would be shocked, though she did not dance, benignly sought with her wrinkled fingers to fit the strains of Money Musk, the Blue Bells of Scotland and the limp and ancient Shells of Ocean Waltz to the exigencies of the new steps, until in self-defense her daughter-in-law procured a phonograph. It had come to that pass, indeed, that every gathering, whether it began as luncheon, tea, dinner or bridge party, turned into dance practice before it was ended, though no two people danced the same way.

The very lilt of the music, the bizarre ragtime and its gay kin that wouldn't let your feet keep still, had something inspiring that swept one out of the realm of orders to the butcher, and bills, and defective plumbing, and the long, sordid business day, and the monotonous round of suburban living: it gave a lift to the morrow. It was time, indeed, for Emma Prankly's competent instruction and for Preston Chandor to take lessons.

Elinor made up her mind to have it out with him that evening. She was one of those rare women who can differ from a man without being antagonistic; she seemed rather to wish to be convinced by him. She dressed herself with unusual care in a blue gown that he always liked, with a neckpiece of lacy white at her slender bare throat; she had always a characteristic daintiness that satisfied both the eye and the sense. Yet it had seemed to her sometimes lately as though her husband was getting into a habit of not quite seeing her; of just taking her satisfactory appearance comfortably for granted, without any fresh interest in the sight.

He himself, she noticed to-night as she looked at him thoughtfully, was getting a little heavier; his pleasant face was becoming somewhat set—he had an indescribable air of one growing wedded to the solidities of life. It was when the children were in bed, after that racking study hour in which the helpful parent is reduced to pulp between the dictates of common sense and the Way the teacher says you must do it, that Elinor, as she was leaning against the arm of his chair, broached the subject of Miss Prankly.

"Dancing lessons! Why should I take dancing lessons?" he queried carelessly, looking longingly at the book he held; he was deeply absorbed in everything Arctic.

"Everybody's doing it, Preston. If you once tried to dance you'd be as crazy over it as the rest are."

"All the more reason, then, why I shouldn't try; I don't want to be crazy over it. I'd a great deal rather sit here with a book and you, dear "

"With a book and a pipe, you mean," she retorted gayly. "You don't know how much you're losing!"

"Well, if I don't know it I'm not missing anything, am I? See here, Elinor, it's no use arguing with me about it. I don't care who else dances—let them if they want to; but I'm not going to learn. I don't like it." His worried gaze became fixed on something beyond her, while she smoothed his hand in hers. Mr. Chandor felt a restless repugnance to the subject hard to explain—a fierce repudiation of the charms of the dance, which seemed as though it might develop some uncanny spell of fascination over his unwilling spirit if he did not hold out against it. "I thought we finished with this last summer." His eyes plunged into hers. "If you want to join this racket, just say so. I don't want to stand in your way if you'd enjoy it. I'll take you to every house the class is held in, of course, and come for you any time you wish."

"No-o-o!" said his wife slowly.

The music called endearingly to her nimble feet—she would like to learn the steps correctly, but not without him. They had tacitly done things together, so far as possible, since that first year or two of their married life when he had been lured into a series of chess tournaments, with two or three friends, with an ardor that threatened to shipwreck their wedded happiness—not that he loved her less devotedly, but that he could not understand how the hours passed while at that too-fascinating game.

One of Elinor's most harrowing memories later was connected with the time when a rook was missing from his beloved chessmen, and she had to confess that she had given them to the baby to play with when he was fretful, though she positively knew she had put them all back again. They had both comfortably become devotees of bridge afterward, until this dancing era struck in.

"Of course I'd love it, but I don't care to go off evenings without you," she said with a tender pressure that he returned. "I'll just wait until you want to learn too. We can join at any time!" And she kissed him.

"You Can't Get Anybody to Sit Down Quietly for a Game, Now That This Dancing Craze is On"

She had planted the entering wedge anyway. She knew the matter was in his mind all that week; he showed her the little attentions that always manifested his thoughtfulness of her. On Thursday his long fingers unrolled from its wrappings a little green glass vase for flowers, which he had bought in a shop on his way out from town. On Saturday he brought that bunch of midwinter lilies of the valley, which almost meant more than any other gift to her, though his evenings were still exclusively devoted to the Polar regions; he was never interested in anything by halves. But on Monday night, when they were bestowed in their usual positions by the log fire, while the cold crackled at the window panes, he looked up occasionally from the pages with a strange expression to where she sat, with her work dropped from her hand, her lips parted, yearningly listening to the rollicking strains that intermittently reached them.

"Where does that music come from?" he asked.

She looked at him with her whole soul in the glance.

"It's over at the Bannards'; they're having the dancing class there. Doesn't it sound just lovely?"

"Oh, that's it, is it!"

Preston seemed to hesitate a moment; and then, still keeping one hand on the book, hitched his chair up close to hers, laying the other hand on her soft fingers as his fine eyes met hers tenderly.

Elinor's heart beat exultingly: her policy of silence and submission had been the right one, as she knew it would be; he could not help seeing how much she longed to be over there, and he never, never could really bear to deny her anything! How sweet he was anyway! How much nicer than any other man!

"Elinor ——"

She waited blissfully: "Yes, dear."

He held her hand a little closer.

"Now don't you think it's a—great—deal—better to be sitting here together comfortably than chasing round the floor like those idiots over there at the Bannards'? . . . What have I said now! Where are you going? What under heavens is the matter?"

"I I—I only have to go and get a spool of thread," said Elinor in a muffled tone.

And, after all, what was the use of giving up hope yet? This was only the beginning. Let him get used to the idea.

II

THE defection of the favorite Chandors was a serious one in the little circle of intimate friends. It was not to be thought of that the two were to be no more one with the interests of the crowd. There was a tendency among the women to wonder that Elinor, dear as she was, had not more influence with her husband. Each had some instance to relate wherein her Will or Edward might have proved as recalcitrant if she had not exerted her powers; but there was a general feeling that the unnatural situation should be brought to an end as soon as possible. The young and lightsome Mr. Bannard approached Preston on the subject when going into town.

"What's eating you, Chandor? Waiting to be pressed to join the class? If I were you I'd bring Elinor on Thursday and get into the game like a little man."

"Would you?" asked Mr. Chandor sedately.

Mr. Bannard's eye kindled reminiscently.

"We had a fine time last clip! You ought to have seen Roberts! He was working so over the tango that he actually forgot to go across to the club for his evening bracer. Miss Prankly's a great little teacher! I declare, though, I felt sorry for her struggling over Will Crandall.

"That fellow's all hoofs—awful! He's enough to break up the class. You could give him points any time, Chandor. And his wife is almost as bad. She can't get the hang of anything—dances like an ice cart. I'll tell you, though, whom you want to spiel with if you have the chance, and that's Mrs. Bantry."

"Mrs. Bantry!" Preston's jaw dropped; his eyes stuck out in wonder. "Why, she must weigh over two hundred!"

"I don't care what she weighs; anybody who gets her for a partner has a cinch. She's as light as a feather on her feet—believe me! She dances like a breeze; catches on to everything! All the men are crazy over her. She's not so bad looking, either, if you come down to that."

"Mrs. Bantry!" repeated Preston with a wonder that had not lessened. She was a woman who heretofore, by some inexorable, unvoiced law, had been relegated entirely to the society of other women. No man ever spoke to her voluntarily, except in greeting or farewell; even her husband was said to pass all his evenings at the lodge. Yet here she had come mysteriously into her own! Preston shook his head. "I don't get you, Donald," he said with finality.

However, the next evening, Saturday, the Paxtons and the Wilmers stopped in on their way to the "movies" to tell Mr. Chandor, with persuasive volubility, not to be so foolish, but to make up his mind to learn the modern dance at once.

Gentle Mrs. Iverson and kind, motherly Mrs. Brentwood on different occasions, coming out from town, sat down by him on purpose delicately to suggest how much it would make for his wife's happiness if he would only overcome his prejudice enough just to try the dance—everybody was sure he would like it if he did—while he politely listened and smiled, and was most courteous in all the little ways that women appreciate, but refused to commit himself.

Everywhere he was assailed by either argument or raillery, except from those husbands whose wives begged them, as a duty, to speak to Mr. Chandor—an adjuration that invariably reduces sensitive man to complete silence on the mooted subject.

Though he would not own it to himself, Preston could feel Elinor's clear blue eyes looking anxiously day by day for some expected change in him. Once he found her trying on a party gown and tiptoed out of the room unseen. However, the climax to this state of things came on the Thursday following: Mr. Chandor, on reaching home, seemed to perceive the well-known signs of festivity in his wife's attire.

"Anybody coming in to-night?" he asked casually.

His wife looked at him without expression.

"Yes; the Bannards."

"I'll dress after dinner. I shall be glad to have a little auction once more. You can't get anybody to sit down quietly for a game, now that this dancing craze is on."

"Yes," said his wife in the same tone as before.

Preston went round upstairs afterward whistling as he dressed, and her heart smote her; but even as he descended, freshly shaven and radiant of mien, there was that peculiar sound of many people coming along outside, with swishing

of skirts, tramping of feet, subdued voices, smothered laughter. When the bell rang Mr. Chandor, going to the door unwittingly, held it open to the icy air for a procession, cloaked and hooded and overcoated over evening attire.

"We're taking you by storm, old fellow!" called Will Crandall, slapping his host on the shoulder.

"Got you now, Chandor! Got you now!"

"Bringing the mountain to Mohammed, you know," said the elder Mr. Iverson, following up the chorus. "The whole class, Miss Prankly and all! No excuse for you now; no excuse now! What do you say to this, Chandor?"

"Why, it's fine!" said Mr. Chandor, smiling. "Awfully glad to see you all. How do you do, Miss Prankly? How do you do, Mrs. Paxton? Hello, Paxton! Make yourself at home. Glad to see you and Donald, Lucia."

His greetings went all along the line as the guests swarmed in and were handed over to Elinor. Her glance, large-eyed, sought his in the interim as she whispered:

"I hope you don't mind?"

"No, indeed!" he said, with what she always called his company smile, though she noticed afterward a peculiar expression in his eye.

"I hear I'm to have the pleasure of teaching you this evening, Mr. Chandor," said Emma Prankly as they stood in the drawing room after the rugs and furniture had been removed.

She was such a frail, palely smiling little person, and with such tiny feet showing below her short white skirt, that it seemed almost pathetic that she should have all those big men to work over.

"Why, it would seem so," said Preston gallantly. "Been teaching much today, Miss Emma?"

"Since nine this morning."

"Since nine! You must be worn out. Why, I shouldn't have a leg to stand on!"

"Oh, I never get tired dancing!" said Miss Prankly with professional sprightliness. "It stimulates and it soothes."

"Oh!" said Mr. Chandor, staring. "Well, start off with the others if you will, Miss Prankly, so that I may see how it's done, and leave me until later. Thank you!"

The tall, stolid-looking pianist, in a shirt waist and skirt that looked as though carved from stone, was already at her place at the instrument, pounding away with long muscular fingers in startlingly marked rhythm. An air of excitement and gayety pervaded everything. There was a sudden rush of men toward the stout Mrs. Bantry. The roomful of people resolved itself, with a few exceptions, into plunging couples, slowly, advancingly pawing the ground, with sudden unexpected turns and convolutions, while Preston watched interestedly.

"Getting up your courage for the fatal plunge?" said Donald Bannard hardily, pausing for a moment by his host. "Hello, Elinor! Feeling good to-night?"

"Yes, indeed!" returned Elinor.

"Doesn't Elinor look fine?" murmured Lucia. "She's so happy, Preston, because you're actually going to be in it all again. It's really been quite a deprivation to her—your not being willing to learn. But, of course, that's all over now."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Preston with a strained expression. "What is it, Mrs. Iverson? Thank you! It's mighty kind of you to be so pleased about it."

"And we're sure you'll be very graceful when you begin," said Mrs. Roberts winningly. "We'll all be watching you."

The music suddenly stopped short; the floor, which had been full of long-armed gentlemen rhythmically propelling ladies before them like perambulators, became emptied.

Miss Prankly, amid a buzz of conversation, clapped her hands for silence.

"I'll take the beginners now. Mr. Roberts! Miss Barker! Mr. Chandor! Mr. Chandor, if you'll come over and stand here ——"

A chorus arose:

"Chandor! Chandor! Chandor, it's your turn now!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Chandor. He stepped forward and then stopped halfway across the room, slightly paling, as one struck with a sudden thought. "If you'll excuse me while I run down and look at the furnace—just go on without me; I'll be back in a moment."

"Where is Mr. Chandor?" some one asked vaguely half an hour later, in a pause of the music.

"Mrs. Chandor, where's Chandor?" "Mrs. Chandor, where's your husband?" "This isn't fair!"

"Why, he's still down in the cellar working over the furnace," said Elinor, appearing with a worried expression; there were lines between her eyes. "He says it was nearly out—in this weather, too, when everything might freeze! He's had to make a fresh fire and he says he doesn't dare leave it. Mr. Bantry is down there with him. They're sitting in front of the furnace smoking. He's so covered with ashes that he couldn't come up here again anyway. It really *was* out! It's so very unfortunate; but ——"

She could almost hear how the incident was being commented on after the assemblage had left the house! She was secretly weeping all the time she was getting undressed. Yet, in spite of everything, she still hoped.

III

NEITHER she nor Preston said one word about the affair that night or the next morning, save that he briefly hoped the guests had enjoyed themselves. But the next night, being the last of the month, Mr. Chandor came home somewhat late. He kissed his waiting family sketchily, with no interest in the process; and, though the night-gowned Lucile flung her arms round his neck violently with her feet off the floor, he detached her only automatically. His face looked haggard; his brow was brooding.

"Have you had a hard day, dear?" his wife ventured when they were alone.

"Not especially."

"Oh! How is Mr. Trainor getting along?" Mr. Trainor was a valued bookkeeper, who had been home ill.

The Town Was Steadily Growing Dancing-Mad

"He's doing very well, so far as I know."

"Yes —— Your tooth hasn't been troubling you, has it, dear? This terrible weather is so trying!"

"No; it hasn't been troubling me."

He had been standing up by the mantelpiece, but now he flung himself down suddenly into an armchair, looking at her with dark and harrowed gaze.

"I tell you I've had about enough of this dancing business, Elinor. It's all very well to be badgered at every tack and turn by the women—of course a man has to take that, and I hope I can stand any ordinary chaffing as well as the next one; but, after that racket you let me in for last night—I *never* felt like such a fool!—to have everybody to-day taking me to task for disappointing *my* wife —— Well, I call that a little too much! If there was anything that would drive me a thousand miles from the whole business it would be that."

"Yes; yes, indeed!" said Elinor.

Her blue eyes clouded; she put one arm round his neck as one who would defend him against the world, though he still held away from her as he went on:

"I'm sorry you are disappointed, Elinor; but ——"

"Oh, I'm not, really!"

"I'll do anything else on earth that you want, dear; but, for heaven's sake, call a halt on this. I'm worn out with it; it's got on my nerves!"

He let himself be drawn into the warm circle of her arms, his eyes, however, still looking beyond her.

"No, no, dear; we won't say another word about it," she murmured soothingly. What did it all amount to anyway?

His gaze returned to her vaguely.

"I was talking to Kelmer to-day." Kelmer was the chess enthusiast of the past, with whom Preston still occasionally had a game at long intervals. "He wants me to come to his rooms to-morrow evening; I'll be out on an early train though. We think of getting up a three weeks' tournament with Brayton and Phillips. You don't mind, do you?"

Chess! Was that allure getting its fatal hold on him again, after being so long driven away by the social charms of auction? For the life of her, Elinor could not put any warmth into her "No."

She got up and walked away from him; and he let her go, unknowing that she went, his mind already disporting itself clarifyingly among gambits.

The thought clouded everything for Elinor. She knew she was cross to the children and everybody the next day, with nothing to look forward to at the end of it and with a series of solitary evenings looming grimly ahead. But at eight o'clock the telephone rang. Lucia Bannard's voice hailed her:

"We want you to put on something and come with us to the dance at the clubhouse, over at the Ridge. Donald says Preston stayed in town; so you're alone. . . . Goodness! You know perfectly well he'd want you to go. We're all going over in the Iversons' limousine. . . . Yes, you *can*. We'll be home before he gets back anyhow. . . . Oh, come on! Be a sport! . . . Very well, then; we'll stop for you in half an hour."

There was a delightful, excited scramble on Elinor's part in getting into her new low-necked light-blue chiffon, with the help of Ellen the maid; the children, excited too, were standing by as she bent a tall loop of white and spangles into a slender upstanding ornament for her lovely brown hair.

She was bundled into her wraps in time to be helped down the slippery steps and into the festive car, which

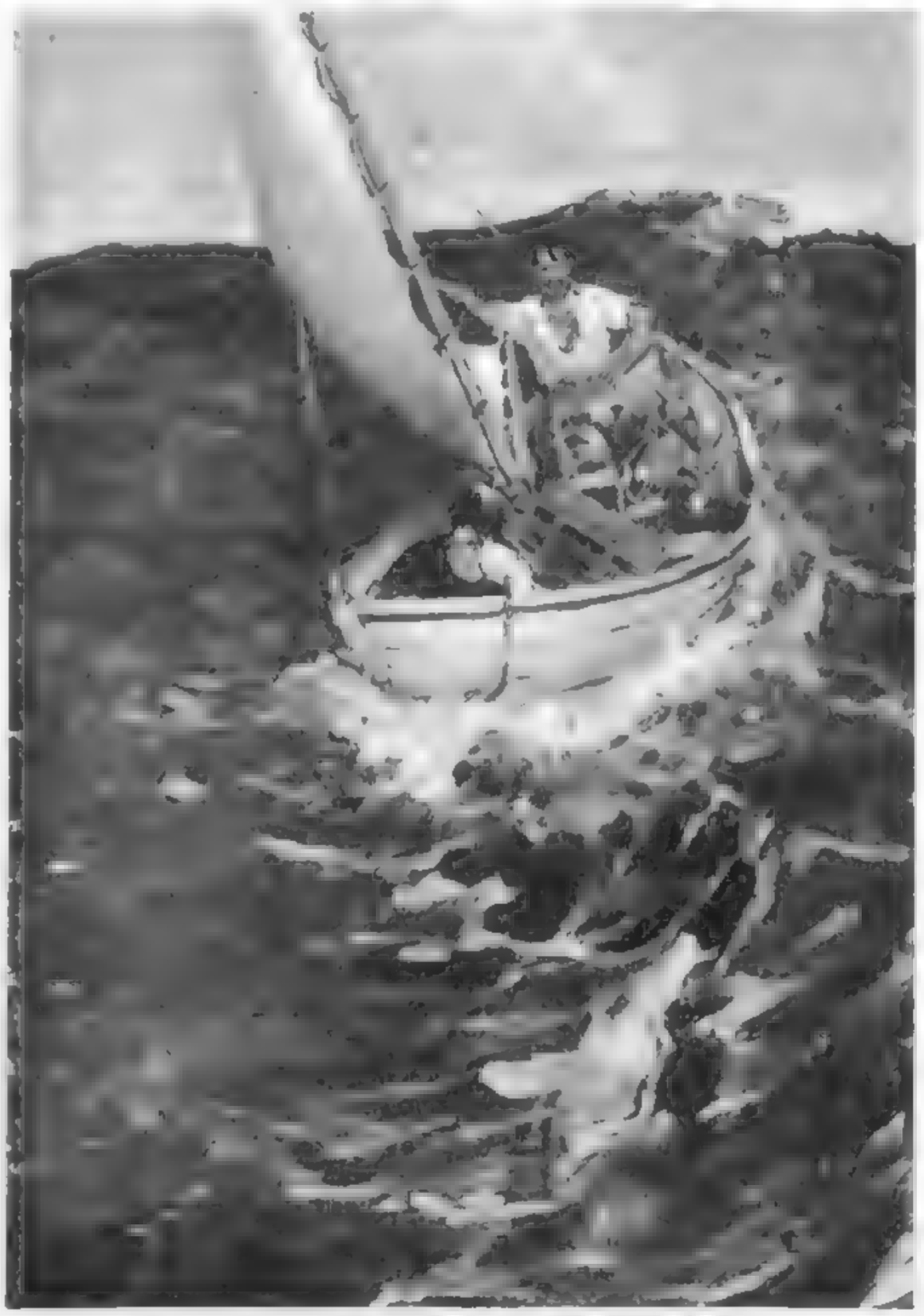
(Continued on Page 57)

All His Mother's Friends Vied for His Presence at Their Teas

The Mutineer of the Mary Blount

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



The Boy Bowers Made Her Out to be the Missing Whale Boat

VII

FOR once anyway intuition proved truly prophetic. It seemed for a while as if Mr. Tuttle's boat would be the first to fasten to the whale; but Minch, his boatsteerer, a man of experience and cool judgment, put a little too much right hand into his throw, with the result that when the point of the harpoon struck the whale the weight of the great arm-thick oak pole from which, rather than from the brawn of the boatsteerer, it receives its impetus was not directly behind it, but turning forward upon it like a lever upon a fulcrum. The bright point dipped into the buttery blubber, and then twisted out with a noise like tearing wet paper. And the whale sounded—that is he stood solemnly upon his head, waving his tail that was twenty feet from tip to tip, and then went straight down without splash or commotion, much as an express elevator in a tall building drops from the seventeenth floor to the street.

From this fiasco two things resulted immediately: Eighteen men manning three lovely boats laughed and jeered till they were almost sick, while the six men manning the fourth boat maintained for a time a gloomy silence and then began to curse. That is, five of them did. The sixth was Mr. Minch himself, and he began to curse and explain.

Then the boats scattered, each being placed where in the judgment of its guiding spirit the whale was most likely to reappear.

An hour passed—an hour and fifteen minutes; then very suddenly Crandle, erect and preternaturally alert in the bow of the waist boat, yelled "Stern all!" at the top of his lungs, and as the boat shot backward, seized a harpoon from the rack and hurled it with all his force into a hill of shiny black that had risen, you may say, almost in his face.

And then there happened a thing almost unique in whale fishing. In the whale's mind astonishment at being so suddenly hurt, just when he expected to enjoy himself, seemed to predominate over pain. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he would have bolted, run off with several hundred fathoms of line and given the men in the boat a ride to which even a first ascent in an aëroplane would seem tedious and uneventful, and all this and much more besides before there would have been even a ghost of a show to kill him. On the present occasion the whale remained without motion for perhaps a minute. During that minute Crandle—though this was really the fourth mate's prerogative—reached for a lance and drove it into the whale's vitals.

The lance with which whales were killed before the invention of tonite bombs is an appalling weapon. The cutting end, certainly as sharp as a dull razor, is shaped like a lilac leaf. It is on the end of a shaft of soft iron as thick as your little finger and five or six feet long. It receives its impetus from an oak pole four or five feet long and as big round as a man's leg below the knee—a real man's leg—plus the whole power of a very strong man's arms, back, shoulders and loins, all working with the rhythm and swing of a professional golf player.

And that lilac-leaf point, with its dazzling edges, having reached out the whale's great blood reservoirs—the coiled vessels a foot in diameter—where they lie five feet below skin and blubber, rips and slashes them until there is set up so copious and violent an escape of blood as would turn the machinery of a sawmill.

And so it was that harpooning this whale and sending him into his death flurry, instead of being separated by a space of hours, were almost simultaneous. Except for backing away now and then, so that leviathan might have a clear stage for his death scene—a furious, thunderous, devastating swimming in a circle, a great raining and spattering upon the sea of anguish-blown blood, and an awful lashing in the air and crashing upon the water of the prodigious flukes—there was nothing for the men to do but look on, and wonder and whisper to each other—somehow they always whisper when the whale is dying—that they had never seen such a thing before.

Once I threw a pebble against the side of a hill and the whole side of the hill began to come down—pebbles, sand, then great boulders, and at last a forest tree, its surface-feeding roots appearing to clutch and grasp for support like the hands of a man who has slipped on a steep roof. And seeing the havoc that I had wrought with one small weakly thrown stone, I felt something of the awe that those men must have felt when five minutes after Crandle had first thrown the harpoon the whale lay dead, belly up upon the sea; two hundred thousand pounds of flesh and bone, of fat and oil and ivory—a black island with a rock-bound coast, in the lea of which they might have ridden out a storm, and against whose weatherside the waves would have broken and been tossed heavenward in foam.

The men felt as David must have felt when, nerved to the combat and ready to give his life, but very nervous, doubtless, and full of fear, he saw the stunned Goliath drop in his tracks, and leaping forward hacked off his head before the giant could come to life again.

There was a long silence. Suddenly, and as it were from the heavens, there dropped a snow-white sea bird, that perched cockily, like an English sparrow, upon the whale's belly and began to tear at it.

"Hey, you! Get out o' that!" shouted one of the men. For he had an interest in that whale and did not propose to be robbed without protest.

But Crandle had turned his head toward the Mary Blount, which was now bearing down upon them; and it seemed to him that he saw a little figure in dark blue that waved a handkerchief and said: "Oh, well done! Well done!"

At this moment Mr. Tuttle's boat came up, and the discomfited Minch called to Crandle:

"Say, what happened to him? Did you spit on him?"

"Why," said Crandle, "we told him about you trying to stick an iron into him, and he laughed himself to death."

Minch opened his mouth savagely, and so remained some time, being unable to think of the words which the moment seemed to require. But finally he closed his mouth, shook his head a couple of times and then began to smile.

"I guess," he said, "if there was any drinks in this here part of the world they'd be on me."

Crandle's eyes stole once more toward the Mary Blount. And he saw that she was nearer—nearer.

Toward the dead whale he felt a certain friendship, for in his hour of opportunity it had played into his hands. And he knew that little by little the fame of his exploit would spread all over the whalers' seas, and would be spoken of with awe and envy wherever boatsteerers gather and compare notes.

His mind began to be flooded with wild and selfish thoughts. He would rise higher and higher in the world. He would be master of a ship. Captain Haithway—oh, something would happen to him; something always did happen if you wished and wanted hard enough. And to whom then, in her hour of need, would that blithe spirit in the great blue sea-cloak turn for comfort and support?

And he saw himself retired into a brick house, four square to the winds, having white columns in front. And at the back a summer house crowned with the figure-head of a ship, and having upon the roof a flat space with a hand-rail, to which he could ascend with his telescope and his children, to show them the ways of the stars in heaven and of ships going in and out of harbors.

And there drifted into his mind, befogging its clear workings, thoughts of men washed overboard in times of storms, and no questions asked; of razor blades smeared with verdigris, by which men shaving at sea have been their own executioners; and ways and means of death, violent and subtle, moved through his mind like a Mardi-Gras procession through a village street, each memory or invention as it were a scene done to the life and exhibited upon a float.

But three days later, the whale having been stripped of his valuables and turned over to the sharks and sea birds, and the Mary Blount having been scraped and scoured till she was once more as clean as artists in cleanliness could make her, he got some pieces of fancy woods out of his capacious sea chest and began to fashion a little shipshape stand in which to swing a baby's cradle. And with the tail of his eye he took up with the boy Bowers the study of navigation at the point where they had left off.

VIII

"CAPTAIN HAITHWAY?"

"Mr. Tuttle."

"I'll be obliged if you'll step into my stateroom a moment, sir."

As a matter of fact, the misnamed room in question already contained Mr. Tuttle, so that Captain Haithway could do no more than thrust his boyish head in at the door. He found Mr. Tuttle examining his sore side with the aid of a seaman's mirror and such light as filtered through two thick prisms of glass let into the deck above.

"Something badly out of kelter, captain," said Mr. Tuttle. "It is getting sore to the touch, sir. I have called you in to prescribe for me."

Captain Haithway shook his head ruefully.

"Perhaps one of the men has had experience in a hurt of this kind."

"Something inside must be damaged," said Mr. Tuttle, and he dropped his arm so that it covered the sponge-shaped pinkish stain over his ribs.

"You feel much pain?"

"When I move suddenly after resting in one position for a long time. But there is constant discomfort."

"How would it be if you went to bed for a few days and tried a compress, something to draw out the inflammation?"

"I think it would be a good idea, if I can be spared."

"That will be all right, unless something turns up."

"Thank you, sir."

"Turn right in now, and I'll get out my book and make a poultice according to prescription."

Mr. Tuttle reached for his nightgown and pulled it over his head.

"You're very kind indeed, sir."

"Not at all. The sooner you're well, the better for all hands."

"I want to speak of that too. I can't get rid of the feeling, sir, that I am in a very bad way. If anything happened to me you would be left without any officer who understands navigation. Crandle, however, and Bowers are making good progress in Bowditch. I was going to suggest that you take them in hand, sir. Practice them with the instrument and let them work out your own problems as they arise. That Crandle is a very able man."

"I'll give them lessons," said Captain Haithway briefly; "but it's because I like to help men who are ambitious, and not because I think you are seriously sick."

He turned on his heel, and Mr. Tuttle, a ghost of a smile on his lips, finished undressing and slipped into his bunk. Here, after a gingerly twisting and turning, he found the position that was easiest for his hurt side and closed his eyes.

Thereafter, weather and duty permitting, Crandle and Bowers came to Captain Haithway every day at noon and received practical demonstration in the art of navigation. But on the third day Mr. Tuttle dressed and came on deck, not because the resting and poulticing had helped him, but because he was too sick of idleness and solitude to endure them any longer. He pretended that he was better.

Crandle had been impatiently waiting for a word with him.

"Mr. Tuttle," he said, "some of us as knows the ropes a little has made our calculations, and it's the unanimous opinion that if we was to quit this here standing off and on and head for Honolulu, we'd just about fetch there in time."

"But we are in the midst of very fine whale country, Crandle, and what do you mean by fetching Honolulu in time?"

"I mean, sir, that when a woman's day of fear comes she ought to have women about her. You could put it to the master, sir. You could tell him that in a straight run from here to the islands he'd be as likely to get his full of oil as by cruising in these here waters, which you'll admit haven't shown anything but blackfish since we struck into 'em."

"Captain Haithway has to think first of all of his duty to the owners."

"If you was in his boots, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Tuttle, and he blushed like an old maid.

"But if you was?"

"Frankly, Crandle, I should—I mean I'm afraid I should—head for the nearest lying-in hospital, and if there were any blind men aboard I'd send them aloft to watch for whales."

"Every man in this old bottom has an interest in the catch, same as the owners. And if we're willing to thumb our noses at a whale or two, there can't be much harm in Captain Haithway doin' the same."

"It won't do any harm to sound him," said Mr. Tuttle.

And he did. But Captain Haithway sighed and said: "The best catch the Mary Blount ever made was in these waters. My duty is as plain as the nose on a man's face."

"Whales change their pasture from year to year."

"Get behind me," said Captain Haithway, smiling.

"The men will be disappointed, sir. Mrs. Haithway's welfare is in the heart of every man on this ship."

"God bless them all!" said the young man with feeling. "But I must do my duty."

"We've seen nothing but blackfish ——"

And there interrupted him from the lookout a great joyous cry: "Blows! Blows! Oh, Blo-o-o-ws!"

"Where away?" cried the captain.

"Off the larboard bow, 'bout three miles, heading northerly."

By this time Captain Haithway himself was running nimbly aloft.

"Sperm? Are they sperm?"

"Ay-ay, sir—a gam o' them."

Crandle turned to the boy Bowers, his Neptunesque face lighted by a sudden smile.

"If we followed them whales for days and days and they held as they hold now, we'd come pretty close to fetching up in Honolulu."

Bowers consulted the chart, which lay open between them, held down by weights, and presently nodded.

"That's right," he said. "Why?"

Crandle winked one eye very slowly.

"When the captain of a ship wants the ship to go one way and the men want it to go another, what do you call it?"

"I don't know."

"You call it a difference of opinion. But when the men make the ship go their way, you call it mutiny."

And he began to chuckle darkly.

Late that afternoon the great bodies of two bull whales lay alongside the Mary Blount, and the work of cutting-in was begun in the dusk and carried on by the light of the try-works and of flaring torches.

At daybreak there was a short pause for hot coffee. Captain Haithway remarked to Mr. Tuttle:

"I have never seen men work with such spirit."

"Crandle's responsible."

At the same moment Crandle was pouring a cup of coffee into his capacious mouth. The liquid was so hot that it scalded him. He only laughed. And he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, leaving a long, dark smear of oil and soot. And he reached for his cutting-in spade, remarking to Shattuck: "Damn these here delays!"

IX

AGAIN the Mary Blount sighted whales in a northerly direction. This time, however, she did not come up with them; nor were they seen by any one but the men in the lookout, from one of whom, just as Captain Haithway was going aloft, there came the cry, "There goes flukes!" which means that a whale, in leaving the light of day for the dark depths of the sea, has stood more or less upon his nose and waved his flukes in the air.

These whales then sounded and were not seen again till nearly dark. They were at that time still swimming in a northerly direction; but they were no sooner seen than they were lost sight of, owing to the sudden falling of the tropic night. But the Mary Blount held on after them, hoping to raise them again in the morning, which as pure luck would have it she actually did—or others just like them. For Captain Haithway himself saw this gam and directed its pursuit from aloft.

The whales were loafing along, and the Mary Blount, thanks to a steady breeze off the larboard quarter, actually gained upon them.

But the boats were no sooner lowered and skimming in chase, leaping over the little waves like so many happy flying fish, than something frightened the whales—gallied them, as the saying is—and they began to swim as if they really knew where they were going and were in a hurry to get there, so that in a few hours they had put the rim of the world between them and the eyes of men.

"We're drawing out of the good country, Mr. Tuttle," said Captain Haithway.

"A whale is a whale wherever you fasten to him."

"Very true, Mr. Tuttle, so we will keep her as she is till morning. We picked those fellows up once; if we've any luck we'll pick 'em up again."

The next morning there were no whales in sight. Captain Haithway held on till about noon. Having then taken his reckoning, he found the Mary Blount far to the north of where he could not but feel that the best interests of her owners and his own conscience required her to be.

"We must back-track, I think, Mr. Tuttle."

"Very good, sir."

"Kindly give the necessary orders."

Crandle was in the lookout with the fourth mate. These, perceiving that the course of the Mary Blount was being radically altered, consulted together in whispers. Then Crandle, his face shining with a strange light, stood upon tiptoe, and shielding his eyes with his hand and gazing in the general direction of the Hawaiian Islands, bellowed at the top of his stentorian lungs:

"Blo-o-ows! Blo-o-ows!"

Then he spoke to the fourth mate.

"Pinch me when it's time to see flukes."

A few moments later, as Captain Haithway began to come aloft, the fourth mate pinched the calf of Crandle's leg and Crandle bellowed:

"Flukes! Flukes! There goes flukes!"

"What are they?" came from the captain.

"A lone bull, sir."

"How was he heading?"

"Northerly."

"Keep a sharp watch and let me know the moment he breeches."

"Ay-ay, sir!"

If those in the plot to carry Captain Haithway far from that path in which he felt the foot of duty belonged ever hesitated or were hurt by their consciences, a sight of Mrs. Haithway's face only served to strengthen them in what among themselves they called the mutiny of the Mary Blount.

Mutinies up and down the long courses of sea history have sprung up, with all degrees of violence from all kinds of reasons. Men have mutinied because there was too much beef; because there wasn't enough; because there were maggots in their biscuits; because there were wheels in their brains. They have mutinied for love of bad women and for hate of good men; and for the opposites of these they have mutinied. But never before, nor since, methinks, were the roots of a mutiny so deep set in chivalry.

She had a lovely face, and she believed that all men were good. And in her eyes at this

There They Found Him, the Baby Asleep in His Great Tender Arms

time, burning stronger each day, was that light which more than beauty or charm kindles manliness in a man's heart. And it must have gone a great way with the doubtful that, in spite of the heat which grew and grew, she still clung, whenever a cool shadow of excuse presented itself, to the great blue seacloak which they had made for her, and which she loved because they had made it.

For her each day had its surprises. Mysterious packages with her name upon them, scrawled, well written, staggeringly printed or just hoped at, appeared mysteriously upon the cabin table, until with tears in her grave eyes she told Mr. Tuttle to tell the men that she felt as if every to-day was her birthday and that every to-morrow was going to be Christmas.

Even her husband must not be present when she opened her packages. She could not bear that he should see her cry, even for pleasure and gratitude; and cry she would a great deal.

For between the little shirt for the baby that is to come and the little shirt for the baby that is gone there is an awful kinship. Little shirts they made, and in their blind ignorance of such matters they made little drawers besides. And little socks of many-colored wools and some of silk. And there were long swaddling clothes made of fine linen shirts that had been laid by against the coming of some roaring spree ashore. And there was a doll of sperm ivory, which is finer than elephant and not so prone to split. She had a face like the full moon, with eyes of black ebony and lips of red coral, and hyacinthine hair cunningly carved. And her arms could be bent at the elbows and shoulders; her legs at the hips and the knees. She was naked as the day she came from her maker's hands, and she lay in a bathtub carved from a length of she-walrus tusk.

Why a Man in His Senses Should Deliberately Place Himself in So Suicidal a Situation Was Utterly Beyond Him

From another hand came a rattle to match the doll; and there was a working model of the Mary Blount in a glass bottle—the blocks ivory, the planks beefbone and the rivets copper. There were scarves, cloaks, vests, caps, shoes, buttons, blocks, an oilskin coat, an infinitesimal sou'wester. And there were rings of amber and ivory to cut teeth upon. And one man had beaten a five-dollar gold piece into wire and made a pair of safety-pins, each set with an abalone pearl, which pearl, as all men know, makes up for being less valuable than the Oriental by being more beautiful. And there were many silver safety-pins, and other gew-gaws, beaten, whittled and filed from coin silver. There was a chain to go about the baby's neck, a bangle for its wrist, a ring for its finger.

And when she had found out from which of the men a certain present had come, she sent for that man, and held both his great rough hands in hers while she thanked him.

X

WITHOUT luck, the mutiny of the Mary Blount could never have been brought to a successful issue. Very far now from any grounds which would have been acceptable to her experienced and superstitious owners in a prospectus of a voyage, she fell in from time to time with real whales; enough, at least, to keep clear of suspicion those ghostly leviathans which the lookout men were always sighting from aloft—when most needed—and which were always unattainable, like will-o'-the-wisps, dancing ahead over the blue, and drawing the guileless Mary Blount nearer and nearer to the wise doctor and the efficient nurses of Honolulu.

At last a time came when even in Captain Haithway's mind there was no longer a question of turning back. And his wishes no longer colliding with his duty, he shaped the vessel's course direct for Honolulu, or rather he stood by with help and admiration while his pupils, Crandle and Bowers, shaped it for him.

"At a pinch," said he to Mr. Tuttle, "those two fellows could navigate the ship. Another week and I would guarantee it."

"I thank God for it," said Mr. Tuttle. "And I may tell you, sir, now that your decision is formed, that I have been in despair about myself. But the feeling that we shall be in port among doctors before very long gives me new hope and courage both for myself and for you."

"They will put you right in a jiffy," said Captain Haithway with all the optimism of youth. But Mr. Tuttle only smiled ruefully out of the corner of his mouth.

"The Mary Blount," continued the captain, "is keeping up her reputation for luck. Even the whales are on our side. They seem to have led us where all our other necessities have been urging us. And eight hundred barrels of oil is really remarkably good at this early stage."

"So good," said Mr. Tuttle, "that if I were in the lookout I should be inclined to keep my eyes shut. With this wind we should drop our hook in plenty of time. And though I am on what I feel to be a generous lay, I should deplore the delay of cutting-in so much as a porpoise."

No more whales were sighted, and the Mary Blount, crowded with sail night and day, made heroic progress for a whaleship. Optimism prevailed; even from Mr. Tuttle's drawn and suffering face that fated, driven look which it wore of late vanished for whole hours at a time.

Only Crandle, now a mainstay in the help of navigation, grumbled, and was ever turning his eye from the blunt and clumsy lines of the Mary Blount to the graceful, mist-drawing lines of her whale boats.

"This wind may hold," he would say. "And again it may not. And maybe the day of fear will come at the appointed time, and maybe it'll come sooner. If I was Captain Haithway I'd put her into one of the boats with plenty o' necessaries and make a runaway of it. Best come best, we'll be a week makin' port. But one of the boats would cut that time in two; and if I was the master, and the woman was mine, I'd make her cut it in three."

That very night the wind failed them, and in the dawn anxious eyes looked forth upon a flat and greasy calm that smelt of fish. The sun rose, a vast copper disk without rays or the power to dazzle; but with it no wind rose, nor even the least breeze; only a blast of heat, without weight or power to propel, like that which streams from the open door of a furnace.

And now rose overpoweringly the smells of a whaleship, of oil and of bilgewater, and of hard-working men packed for many months into close quarters. And it seemed as if each hour saw a new myriad of cockroaches born into the world; so that the whole ship rustled with them, as a church rustles when the ladies come to service in their Sunday silks.

The sky was neither blue nor gray. It had a dark and indefinable color, an impenetrable quality. That amazing jewel, the sun, gave light and appalling heat, but was rayless and unblazing like the moon, its vast outline clear and sharply demarked, as if a place had been cut out of the sky to receive it; it was more like a flat inlay than a sailing sphere.

Said Crandle to Mr. Tuttle, his face dark, prophetic and strangely moved as if with fear:

"It ain't any too early for hurricanes. Have you looked at the glass?"

Mr. Tuttle nodded.

"And what was it doing?"

"Falling, Crandle—falling very fast."

Crandle's eyes wandered to the whale boats.

"Too late!" he said.

XI

EITHER there was no cloud in the sky, or the whole sky was a cloud, even in texture and thickness from horizon to horizon. At a few minutes before noon the sun, which had been growing less bright, as if the salt air were tarnishing the copper, withdrew itself from men's sight. Toward one o'clock swift-moving ranges of water at long intervals began to roll in from the western horizon, now accented to the eyes by a straight line of inky black between the sky and the sea. The surface skin of the sea, smooth and oily, appeared to be stationary; only rising, as it were, and stretching like an elastic cloth to let the rollers pass under, and then contracting and dropping back into place. So, too, that staunch sea castle, the old Mary Blount, rose to let the rollers go under, and dropped when they had passed. She suggested an awkward old woman learning to skip rope. But sometimes when she dropped heavily on her feet, as you may say, she smashed through the thick surface skin and squirted white water in all directions.

The black line along the western horizon thickened and climbed toward the zenith, and appeared to be nearer throughout its whole length and height. A sea bird came out of the west, and went by at incredible speed in magnificent long curving swoops, to the right, to the left, like some pastmaster of skating doing the outer edge.

From the opposite direction came a school of porpoises, the schoolboys of the sea, putting forth all their miraculous powers of swimming and leaping, the sooner to meet with the coming storm and play their wild sea games in the thickest of it.

Nobody knew just when the lassitude induced by the heat and the strong smells of the ship changed into a kind of stern, electric excitement. It was about the time when Captain Haithway ordered his wife to go below. She had within the hour visited every part of the deck, and passed the time of day with each of the men in her pleasant, friendly manner. And she had clapped her hands often with pure joy at sight of the sea birds flying past. And she had laughed at the incontinent haste of the porpoises to get into mischief.

She knew that there was going to be a blow. Well and good; it would be like those nasty times off the Horn. But one lived through them, and came on deck again and saw the sun. Just before she went below she stood for a few minutes talking to her husband with great animation, smiling up into his face; and he laughed down at her and gave her shoulder a playful shake, as one chum shows his

Continued on Page 46

There Was Nothing for the Men to Do But Look On, and Wonder and Whisper to Each Other

THE FAKERS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XIV

FOR the next year things went quietly for Hicks. He maneuvered with the Rollins-Barkiss case, using Gudger to help him postpone a court trial, wrote occasionally to Senator Paxton, and received much good advice from him and some congratulations as to his progress, which apparently satisfied the senator.

There was to be a special municipal election late in April to fill a vacancy or two on the board of aldermen and to elect a city recorder in the place of a Republican who had died.

"How long have you been here, Hicks?" Rollins asked him one day.

"A little over a year."

"Well, you've gained your residence then. Which one of these places do you want? You can run for alderman or for city recorder."

Hicks hesitated.

"Go on," urged Rollins. "You haven't a chance to be elected, but you ought to do something for the party, something to show your loyalty."

"All right," assented Hicks, "I'll run for recorder."

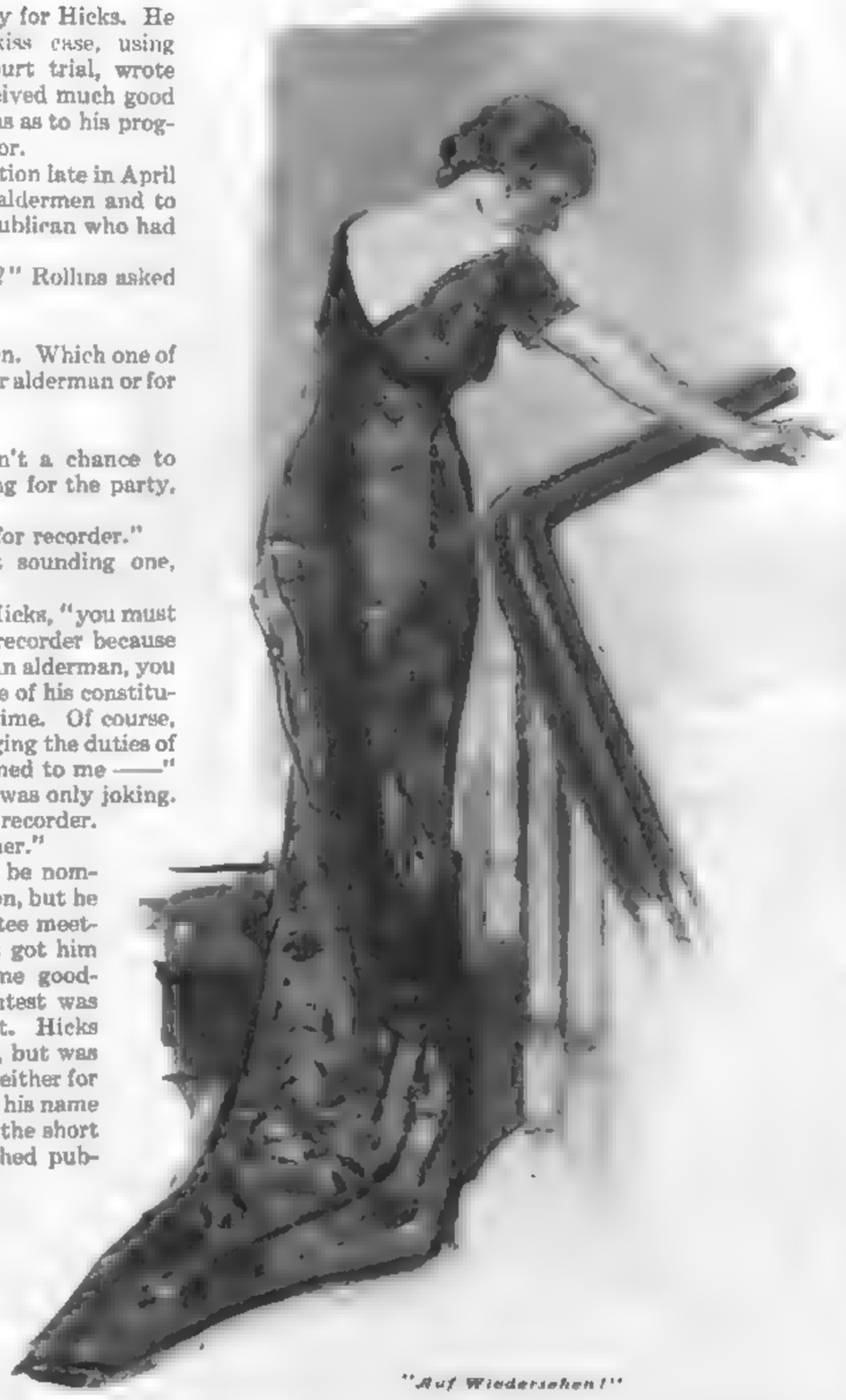
Rollins smiled. "Picked the biggest sounding one, didn't you?" he asked.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Rollins," protested Hicks, "you must not view it in that light. I merely said recorder because that seemed to be the most appropriate. An alderman, you know, is a sort of a personal representative of his constituents, and I have been here such a short time. Of course, though I feel I am fully capable of discharging the duties of member of the board of aldermen, it seemed to me ——"

"Forgive me, Hicks," said Rollins; "I was only joking. Of course you can have the nomination for recorder. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

Hicks was disappointed that he was to be nominated by committee and not by convention, but he sent notices to the papers of the committee meeting and made a speech of acceptance that got him respectful notice in two papers and some good-natured chaffing in two others. The contest was perfunctory. Nobody took interest in it. Hicks tried to vitalize it by active campaigning, but was not successful in stirring up much interest either for himself or for the issues involved. He had his name in the papers two or three times during the short campaign, and swore privately, but laughed publicly, over a fling the editor of the Leader took at him as "our newly acquired Demosthenes whose vocabulary is as abundant as his hair and whose ideas are as scarce as his whiskers." At the election Hicks was snowed under.

"Just a necessary party sacrifice," soothed Rollins. "But you wait. We'll get them yet. The truth is mighty and must prevail."



"Auf Wiedersehen!"

Then came the presidential campaign of 1900. President McKinley was renominated at Philadelphia and William Jennings Bryan named again at Kansas City. Rollins was a delegate to the Democratic convention, and returned to Rextown fired with enthusiasm for the Peerless Leader, as he invariably termed Mr. Bryan, and anxious to organize a fight in the district and get out every Democratic vote. He had abandoned the free silver idea as an issue, but not as a principle, and he was ardently an anti-imperialist and talked for hours to Hicks about the crime of the American occupation of the Philippines and all the other phases of anti-imperialism.

He urged Hicks to prepare himself to go on the stump. Hicks was entirely willing, and mentioned his prospective campaigning when he wrote to Senator Paxton.

Soon afterward he received this letter in reply:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1, 1900.

My dear Hicks: I am glad to learn of your progress, as indicated by your numerous letters, and I trust that you will continue unfaltering in your championing of both the welfare of the people and the cause of the Democracy, in which, as you must now think, the hope of the people lies.

It seems to me eminently fitting that you should go on the stump for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Bryan. Though it is my deep-rooted conviction that Mr. Bryan will be no more successful this time than he was before, you are a Democrat, and as such must be regular and enthusiastic in your support of the candidates.

You have had some small experience in campaign speaking and are about to enter again on that phase of politics.

Will you pardon me if I presume to set down a few axioms that may be of value to you?

Let me repeat to you that the great secret of successful political speaking is to tell the people what they already know. Never venture on any uncharted oratorical seas. Give them the old, familiar stuff, and they will approve and applaud; but if you try to tell them what they do not know they will view your efforts with cold suspicion.

Be conventional. Avoid new expressions. It is the acme of folly to refer to a working man otherwise than as a horny-handed son of toil. If you speak of the flag otherwise than as the star-spangled banner, you will be introducing an innovation that will be unwelcome and probably will react against your party on election day.

It is imperative that you should never view except with alarm nor point except with pride. Furthermore, you must always assert without fear of successful contradiction, condemn in unmeasured terms, challenge the statement, shy your castor in the ring, issue a defi, lock horns with, stamp as unworthy, measure swords with, hew to the line, declare it is a deliberate and malicious falsehood, show neither fear nor favor, remark in passing, nail the lie, have your attention called, demand to see the books, turn on the light, insist the rascals shall be turned out, give an accounting of your stewardship, make clear the issues, express sublime faith in the wisdom, patriotism and justness of the people, and say this is the greatest Republic on which the sun ever shone.

As you are a Democrat you may go as far as you like with Thomas Jefferson. Also uphold the Constitution, lambaste the trust octopi for hours and hours and assault the money devil and Wall Street and Lombard Street. It is always safe to jump on the criminal rich and never necessary to name names. The broad, generic term "criminal rich" will answer, and you can get an hour out of that topic any time.

Soak all trusts. Again it is unnecessary to name names and you need not refer to the trusts that employ men in your district, and perchance may be contributing to your party funds. As you have factories in Rextown, you must be strong for union labor and the rights of workingmen. When you get out in the country never fail to call the farmers the hardy yeomanry who are the bulwark and safeguard of the nation.

Always refer to "the ladies, God bless 'em," and throw in a few flowery sentences about the children who are the future guardians of the safety of the Republic.

Choose your anecdotes carefully. Do not use any new ones. Tell the good, old, time-tried ones, and you will get your laughs at the proper places. Do not be sarcastic, for the people will think you mean what you say, being of a literal turn of mind.

Again, the people, the dear common people, are the most fruitful topic in the world for political eloquence. They need constant attention and tribute. Any politician who neglects the people will be neglected by the people. They know how good they are—the people do—and desire to be told about it constantly.

Careful attention to these details, unceasing assaults on the citadels of privilege and plutocracy as maintained by the Republican party, and long interpretation of the Democratic platform, with some kind words about the Fathers and the dear old Constitution, will give you ample material. You won't make any votes, but you will get practice that may be useful.

Yours, for our altars and our fires,

WILLIAM H. PAXTON.

Rollins insisted on paying the expenses of Hicks, and Hicks spoke once or twice a week at the smaller meetings in various villages and hamlets in Corliss County. He was put on at several meetings in Rextown as a filler-in, and when Mr. Bryan came through in October met the candidate and was greatly taken with him as an earnest and sincere man, and accompanied him on his special car for a few miles after he left Rextown. Hicks secretly felt he should have been allowed to speak at the Bryan meeting, but Rollins told him he must creep before he could walk. Hicks sulked a little, but Rollins smoothed him out, and Mr. Bryan helped by asking Hicks to introduce him at a five-minute stop he made at Grandsburg, fifteen miles from Rextown, where he was to address the crowd from the end of his car. Hicks thought out a fine speech.

He stepped proudly forward: "Fellow citizens of Grandsburg," he began. "In these days of Republican misrule, in the midst of this Republican debauch of corruption ——"

Somebody pulled at his coat-tails.

"Introduce him," said a hoarse voice. "You ain't making this speech."

Hicks cleared his throat. "Fellow citizens," he began again. "In these days ——"

"Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" yelled the crowd. "Who in thunder are you? Bryan! Where's Bryan?"

Hicks raised his hand impressively. "Fellow citizens ——"

"Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" shouted the impatient crowd.

Mr. Bryan came forward. Hicks saw all would be lost unless he hurried. "Fellow citizens," he shouted, "I have the honor to present to you the Great Commoner, the Peerless Leader, William Jennings Bryan."

Bryan's secretary shouldered Hicks aside and Bryan plunged into his speech. Hicks was much depressed. He had hoped to make a neat little talk of about a minute and a half. As he went into the car he saw Joe Felker, a Washington correspondent he knew, who was traveling with the party.

"Hello, Hicks!" saluted Felker. "What are you doing out here?"

"I am engaged in the practice of the law in Rextown," Hicks replied. Felker introduced him to the other correspondents and Hicks took Felker aside and said: "Say, Felker, do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure, if I can."

"Fix it with the other boys so my name will go in the dispatches."

Felker laughed. "All right, old top," he said, and he was as good as his word. Even the press associations carried the important information that T. Marmaduke Hicks introduced Mr. Bryan at Grandsburg, and Hicks was highly elated, for he knew his name would be printed in most of the newspapers in the country that afternoon and the next morning.

Election came and Bryan's defeat. The Democrats in Rextown and Corliss County held their scattering own, but that was all. Rollins was much cast down. He had hypnotized himself into thinking the Democrats must win, but Hicks had been under no such delusion. He thought they had done very well in their district.

"Well," said Rollins dolefully, "we've got to take up the fight again. Right will triumph in the end, but I certainly did think we had them beaten. We had all the arguments on our side."

"Yes," Hicks replied, "we seemed to have everything on our side but the votes. However, our time will come. I am sure of that. The people cannot remain forever blind to their own interests."

"I don't know," mourned Rollins; "I don't know. Seems to me as if the people of this country would rather see through a glass darkly than stand out in the sunlight. I thought we had them beaten."

"Oh, well," consoled Hicks, "we'll get them yet. The people must and shall be aroused."

"I reckon so," said Rollins sadly, as he started away; "but we've got to get a bigger alarm clock than we've had yet."

Business had been fairly good with Hicks and he had not been obliged to draw on Senator Paxton. He lived frugally and was careful of his money. He decided to run down to Washington for a couple of weeks, and wrote to Mrs. Lake to save a room for him. He arrived in the Capital late in November, planning to be there for a few days after Congress began its regular sessions in December. After he had been to the boarding house, where Mrs. Lake welcomed him effusively, he went up to see the senator.

"Why, Hicks!" shouted Madden, as he entered the familiar offices. "Glad to see you! How are you? How are you getting along?"

"Fine!" Hicks replied. "I'm the greatest little upholder of the undying, but somewhat unappreciated, principles of the Democratic party you ever saw. Where's the chief?"

"Inside. I'll tell him you are here." Madden went in and came out almost immediately. "Go right in," he said. "He's anxious to have a talk with you."

"Hello, Tommie," said the senator. "How's the junior member of the firm of Paxton and Hicks, purveyors of the uplift to the toiling masses?"

"Couldn't be better, senator. You are looking well too."

"Yes, Hicks, I feel well, although the cares of the body politic and the woes of the people oppress me fearfully at times. However, I am cheered up by an occasional opportunity to put over something on them. Rather walloped you this time, didn't we?"

"We lost," said Hicks, "if that is what you mean; but we are right, and right will prevail."

"Correct," exclaimed the senator. "Right will prevail in the end, but not, I hope, until we have secured all we need. Still, it isn't necessary for you to maintain the pose in here, you know. As you might say, I am on to your curves."

"In that case," Hicks replied, taking a chair, "I am pleased to inform you that, so far as I can see, I am doing well out in Rextown. I have become a leading young Democrat. I am getting some law business. I am establishing myself in politics, and I am never faltering for an instant in my devotion to the people."

"That's right, Hicks; that's right. The people can use a heap of devotion; and, conversely, you can use the people. Tell me about yourself."

Hicks sat for an hour and detailed his experiences. Paxton listened intently, interrupting now and then with a wise comment or to make some instructive observation. As Hicks finished and rose to go, Paxton said:

"That seems like a pretty good start to me. You have identified yourself with the Democracy in good shape. You have acquired a standing. All you've got to do is to hang on, to continue your present tactics, to remain steadfast to your numerously announced principles, and you'll land all right. But it will take time, my boy; it will take time."

"I know that," laughed Hicks. "These great reforms cannot be accomplished in a day. Besides, what's time to me when the stake is so big? I have all the time there is, you know."

"I guess you have, when it comes to that, and all the essential qualities for the part you are playing. By the way," he urged, "come up to dinner with me tonight and we'll have another talk."

Hicks raised a deprecatory hand. "Oh, my dear senator," he protested, "I couldn't think of that. News of the fact that T. Marmaduke Hicks, the leading young Democrat of Rextown, dined with William H. Paxton, the unregenerate boss of the rapacious organization of the plutocratic United States Senate, might get back home. I am supposed to loathe you, you know, and all your fellows, with an exceeding great loathing, and it surely would contaminate me to be seen in your company. The people wouldn't understand it, and would say I have been captured by the forces of Mammon."

Paxton looked at Hicks admiringly. "By George," he said, "you are even better than I thought. But come along. No one will be there but Mrs. Paxton, and she never tells anything. If she should tell all she knows about me I'm afraid there would be a forced vacancy in the Senate at my particular desk. Come on. You'll be perfectly safe."

"What Did You Say Your Name Is? Ah, Yes, and Where Do You Live?"

"In that case," Hicks replied, shaking hands with the senator, "I'll be there at seven o'clock."

XV

HICKS made a few visits the next morning and decided to take his luncheon with Mrs. Lake. As he neared the house he stopped suddenly and stared at a woman who was coming down the walk toward him. She was a tall, slender woman who walked with exceeding grace. Her face was white, markedly so, but her lips were even more markedly red. Hicks, knowing little of women's attire, still knew enough to realize that she was exquisitely gowned. Her dress was of a silky black material and clung to her figure in soft and shimmering folds. Her hat fitted perfectly into her charming costume. It was black, too, but there was a quilling of white about it that added to its chicness. A filmy veil, long and black, flared behind her as she walked, and Hicks caught a glimpse of her throat, where her blouse was cut away, and of a jet necklace and long jet earrings. She approached Hicks with a slightly swaying motion that fascinated him.

He stood stock-still, staring at her. She came up to him, and still he stared. She passed him, apparently without knowledge of his existence, and he turned and followed her with his eyes until she went round a corner. Then, as if he were coming out of a trance, he said: "Jiminy, what a stunner!"

He walked slowly toward the house. There was something familiar about the woman, something that reminded him of a woman he had seen before. He had not been able to get more than a glimpse of her face, but her figure, her carriage, her general air of distinction and modishness stirred memories in him.

He stopped at the steps, and searched his mind. "By George!" he shouted. "It's Mrs. Lester!"

Hicks ran up the steps and burst into the house. He sought the landlady. "Mrs. Lake," he asked excitedly, "is there a Mrs. Lester stopping here?"

"Why, yes," Mrs. Lake replied, amused at Hicks' eagerness; "Mrs. Lester has been here for more than a year. Do you know her?"

"No," Hicks replied; "but I remember when she was here before I went to Rextown, and I'd like mighty well to know her."

"I shall be glad to present you. She is a charming woman, so cultivated. Poor girl," she continued sympathetically, "she has been bereaved since you saw her."

"Somebody die?" asked Hicks.

"Her husband. She is a widow."

"A widow!" exclaimed Hicks excitedly. Then in a more solemn tone: "I am sorry to hear it."

"He died suddenly, soon after they were first here. It was a terrible shock to her and she hasn't recovered yet. They were very devoted. She returned to Washington, where she has some friends, and she has been with us ever since. Of course as she is in mourning she is quite secluded, but we enjoy her charming conversation and her recitals of her experiences abroad. Why, Mr. Hicks, she positively knows everybody worth knowing, and as for travel—well, she has been just everywhere and she speaks several languages. Really, you would take her for a Frenchwoman."

"I noticed she wore black," said Hicks, as if that were an achievement on his part.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Lake, "and I must say she is the most handsomely gowned widow I ever saw. She looks charming in her weeds."

It was Friday, and that night, as was the custom, everybody dressed for dinner. Hicks had his evening clothes with him, which he had not used much in Rextown. He shaved with great care, brushed his hair until it shone and spent half an hour polishing his nails and pumicing his hands. At half after six he gave his hair a few more pats, sprinkled a little perfume on himself, put some on the palms of his hands, gave a final admiring glance at himself in his mirror and went downstairs.

Most of the boarders were there, but not Mrs. Lester. Disappointed, Hicks wandered uneasily about, examining the pictures he had seen a hundred times before, trying to be affable with those who remembered him and looking constantly and eagerly toward the stairway. Just before the gong sounded she appeared.

Mrs. Lester stood for a moment posed on the bottom step. She wore a black satin gown that was exquisitely draped about her slim figure. Her corsage was cut low and her sleeves were short, displaying a milky throat and white, shapely arms. Her fingers glittered with rings, and long, oddly shaped ornaments of seed pearls depended from her ears. Her face had a fashionable pallor, but her lips were red and there was just the suspicion of a shadow under her eyes. Her intensely black hair was drawn flatly and tightly down across her ears, but had an undulated appearance for all that and extended out on her pale cheeks, where its black gave vivid contrast to their pallor. It was wound into an elaborate knot low on her neck. Her little feet were shod in black satin pumps with jet buckles. Her expression was that of discreet melancholy, of decorous but extremely fashionable woe.

Hicks was standing in the hall, his lips apart, his eyes wide with admiration, his hands opening and shutting nervously.

After a pause he started forward. "Mrs. Lester ——" he began.

She gave no sign of recognition.

"Pardon me," stammered Hicks; "but, you see, I felt—I saw—I have known ——"

At this moment Mrs. Lake arrived, and relieved the situation by presenting Hicks to Mrs. Lester.

Mrs. Lester smiled a slow smile at Hicks and said in a low, well-modulated voice: "I am charmed."

"Pleased to meet you," chattered Hicks, who had regained a measure of his self-possession. "I feel as though I know you, you know. I saw you once a long time ago and I have always remembered you."

"Indeed," she replied. "I regret that I cannot remember having seen you."

"Oh, it was about two years ago. I didn't meet you. You were with your husband. I ——"

An expression of pain passed over her pallid face.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Hicks said hastily. "I forgot. You're a widow now, aren't you?"

She made no answer, but sank gracefully into a chair.

"Pleased to see you again," hurried Hicks. "I felt sure we must meet again some day."

"Did you?" she asked. "How romantic!"

"Oh," Hicks protested, shifting from one foot to the other in his excitement, "not romantic, you know. Nothing like that, of course. But I was so much attracted by your beauty and grace and all that, that I just couldn't help being—being ——"

She smiled up at him. "Being gallant," she said, and Hicks grew four inches in his own estimation, which made him a very tall man indeed.

The gong sounded. Hicks feverishly sought Mrs. Lake. "Please, Mrs. Lake," he pleaded, "put me at her table, won't you?"

"Why, yes," said that agreeable lady, "I'll have another chair placed there."

Hicks rushed back to Mrs. Lester. "May I have the honor of escorting you in to dinner," he asked. "By great good fortune I find I am to be at your table."

She bowed and said softly: "*Avec plaisir, monsieur.*"

Hicks didn't know what she meant, but as she rose he concluded she was willing and strode proudly by her side to the table, and as well as he could remember the polite details handled her chair and her draperies as he had seen her husband perform those offices long ago.

Hicks broke immediately into a panegyric of himself, telling of his lucrative law practice in Rextown, his political activities, his fame as an orator. He dilated glowingly on his prospects, and wondered whether Mrs. Lester was joking him or complimenting him when she said little things in French from time to time. However, he decided she was complimenting him, as she seemed serious in her interest.

"And where is Rextown?" she asked him.

"Rextown," declaimed Hicks, "is one of the most beautiful and most prosperous cities in the Middle West." Once well launched, he made a long speech about the manifest beauties and the more manifest destiny of his place of residence.

"And you are in politics there?" she said admiringly.

"I should say I am. I am very active in the Democratic party, and one of these days I hope to be elected to office."

"*Ma foi!*" she said. "And you so young!"

"That's just it," urged Hicks eagerly; "I shall still be there when the shift comes."

"What shift?" she asked. "The Republicans have everything in the country, haven't they?"

"So they have, but my time will come. The people will not bear this burden of oppression forever. They will arise one of these days and sweep this corrupt gang of servitors of the special interests out of power."

"Then, I suppose," she said, "your party will come in and do the same thing over again. *Il y a encore de quoi glaner.*"

"Oh, no," protested Hicks, wondering what the French meant, "not at all, I assure you; not at all. We are the friends of the people"; and so it went through the dinner.

Hicks had an engagement to meet Madden that night, but he broke it without compunction. Instead of seeing Madden he followed Mrs. Lester into the parlor after dinner and tried to monopolize her but did not succeed, for some of the others in the boarding house gathered round while Hicks raged inwardly at their presumption. She talked with vivacity and animation, shrugged her shoulders in a most fascinating manner, made pretty little moues, and told of her travels in Europe, of the personages she had met, of her familiarity with the nobility, of her knowledge and intimacy with the great families of America. She discussed art with a knowledge that seemed to Hicks to be complete, had a comprehensive understanding of music, knew about books and especially the authors of the day, and most of the time was so far above the head of Hicks as to force him to sit in silent wonder at her vast range of information.

She gave the impression that she had spent much of her life in travel, and her familiarity with the great houses of England, France, Germany and Russia was astonishing. She talked knowingly and shrewdly of bonds and stocks and "the market," and this portion of her conversation made Hicks even more interested than he was before. She rippled along from one topic to another, interlarding her sentences with foreign expressions and exclamations, and she had an effective way of stopping, after she had used one of those expressions, and translating it, with a little grimace of impatience with herself for using it.

"Really," she said, "I have passed so much of my life abroad it is second nature to me to lapse into French or Russian or German. Those languages, especially the French, are so much more expressive than ours, don't you think?"

She turned her eyes on Hicks as she asked this, and Hicks assented readily and said he had often been discouraged at the poverty of English. He regretted he had no French or German or Italian, and resolved to buy a phrase book and become a linguist.

There was not an international marriage for fifteen years with which she was unfamiliar. She talked of Fifth Avenue and Newport as if she had been reared in the one and lived every summer in the other.

"When I was visiting in Newport," she would say, and then give a lively account of some great function she had attended. She was perfectly familiar with the English nobility, and it seemed from her talk that she had been an honored guest in every castle in that island.

At ten o'clock she rose to go, with many apologies for having run on so. "I hope," she added, smiling radiantly at Hicks, "I have not bored you."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Lester," asserted the gallant Hicks, who had not taken his eyes from her pale but animated face once during the evening. "On the contrary I have been charmed, more than charmed. It is a great honor and pleasure to have met you."

She bowed, and after a moment's pause, glided out of the room. She turned for an instant at the door, smiled brilliantly again, said "*Bon soir,*" and was gone.

Hicks went up to his room in a whirl of delight. He felt sure he had made an impression on Mrs. Lester; recounted to himself every look she gave him, every smile; told over to himself her various perfections—the cataloguing took a long time—and went to sleep filled with the hope of a better acquaintance with this charming, cultured woman.

XVI

ALYS DE MOUNTFORT LESTER was born in a small town in Pennsylvania. Her father was a doctor with a good practice and her name was Alice Jennings. Her mother was a refined, educated, quiet woman and the family one of the best in the village. Alice was sent to a fashionable school when she was seventeen, and ran away and was married to Hugo Lester before she had completed her second term. Lester was of English descent and his father had been rich, but at the time of Hugo's marriage was in financial straits. Hugo had been educated beyond his intellect. He was a gentleman of polished manners, and he had expected always to be rich and to live in luxury and at ease. He took his wife to his father's house and they lived there for a few years. Then the father died, leaving the son and his wife a big house and a correspondingly big mortgage, and nothing else.

Lester was forced to go to work, and he had no ability for work nor any adaptability. He attached himself to an old friend of his father's in a secretarial capacity, and after a year or so of this was appointed to a clerkship in the State Department at Washington. Through influential friends he was given a position in Paris, and he and his wife spent two years in France. While there he, being of good birth and aided by his wife, secured some commissions in Russia, Germany and Italy, and they traveled in each of these countries.

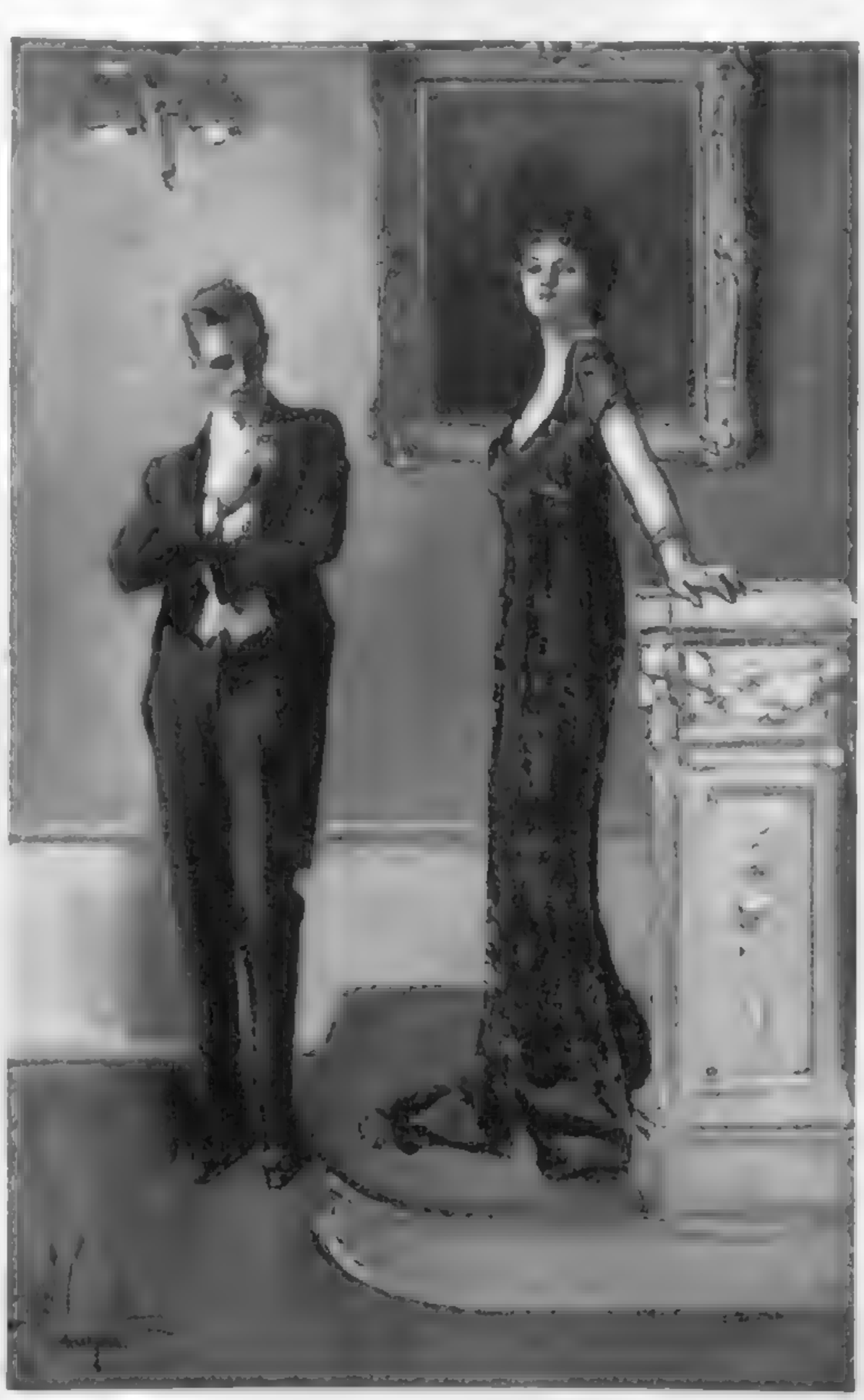
Alice Jennings was a clever girl. From the time she began to evolve from the flapper state she held herself to be better than her associates in the home village and better than her family. She was an only daughter, spoiled by an indulgent father, and she had no difficulty in overriding her mother. She had a passion for clothes, which she indulged as well as she was able, and a talent for making her resources go further than any other girl in the village or at the school after she went away from home. She loathed the small town in which she lived, read the social news in the papers, even when she was just coming into her teens, and early displayed a fondness for exalting herself, by claiming acquaintance with those above her in social standing, that later became a positive genius for this sort of self-appreciation. She married Lester because she thought he was rich and had social position.

She was smart at school and had a fondness for languages, but was entirely superficial in her studies. From her earliest childhood she was a chatterbox. She talked unceasingly, but brightly, and was clever enough to deal with subjects in her conversation concerning which she had a slight knowledge. She never, either as a child or as a woman, touched any but the high places in her talk. She was intensely egotistical and longed for admiration. She had a great skill in dress, and a full knowledge of her own good points and of how to accentuate them.

Her husband had little money, but she made the most of that. She had a genius for finding out desirable places to live that were within their means, and always insisted on rigid adherence to the conventionalities. She never failed to dress for dinner, nor would she allow her husband to appear after six o'clock in any but evening clothes. Their public attitude toward one another was one of exceeding and formal politeness, and she always strove to create the impression that they had much more money than they did have. In reality the Lesters got along well together, for Lester was a dull, listless, complaisant man, awed by the brilliancy of his wife and not daring to oppose her. His only talent was cleverness at cards. He was an expert bridge-whist player and his wife was almost his equal.

She could sing a little, play the piano acceptably, and she had a most agreeable talent for visiting. Indeed, she was a professional visitor and she was a useful guest. She and her husband were ever ready for bridge, and both could dance well. She was always faultlessly dressed in the latest mode, had an inexhaustible fund of small talk and was continuously in good spirits. The climbing hostesses who invited the Lesters to visit them, thinking the Lesters were of the set they aspired to enter, were always sure they would have one pair of guests who would carry themselves with the utmost rigidity of polite

(Continued on Page 36)



Her Expression Was That of Discreet Melancholy

SIM'S SUDDEN SOTNESS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

ROWENA GOLLOP, first pulling her blue sunbonnet forward out of decent regard for an exceptional complexion, stepped from the moist, sloppy back-porch into the glare of the sun. She carried a large basket of tightly wrung clothes, her strong, nicely rounded arms and sturdy young back making nothing of its weight. Stopping before the newly stretched line she began to work with a brisk energy quite out of keeping with the heat of the summer morning. In a very few minutes a lazily flapping and swaying screen of various form and color extended from post to post.

The trumpet vine that covered nearly one side of the old brick house was in flower, and among its gaudy blossoms a pair of humming birds poised and darted uncertainly. Rowena's eye caught the jewel gleam of their green and ruby plumage and she paused to watch them. Her expression was at once amused and exasperated.

"What's the matter with you-all?" she murmured, addressing the tiny creatures. "What for are you foolin' round, wastin' time that-a-way, pickin' an' choosin'? If you'd use your beaks more an' your wings less you'd be bigger birds."

One ruby-throat, after a prolonged hesitation, disappeared in the honeyed depths of a big red bloom. Rowena laughed as she turned away. "Made up your mind at last, did you?" she said.

A little cloud of dust arose above the sumac-crowned banks of the bending road, and soon a light wagon drawn by a team of small sleek mules came into view. From behind the porch trellis Rowena saw it approaching, and, straightening up from her washtub, wiped her hands upon her apron and reclaimed some strands of auburn hair that straggled from loosened pins over her flushed cheeks. At the same time she glanced at her reflection in the looking glass that hung over the wash bench for the convenience of the men folks.

Mrs. Gollop, a large, fair woman with a pronounced Roman nose, called from the kitchen at that moment.

"Hain't that Sim Hoisington a-comin' up the road, Rowena?"

"I reckon it is," Rowena returned.

"He a-comin' here?"

"I don't know." To herself in a lower tone Rowena added: "I reckon he don't either."

In fact, as she spoke the mules slowed from their sharp trot into a walk, were urged into a trot again, checked, and in front of the gate actually came to a standstill. The driver, after an undecided half motion toward descent, resumed his seat, leaned forward and flicked the off mule with his blacksnake. The team darted forward with a jerk and the whole equipage went rattling down the road at a pace that speedily carried it round the next bend and out of sight.

"My land!" called Mrs. Gollop from the kitchen. "What's makin' you laugh that-a-way, gal?"

"Sim," answered Rowena chokingly. "He's gone on to town."

"Sim!" her mother repeated with withering scorn. "You might as well have said you wasn't laughin' at nothin'. You hurry and get that washin' out in time to help me with dinner. Berkley Pendleton aims to be here about noon."

"You'd better fix some kind o' spoon vittles then," said Rowena calmly. "His teeth ain't what they used to be."

She loosened her dress at the throat and peered through the lattice at the road, which was obscured for nearly half a mile past the bend by a windbreak of trees. Beyond the trees it made a gradual ascent, midway on which was situated a substantial looking farmhouse. After a little a good-sized dot, which was the light wagon and team, emerged from the treebelt and began to climb the hill. Rowena watched narrowly, her brows knit and her remarkably firm mouth set tightly. For a moment or two she breathed a little quicker; then her expression relaxed and she laughed.

"Well, he didn't stop to see Miss Lisbeth Minnick either," she said.

Once past the farmhouse on the hill, the light wagon went smartly along, and in half an hour it rolled into the town of Fairfax and stopped at Jim Allen's store. A tall, well-built, brown-haired young man of twenty-three or four got out, tied the mules to the long hitching rack and went into the store.

The storekeeper's eyes twinkled behind their spectacles and his humorous mouth twitched at one corner as he greeted his customer.

"Howdy, Sim"

"Howdy, Mr. Allen," returned the young man in an agreeably modulated drawl. At the same time a quick brilliant smile illumined his good-looking face. He felt in his pocket and produced a written list. "Here's some

"Well, Duggone It! What for Did She Ask Me to Stay if She Didn't Want Me!"

tricks Aunt Hitty allows she wants," he said, giving the storekeeper the paper. "If you'll put 'em up right away I'll wait an' take 'em right along. I'm sort of rushed to get back to some fencin' Ab an' me has got to do."

The storekeeper smiled, focused his spectacles on the list and read it through. "Hum!" he remarked. "I reckon that's all clear enough and plain sailing."

"I reckon it is," said Sim in a relieved tone. "She knows what she wants, Aunt Hitty does." He spoke admiringly.

"I'll put 'em up right away, Sim," said the storekeeper. "Set down and smoke a good seegar—if you've got one about you."

In the course of ten minutes he had the articles packed neatly in a cracker box. "Nothing else, Sim?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Sim; "I want some nails. About thirty pound I reckon—tenpennies. That's all."

Allen turned to execute the order, but suddenly stopped, his eyes twinkling again. "What kine o' nails do you reckon you need, Sim?" he asked.

"Tenpennies," Sim repeated.

"I know," said the storekeeper, "but as to the nails now—do you want common, ord'nary nails or do you want these yer wire nails? Some likes one kine and some likes the other."

A very curious change came over Sim's face, his smile faded, his jaw dropped slightly and his brown eyes stared blankly beyond his questioner. Presently he said with almost pathetic anxiety: "Which would you get, Mr. Allen?"

A discussion as to the respective advantages of common and wire nails followed, during which Sim veered from one to the other as the storekeeper adroitly urged him. At last he gave it up.

"Dogged if I know," he said. "I reckon I'll have to study on it some. Mabbe after all a rail fence —— Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Allen. I'll take this yer stuff of Aunt Hitty's now and I'll see what Ab thinks about the nails."

He shouldered his box and went out hastily. The storekeeper chuckled and the laugh was echoed by two men who had entered the store a few minutes before—a lean, slab-sided, ropy-necked individual of middle age, whose long, intensely black mustaches had a melancholy droop; and a stockily built young fellow with an aggressive air and a quick, challenging eye.

"Sim's havin' a right smart o' trouble about that fence of his'n," remarked the elder man. "He commenced for to start on it about a week ago, but he hain't got, as you might say, started yit."

"How's that, Berk?" inquired the storekeeper with flattering interest.

The lean man cackled and hoisted himself stiffly to a seat on the counter. "First off, Sim figgered on building a rail fence," he explained. "Then Perry Spencer come along and argued for a hawg-tight bo'd fence, and Sim allowed he had the right of it. At noon Ab, Sim's hired man, allowed that with eight-inch stuff ten dollars a thousand at the mill, and a bad road to haul over, bo'ds would be mighty extravagant, specially when the rails wouldn't cost nothin' but the work. Sim owned up it did look that-a-way, and him an' Ab was grindin' their axes when the schoolmaster come up an' showed him by figgers how shiftless an' wasteful a rail fence was, what with the lap at each end of the rail an' the jog that put a four-foot-wide strip of good co'n land out of business. Since then Sim's been hesitatin' atween a barb-wire an' a stone wall an' a osage hedge; but seems like he's went back to the bo'd idea."

The lean man cackled again with great enjoyment and a touch of malice. "Sim got along tol'able well whilst his mammy was round to tell him what to do," he resumed; "but sence she died and his Aunt Hitty went to keep house for him, the farm's run down right smart. Mis' Hitty, she's a manager as far's the house goes, but she hain't got the knowledge of outside like old Mis' Hoisington had, an' Ab he ain't keerin' how little gets done. He's willin' to wait till Sim makes up his mind, Ab is."

"Well, they tell me Sim's right popular with the gals anyway," said the storekeeper. "You've hearn talk of that kind, Ben?"

Ben Foster, the stocky young man, frowned. "So's poodle dogs popular with the gals," he growled.

"Seems like they're all took with Sim," the storekeeper went on musingly. "Don't matter whether they're black-eyed an' sort o' languishin' or whether they're red-haided an' hustlin'. Namin' no names, I've noticed that myse'f."

Foster's eyes rolled savagely. "I wouldn't name no names if I was you, Jim Allen," he said menacingly; "not less'n you want trouble."

"Me want trouble?" smiled the storekeeper innocently. "Shucks, Ben, that's the last thing I aim to have. I reckon you must be a-skeered I was goin' to say suthin about Lisbeth Minnick. Now there hain't no need o' that. You're too techy. Look at Berkley here. If I happen to puss a remark about ——"

Berkley Pendleton interposed. He was pulling his long mustaches nervously and red showed on his cheekbones through his sallow skin. "Jim Allen," he remonstrated, "there's sech a thing as too much coddin'. There's subjects that a man don't keer to be codded about. You're right smart of a codder, we all know that, but you hain't likely to he'p your business by cyarrin' it too far. I come in here to get your prices on a bill o' goods. I didn't come for to be codded."

"My land, Berk!" ejaculated Allen. "Ain't you a little mite previous. I leave it to Ben here if I so much as mentioned Rowena Gollop. Don't you holler before you're hurt, Berk, nor you either, Ben. Lemme see that bill o' goods you was talkin' about."

By the time that Pendleton had come to an agreement with the storekeeper, Sim Hoisington was at the brow of the hill overlooking the Minnick farm and already feeling uncomfortably conscious of the impending necessity of making a decision. He could see in the Minnick yard a woman's figure that he recognized—a slight, tall figure that moved with languid grace, unpinning clothes from a line. It was Lisbeth Minnick, a maiden on whom Sim's thoughts had dwelt more or less for a year past. Sim's thoughts had vagabond tendencies, roving at the direction of his artistic eye wherever beauty bloomed along Little Tarkio; nevertheless, Lisbeth had entertained them longer than any other young woman, excepting perhaps Rowena Gollop.

He checked his mules, reconsidered, and was clucking them on again when the girl called to him. The wagon stopped and he waved his hand. "Howdy, Lisbeth. How's all the folks?"

"Tol'able," returned Lisbeth. She walked to the fence with an easy, deliberate movement and rested her arms on the capboard.

"Better come on in an' stay to dinner," she invited, and her dark eyes were more cordial than speech.

"I'm in a kine of a rush right now," Sim objected weakly.

"You're in a rush most of the time, seems like," pouted Lisbeth. "Well, why don't you come up Sunday afternoons once in a while?"

"I'd sooner come when you're a-feelin' lonesome," Sim declared boldly. "Sunday afternoons I take notice you've got your porch all cluttered up with Ben Fosters and things. I seen Ben in town a while ago."

"I seen him last night," said Lisbeth. "He ain't afraid I'll bite him, like some folks."

"I reckon he don't need to be," Sim bantered. "I'm sort o' skeered he'll bite me, though, the way he looks at me."

"He won't be here tonight," Lisbeth suggested.

"I s'pose you'll be feelin' mighty lonesome then?"

"N-huh!" She shook her head and smiled.

"Then there won't be no need of me comin'," said Sim.

"No special need of it, Mr. Smarty," she flashed. "Don't come if you don't want to." She turned her back on him and walked to the house with unusual briskness, while Sim sat in his wagon looking after her, the blank stare in his eyes and his mouth half open. Presently he sighed and gathered up his reins.

"An' I'd jest about made up my mind to stay to dinner," he muttered. "Jiminee, she's a spunky little piece!"

He had no strain put upon his powers of determination as he approached the Gollop place. He had hardly turned the bend when he descried Rowena walking to the front gate with the evident purpose of speaking to him. He was particularly glad at the sight of her too. Somehow he was always glad to see Rowena.

She was good to look at, for all the plainness of her business-like checked gingham apron and the ugliness of her sunbonnet. The apron did not cover those well-rounded white arms of hers, and, facing her, one could penetrate the depths of the bonnet with an admiring eye and distinguish the little moist curls of copper-colored hair that lay against her creamy, fine-textured skin.

She carried a package in her hand. "Give that to Mis' Hitty, Sim," she directed. "It's the quilt pieces I promised her." Then: "Why didn't you stop this morning as you was passing?"

"Plagued if I know," Sim replied in some embarrassment. "I did come mighty nigh it, but—I didn't see nothin' of you round. I was disapp'inted too. I hain't seen you in a coon's age, Rowena."

"You might have seen me at meetin' Sunday," she reminded him. Sim's embarrassment deepened as he stammered something about a change.

"You a-goin' to jine them Meth'dis'?" she asked.

"I d'know about jinin' them," he faltered. "I was jest a-talkin' with Preacher Williams the other day and he cert'nly put up a good argument for the Meth'dis' folks. I allowed it wouldn't do no harm to 'tend their meetin'."

"Huh!" remarked Rowena. "I hearn that you aim to vote for Bud Watts for sheriff," she went on.

"I hain't made no promise," said Sim. "Bud come to me the other day an' we talked politics some, an' it seems like to me Bud's right well qualified an' ——"

"An' a black Republican," Rowena supplemented.

"Well, there hain't no use bein' hidebound, Rowena," pleaded Sim. "Co'se I've allus been a Democrat."

Rowena began to laugh. "Oh, Sim, Sim!" she cried; "ain't you right sure of any livin' thing?"

Sim took courage from her relenting. "I certainly am," he declared. "I'm right sure there hain't the beat of you in seven counties. I wisht you felt the same way about me that I do about you, Rowena."

"Well, you can just bet I don't," said Rowena positively, but still smiling. "Put your mules up an' come in to dinner, Sim. It's about ready."

Sim was about to comply when the sound of wheels made him turn his head. Another light wagon had driven up and stopped before the barnyard gate some yards away. Berkley Pendleton got out, swept off his broad-brimmed black wool hat in elaborate salutation of Rowena, and then opened the gate and drove in.

"I reckon I won't stop today," said Sim stiffly. "Aunt Hitty's lookin' for me. You've got company anyway."

He added the last remark uncertainly, and looked at Rowena as if he expected protest.

"Jest as you say, Sim," the young woman answered composedly. "Some other time then mabbe."

She nodded in a friendly manner and left him.

"Well, daggone it!" exclaimed Sim. "What for did she ask me to stay if she didn't want me!" He picked up his whip and cut quite viciously at the shirking off mule. "Daggone it!" he repeated with emphasis.

He turned the package over to Miss Hitty, and when she had checked the groceries with her list he asked a question that had been vexing him:

"You aim to take in the dance at Prothero's tomorrow night, Aunt Hitty?"

Miss Hitty looked at him with surprise. She was a stout, almost massive, woman well into her forties, with a double chin and a chronic shortness of breath; but her heart was young.

"Well, I reckon I do," she replied with some asperity. "I allowed it was all settled you was to take me. You haven't been askin' no gal to go, have you?"

"No," Sim replied with a sigh. "I didn't know but—— Shucks! There hain't no gal I'd want to take."

"Did Rowena say anythin' to you about goin'?" asked Miss Hitty.

"Not a word," her nephew answered. "I reckon Old Man Pendleton will beau her though. He's there to dinner now. Seems like he'd be thinkin' of somethin' else than shunin' up to young gals."

He spoke with some bitterness.

"If you're a-talkin' about Berkley Pendleton, he's a long ways from bein' an old man yit," said Miss Hitty indignantly. "Old Man Pendleton! He ain't no green, saphaided boy, but Rowena Gollop might do a heap worse than Berkley an' I reckon she knows it. All that s'prises me is he don't look round a little more afore he takes up with her."

Sim turned on his heel and strode from the room. "These yer women!" he muttered. "There's Lisbeth miffed about nothin', and Rowena——I wonder if that

"Lemme Fix It for You. It's a Turr'ble Pretty Tie"

old skeezicks——" He whistled a moment or two thoughtfully. "I reckon I'll go see Lisbeth to-night. I d'know though. These yer women! A fellow cain't never tell where to find them."

Meanwhile Berkley Pendleton was entertaining the Gollop family with an account of Sim's fence and the nail incident at the store. Mrs. Gollop laughed very heartily. Rowena laughed not at all.

"It's a mighty small thing to pick on," observed the young woman with a contemptuous look at the smirking widower.

"You hesh!" commanded Mrs. Gollop. "It's a mighty ser'ous thing when a young man hain't got no more backbone than an angleworm. I don't hold with shilly-shallying, an' I never thought you did neither, Rowena."

"I can most generally take a stand and stay sot," Pendleton boasted.

"So can a mule," said Rowena. "But I reckon by the time Sim's as old as you are he'll have a heap more sense," she concluded ambiguously.

Prothero's was *en fête*. The east wing of the big house was ablaze with light, a beacon to Little Tarkio up and down the valley. Buggies, spring wagons and farm wagons formed a long line against the fence outside, and within a large representation of the beauty and chivalry of Atchison County mingled in the mazes of the dance, tripping, floating, jigging heel-and-toe, gliding, thumping, stamping and whirling in saltatory ecstasies. Three sets at one time—and they might have made it four at a pinch. Brown-necked lads in the bravery of Sunday diagonals and stiff linen, their hair slicked to a marvel; elderly bucks shaven to the quick and redolent of the silvered cachous that they carried in their vest pockets; lasses, plump and rosy, in glorified gowns of virgin white and many ribbons; matrons, normally staid, gamboling with kittenish abandon; little pig-tailed girls even, shrill and active débutantes of eleven and upward; and dancing, every one of the twenty-four!

They danced to real tunes in Little Tarkio—Turkey-in-the-Straw, Whistling Rufus, Georgia Camp Meeting, and the like. Mat Bingham played them. Seated on a chair that had been placed atop of a stout kitchen table, the gangling, raw-boned Orpheus of the Bottoms sawed them out indefatigably, the broad sole of his cowhide boot slapping time on Mrs. Prothero's well-scoured deal. Standing near him, Prothero, the red-bearded, burly host, called, roaring the changes in a voice that made the windows rattle, patting juba with his big hands, and now and then singing in a sort of mellow bellow: "Gents, honor your partners! Swing your partners! Right hand to partner and grand right and left!"

Sim bent to Lisbeth, not ungracefully, and scraped his right foot behind him in the approved fashion; then, advancing, he clasped her slender waist and at the exact note of the music swung her clear off her feet with astonishing ease.

"I cert'nly hate to let loose of you, Lisbeth," he murmured ardently as he set her down.

(Continued on Page 44)

"I Hate to Let Loose of You"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1914

A Distinguished Invalid

WE FEEL safe in assuming, at this writing, that you have not heard anything of the United States Senate during the last few weeks. We ourselves had so completely lost track of it that its existence had passed from memory until an inquiry from a valued correspondent brought it to mind. Hasty search through the newspaper files of the last fortnight yielded no clew to its whereabouts or condition; but a wire to Washington brought trustworthy information that we gladly pass on to the public.

The Senate, it appears, has been suffering a prolonged fit of hysterics. The patient, it may be recalled, has been in nearly continuous session for several years. Cut off for that long period from all healthy contact with the normal interests and activities of American life, shut within itself and stewing in its own juice, it got into a very unhealthy state—probably somewhat comparable to that of the Indian mystic, who rivets his attention exclusively on his own great toe until he loses all sense of reality and lives wholly in hallucinations.

Some time last winter—nobody seems to remember exactly when—President Wilson demanded the repeal of the provision granting free passage through the Panama Canal to American coastwise vessels. The result of this fresh demand on a nervous system already reduced to an extremely weak, disordered state was to throw the patient into hysterics.

We are happy to hear that the case is far from hopeless. For a complete recovery, all the patient needs is to go home, mingle with people who are normally conditioned and productively engaged, look over the busy, fruitful country, and so recover a sense of proportion. Five months of this treatment will make it quite fit again.

Foreign Trade

THE convention at Washington to promote foreign commerce of the United States coincided with a Treasury statement that showed a balance of trade against us for the first time in some years. In April our foreign purchases of merchandise exceeded our sales by ten million dollars, and for three months before that our favorable balance had been steadily declining. We owe Europe somewhere round fifty million dollars a month in interest, insurance, ocean freights, tourists' expenses, and so on.

To trim the ship we must sell at least that much more goods than we buy. When the monthly trade balance falls below thirty millions we are certainly going into debt. Probably it takes fifty millions a month to keep us even. The latest Treasury figures are a hint to push foreign trade.

Amenities With a Club

WE DO not believe there is any good reason why the administration of our tariff laws—this Underwood Law quite as much as any of its high-protection predecessors—should provoke so much irritation and resentment. Time out of mind this Government has regarded the foreign manufacturer who ships goods to the United States as a presumptive rascal. That attitude may be warranted by sound business principles, but the frankness with which we avow it is poor policy.

We want foreign trade and we cannot have it on one side of the ledger only. Irritation and resentment on the part of European sellers must be an obstacle to our dealings with European buyers. We have claimed the right to send our Treasury agents into the shops of foreign manufacturers to examine the books, not only with regard to factory prices of articles shipped into the United States but with regard to any other matters the agents might be curious about. We have asked foreign governments to confer on our Treasury agents a power to inspect books and cross-examine manufacturers which those governments do not claim for their own agents.

There is no question that our Treasury agents abroad have in certain instances behaved in a truculent, overbearing manner. Foreign manufacturers have been exasperated to the point of asking their governments not to take part in our Panama Exposition.

And all the while we are exerting ourselves to establish friendly relations with these same people on the selling side. In the administration of our tariff laws there is a touch of uncouthness that intelligent merchants would not tolerate in their business relationships. A little more urbanity, please! It pays.

Free Exchange

A PRINTED notice that a small sum is due in the city of New York contains the following injunction: "If payment is made with an out-of-town check ten cents must be added to cover cost of exchange." This reminds us that in no other country, the commerce of which is comparable with that of the United States, is a man penalized for paying his debts.

Free or virtually free exchange is a cardinal feature of every sound banking system. The idea is to make getting the money to the place where it is due as cheap and easy as possible. There may be some excuse for charging exchange on a country check; but, at least, a check on a bank in a clearing-house city ought to go at par in any other clearing-house city, for virtually no expense attaches to collecting it.

There is a good deal of speculation as to just how far the new banking system will make collections free. It should make them absolutely free among cities.

Crocodile Tears

PROFITS of the St. Louis and San Francisco syndicate, it appears, did not amount to thirty million dollars, but to a considerably smaller sum; yet the road is now bankrupt. The Rock Island has defaulted on bond interest. The New Haven is making little above operating expenses and fixed charges. The injury the gross mishandling of these three great properties has brought on the American railroad situation in its broadest aspects is hardly calculable.

Is anybody really responsible? Can the managements say to the collective security holders and to the public, which is vitally interested in sound railroading, "Awfully sorry we landed you in this mess, old top; we'll try not to do it again!"—and let that end it?

Trackless Traffic

WE EXPECT to see a time when the amount of freight moved by mechanical power on highways will exceed that moved on tracks. There is no question that the freight movement on highways already exceeds that on tracks.

The first item in railroad traffic, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is agricultural and animal products, amounting to two hundred million tons. Nearly all of it was hauled in wagons to the railroad station and distributed to consumers in wagons. A large part of nearly three hundred million tons of manufactures was hauled in wagons. So, throughout the list, the railroad haul generally implies a wagon haul at one end or both ends. And there is a large freight movement by wagon that does not get to the railroads at all.

Everybody knows that wagon haulage, on a broad view, is vastly more expensive than rail haulage. Investigation has disclosed numberless cases in which the cost of hauling a given article two or three miles by wagon exceeded the cost of hauling it many times that distance by rail. Formerly trackless haulage meant animal power; but the development of gasoline and electric motors within a few years has provided a means of haulage without tracks which, under favorable conditions, is much swifter and cheaper than animal power.

The first condition is, of course, a good roadway—hard, smooth and well maintained. In cities where pavement provides a good roadway mechanical power is steadily supplanting horses for trackless haulage. With good roads in the country, there is no reason why a great part of the trackless haulage should not be performed by mechanical power, with a large total saving of time and money.

The rural freight route might well move a great part of the farm's products to market and fetch back most of the farm's supplies; in fact, an expert on the subject has predicted that within a few years a considerable part of what we now regard as main-line railroad freight traffic will move over highways by mechanical power, even for long distances.

For the achievement of that condition the first requisite is a complete network of good highways.

Great-Grandfather's Politics

THE legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland—which was repealed the other day by the third passage of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons—was established in the first year of the nineteenth century.

As to the means by which it was forced through the Irish Parliament: Twenty-eight Irish peerages were created, six Irish peers obtained English peerages, and twenty others were moved up a rank in the peerage—most of these honors being bestowed by the government as bribes and rewards for services in passing the bill for the union. The English Government bought outright eighty Irish boroughs, returning one hundred sixty members to Parliament, and paid a million two hundred thousand pounds in cash for them—which sum, with rare humor, it added to the national debt of Ireland; so that Irishmen have been paying interest on it ever since.

Members of Parliament who would not vote for union were bribed by offices and honors to resign in order that their places might be filled by those favorable to union. Twenty-three practicing barristers voted for union. Three years later six of them were on the bench and eight others had received high honors under the crown. Thirty-two barristers voted for union in the bar debate of 1799. Three years later only five of them were unrewarded.

Just before leaving Ireland, Cornwallis sent over to England a list of fifty promises of places, pensions, legal appointments, and like rewards, which he had made in consideration of support of the union, but which, up to that time, had not been fulfilled by the English Government.

Lecky, from whose history the above is compiled, adds: "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everything within the gift of the crown, in the church, the army, the law, the revenue, was uniformly devoted to the great object of carrying the union. From the great noblemen, who bargained for their marquisates and ribands, from the Archbishop of Cashel, who agreed to support the union on being promised reversion of the See of Dublin, the virus of corruption extended and descended through every fiber of the political system, including crowds of obscure men who had it in their power to assist or obstruct addresses on the question."

The Wage Puzzle

THE Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that wages by the hour in the cotton industry of the United States advanced fifty-one per cent from 1900 to 1912. This is almost exactly equal to the increase in price of food in the same period—that is, the food consumed in an average workingman's family as reported by the same bureau; so that table produces a pleasing sense of proportion and balance. But we turn over to the woolen industry and find that wages have advanced only thirty-four per cent, which seriously disturbs the balance. Then we proceed to the silk industry and discover that wages have advanced just nineteen per cent, which upsets the balance altogether.

We seek an explanation in the tariff, and learn that woolen manufactures have been enjoying a protection equal to about ninety per cent, and cotton and silk only fifty to fifty-five per cent. Yet wool wages have gone up only about two-thirds as much as cotton wages, and the latter have gone up nearly three times as much as silk wages.

These figures deal, of course, with the increase in wages during the last twelve years, not with the actual rate of wages; and we might explain the discrepancy on a supposition that silk labor was well paid a dozen years ago; but we remember the silk strike of this year, in which the hands bitterly contended that they are not well paid even now. Probably it is a question of organization.

Here Comes the Bride

SHE comes breathless, perspiring and more or less disheveled, pursued and surrounded by some well-dressed male and female rowdies who throw rice and confetti at her, while their clamor announces to the passengers lounging in the station or looking from the car windows that she has just been a party to a ceremony which some old-fashioned folks regard as having a rather sacred character or at least as being of a peculiarly tender and intimate nature.

It is well known that in several more primitive communities marriage is attended by demonstrations of a frank and rude sort, which, however, have a certain robust validity; but we could never understand why a marriage between well-conditioned and presumably at least half-educated Americans should be made an occasion for public horseplay.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Speech That Stuck

SUPPRESSED speech is one of the most distressing things that can happen to a person of oratorical tendencies. Though not ordinarily fatal, it never fails to produce so dour a view of life on the part of the speaker who contains but cannot contribute the sundry gems of oratory which clog him that he becomes a hopeless pessimist and bewails the loss of the faculty of proper public address—but not the lack of public address, which would stamp him as singularly nonobserving of the proceedings of the day—or sets him on a chase for an opportunity for verbigeration and makes him a village pest.

You can see how it is yourself. A man is an orator—most men are, or think they are—most political men, that is—and he has thought up a fine peroration, or a few choice paragraphs, or an entire speech. His system is encumbered with these words. He must needs unhamper himself of them in order that he may be happy, and in order that he may bestow happiness and learning and reason, or flubdub, on others. Though he may have abundant opportunity to discourse in other language, of which he ordinarily has a full supply, there comes no fortunate moment to him where this particularly impending speech fits in; and he makes his weary and, no doubt, rhetorical way up and down the world, vainly hoping for an opportunity that will fit the eloquence congested within him.

It is a sad fate—a sad fate and a piteous! If the apropos hour does not arrive he goes to his grave a broken ballyhooer, conscious until the last that, had the hap been provided, he would have been hep, and mourning for the loss the world has sustained because these words were left to burn within him instead of being thrown, blazing, into some great forensic crisis.

Hence, to escape this lamentable end, the man who suffers from suppressed speech uses the most extraordinary efforts to attain a position or a place where he may rid himself of what stews and stagnates within him, and at least add to the gayety if not to the store of knowledge of the universe. He works and struggles and wanders and toils, seeking for the moment and the amelioration, pausing at nothing; rising after each defeat to press on to the goal where fate shall be so kind as to allow him to get it off his chest.

Take the case of Henry Vollmer—typical, if ever a case was typical—the case of Henry Vollmer, which so aptly and illuminatingly illustrates my point. For thirty years, up to about three of the clock on the afternoon of the nineteenth of March, 1914, Henry Vollmer had spread himself over Iowa and the neighboring territory, a gaunt and gasping victim of suppressed speech. He had one in him he could not get out. He suffered tortures—tortures! And he rushed from Allamakee to Pottawattamie, from Winnebago to Appanoose, up and down, crisscross and catercornered in Iowa, to find the perfect conjunction of the time, the place and that concealed and eloquent communication. Without result, ladies and gentlemen.

Surcease From Suffering at Last

DO NOT, I pray you, think I convey here the meaning or the intimation that Henry Vollmer, in his progress throughout Iowa, did not find ample opportunity for speech. He did. He spoke whenever he was asked, and oftentimes when he was not asked. So far as making speeches is concerned, there never yet arose an occasion—personal, political, economical, or having to do with any other phase of human activity, emotion, thought, knowledge, endeavor or conjecture—when Henry Vollmer was not ready with a speech; nor is there such an instant now. All that is needed to get Henry Vollmer to make a speech is the merest hint—the wave of a hand, or the slight inclination of a head, or the wink of an eye—and he will make one or two or three. The most minute provocation will set him going, and it takes an ax to stop him!

That is not what I am trying to say, however. He will speak, and he has spoken and does speak. Moreover, he will quote. It is well within the bounds of conservative statement to assert that Henry Vollmer can give almost any person of your acquaintance a handicap of two full acts of any Shaksperean play, say, and beat that person to the final curtain by several scenes. Moreover, he will do his quoting with great declamatory effect.

You see, he is by way of being a lifelong student of declamation and elocution. He began early. They say that when he was a mere toddling child his spirited rendition of "Mary had a little lamb" was the pride of the entire neighborhood. As he progressed and, on Friday afternoons in the schoolhouse, ripped into "Ye call me chief; and ye

A Chronic Victim of Suppressed Eloquence

do well to call him chief"—and so on—the farmers all came in to listen and applaud, except at such time as the corn crop demanded their attention to the exclusion of patronage of the rhetorical arts.

He made his first political speech when he was aged seventeen. He was then a Democrat, as he is now; and he mounted a convenient rostrum and defended the immortal principles of Thomas Jefferson in such a manner that the almost solid Republican neighborhood concluded he would come to no good end. Since that time he has made political speeches and all other kinds of speeches; and not long thereafter he became aware that he was gradually becoming the custodian of a speech that could not possibly be emitted save at a moment not only opportune but auspicious.

It was no sudden growth—a thing, rather, of deliberate development; slow, but sadly sure. Phrase by phrase, metaphor by metaphor, simile by simile, that speech grew within him, crowding him in the speech cavity, urging for utterance—almost suffocating him at times. He strove to find a place for it, but none was found. He sought on every rostrum and on every stump for the proper surroundings and the right audience for this masterpiece that was jammed into a conglobulate mass of flowers of language in his interior. None came!

He was doomed to wander over the face of Iowa, searching for surcease and finding it not. The speech stuck! He could get it neither out nor off.

So presently it came to him that the only proper place for the utterance of that speech, which was clamoring within him for a chance to ravish the ears of men, was in Congress. Congress! That was the solution! There, in the House of Representatives, in that forum of free and untrammeled discussion, debate and denunciation, would be ample, adequate and appropriate surroundings. The great men of the nation would be auditors. The galleries would be crowded with eager citizens, come to listen to this wonder of words—this marvel and model of magnetic manifestation. The reporters would send it in all its tralatitious glory over myriad wires into the homes of the people.

Congress was the place—Congress! And he ran for Congress, seeking to relieve himself of this burden of suppressed speech. He ran for Congress; but—alas, for the lack of consideration of the hardy Iowans for the sufferings of a fellow creature!—he was beaten. He did not get the votes. They kept him at home. And again he began his search for the opportunity, delivering many speeches—but not, of course, the speech.

Years passed. Henry Vollmer was still obsessed of his speech. Try as he might, he could not fit it to the circumstances that environed him; but he did not despair. Henry Vollmer did not despair! He kept the faith and the quest. Also, he kept the speech.

Then came a vacancy in Congress from his district—only a few months ago this happened and all these years Henry Vollmer had been awaiting—nay, seeking—his chance!

He secured another nomination to Congress to fill this vacancy, and he was elected.

What did Henry Vollmer do? How can you ask? He hopped on the first train for Washington, presented his credentials, and was sworn in. Then, bursting with the speech that had struggled within him for expression for such a weary space of time, he got up on about the second day of his service and turned it loose.

I cannot give it all; but here is the section that harassed him most for delivery—the slug he had treasured so long in order that its ripe perfection might not fall on unappreciative ears, or be spoken in a theater inadequate to its verbal requirements and dignity—here is the choicest gem from Hank's long-cherished speech:

The rolling prairie between the fortieth and forty-fourth parallels of north latitude, which is folded in loving embrace by the limpid silver of the Father of Waters on the east and the tawny gold of the Big Muddy on our western slope, is the Garden of the Lord which, in the liquid music of the Indian tongue, was appropriately named "Iowa—beautiful land!"

And what was the result? Being a truthful chronicler of events, I can only say—much as it pains me—that his hearers mostly laughed!

Proof Positive

THE late Arthur McEwen used to tell of an Irish friend of his who made the statement that the sun is composed of ice and proved it.

"Th' sun do be made av ice," he said.

"'Tis not!" contended a hearer.

"'Tis so; an' I'll prove ut t' ya. Wuz ye iver in th' Comstock mine?"

"I wuz."

"Wuz yez at th' twenty-three-hundred livil?"

"I wuz."

"An' wuz it hot?"

"Hot as th' divil!"

"Well, thin, go out an' have a luk at th' tops av the mountains yonder—all covered with ice an' snow. The nearer to the sun it is, the colder it is; an' the farder away, th' hotter. Th' sun do be made av ice!"

Telling It in Latin

A CERTAIN Mississippi statesman was once a member of a state constitutional convention at Jackson. He was much more devoted to poker than to his duties as a constitution maker, and he lost regularly each night more than the state paid him each day for his labors.

One morning, after a hard session over the poker table, he met a friend and began denouncing himself for being such an idiot as to remain in Jackson where his expenses were so high.

"What's the matter with you?" asked this friend, who was from a back county and who was salting down most of his pay. "What ails you? Ain't you gittin' your per diem per day?"

"Yes," the poker player replied," I am getting my per diem per day all right; but the trouble is I am not getting my per noctem per night!"

Suffering by Proxy

SENATOR HUGHES, of New Jersey, was worried to distraction by the importunities of a person who had a grievance against the Interior Department.

The senator called up Secretary Lane, who had been worried by the same person.

"Will you listen to his story?" asked Hughes over the telephone.

"I will not," Lane replied.

"Well, then," urged Hughes desperately, "will you appoint some one to hear the story?"

"Yes," answered Secretary Lane, "I appoint you," and he rang off.

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SUPERMAN

(Continued from Page 8)

Miss Birdsong stepped out of a gold-and-mauve hallway, through a grimy side door and into an area as black as a pit; and out from its blackest shadows a figure rose to meet her.

"Joe!"

"Yeh; where's Loo and Harry?"

"I dunno; they -they went on."

"Hurry up, Beauty. I ain't so much of a favorite round this theater that I can bask in this sunny spot."

"I didn't mean to keep you waitin' so long, Joe."

"Believe me, you're the foist little girl I ever hung round an ushers' exit for."

"Honest, am I, Joe?"

"Surest thing! The stage door is my pace and for nothing short of headliners, neither. I gotta like a girl pretty well to hang round on the wrong side of the footlights for her, Sweetness."

"Joe, I—I wish I knew if you was kiddin'."

"Kiddin' nothin'!"

They emerged into the white shower from a score of arclights; and Mr. Joe Ullman, an apotheosis of a classy tailor's dearest dream, in his brown suit, brown-bordered silk handkerchief nicely apparent, brown derby hat and tan-top shoes, turned his bulldog toes and fox-terrier eyes to the north, where against a fulvous sky the Palais du Danse spelled itself in ruby and emerald incandescents with the carefully planned effect of green moonlight floating in a mist of blood.

"Joe," she dragged gently at his coat sleeve and a warm pink spread out from under the area of rouge; "Joe, you know what you promised for to-night?"

"What, kiddo? The sky's my limit. I'll taxi you till the meter gives out."

"You have promised so long, Joe. Come on! Let's go up home to-night. Be a sport and let's go. Maw's got a midnight supper waitin', and ——"

"The doctor says home cookin's bad for me, Sweetness."

He cocked his hat slightly askew, stroked a chin as blue as an actor's and winked down at her.

"Honest, Sweetness, I'm going to buy you a phonograph record of Home Sweet Home Ain't Sweet Enough For Me ——"

"She's waitin' up for us, Joe; she ain't hardly able to be up, but she's waitin', Joe."

"Ain't I told you I'm going up with you some night when I'm in the humor for it? I feel like a ninety-horsepower dancer to-night, Ess. Whatta you bet I sold more seats for your show to-night than the box office? Whatta you bet?"

"Joe—you promised."

"Sure, and I'm going to keep it; but I'm wearin' a celluloid collar to-night, Hon, and the fireside ain't no place for me. I wouldn't wanna blow your mamma to smithereens."

"Joe!"

"I wouldn't—honest, Sweetness, you know I wouldn't."

"Joe, comin' to our house ain't like bein' company—honest! When the boys and girls from the store used to come over we'd roll back the carpets, and maw'd play on an old comb and Jimmie'd make a noise like a banjo and——"

"Hear! Hear! You sound like Way Down East gone into vaudeville."

"Come on up to-night, Joe—like you promised."

"We'll talk it over a little later, Sweetness. Midnight ain't no time to call on your best girl's dame. What'll she be thinkin' of us buttin' in there for midnight supper? To-morrow night's Sunday—that'll be more like it."

"She got it waitin' for us, Joe. All week she been fixing every night and us not comin'! She knows it's the only time we got, Joe. She says she'd rather have us come home after the show than go kitin' round like this. Honest, Joe, she's a regular good sport herself. She used to be the life of her department; the girls used to laff and laff at her cuttings up. She's achin' to see you, Joe. She knows I—we—she don't talk about nothin' else, Joe; and she's sick—it scares me to think how sick maybe she is." He leaned to her upturned face; tears trembled on her lashes and in her voice. "Please, Joe!"

"To-morrow night, sure, little Essie Birdsong. What a name! Why didn't they call you ——"

"They always used to call us the songbirds at the store."

"Look, will you? Read—Tango Contest next Monday night! Are you game, little one? We'd won the last if they'd kept the profesh off the floor. Come on! Let's go in and practice for it."

"Not to-night, Joe, please. We're only four blocks from home and it ain't right our keepin' company like this every night for three months and not goin'. It ain't right! You know it ain't."

He paused in the sea of green moonlight before the gold threshold of the Palais du Danse, whose caryatids were faun-eyed mænads and Ægipans.

The gold figure of Cybele in a gold chariot raced with eight reproductions of herself in an octagonal mirror-lined foyer, and a steady stream of Corybantes bought admission tickets at twenty-five cents a Corybant.

Phrygian music, harlequined to meet the needs of Forty-second Street and its anchorets, flared and receded with the opening and closing of gilded doors.

"Come on, girlie! To-morrow night we'll do the fireside proper."

"You never—nev-er do nothing I ask you to, Joe. You jolly me along and jolly me along, and then—do nothing."

He released her suddenly, plunged his hands into his pockets.

"I don't, don't I? That's the way with you girls—a fellow ties hisself up like a broken arm in a sling and that's the thanks he gets! Ain't I quit playin' pool? Didn't I swear to you on your little, old Sunday-school book to cut out pool? Didn't the whole gang gimme the laff? Ain't I cuttin' everything—ain't I?—pool and cards—pool and all?"

"I know, Joe; but ——"

"You gotta quit naggin' me about the fireside game, sis. I'm going to meet your dame some day—sure I am; but you gotta let me take my time. You gotta let me do it my way—you gotta quit naggin' me! A fellow can't stand for it."

"She's sick, Joe."

"Sure she is; and to-morrow night we'll buy her an oyster loaf or something and take it home to her. How's that, kiddo?"

"That ain't what she wants, Joe—it's us."

"I just ain't homebroke—that's all's the matter with me. Put me in a parlor and I get weak-kneed as a cat—bashful as a banshee! You gotta let me do it my way, Peaches and Cream. Just like a twenty-five-cent order of 'em you look, with them eyes and cheeks and hair. To-morrow night, Sweetness—huh?"

"Honest, Joe?"

"Cross my heart and bet on a dark horse!"

She slid her hand into the curve of his elbow, her incertitude vanishing behind the filmy cloud of a smile.

"All right, Joe; to-morrow night, sure. You walk as far as home with me now, and ——"

"Bless *my* soul! You ain't going to leave me at the church, are you?"

"I gotta go right home, Joe."

"Gee! Why didn't you tell a fellow? I could have tied up ten times over for a Saturday night. There's a little dancer over at the Orpheum would have let out a six-inch smile for the pleasure of my company to-night. Gee! You're a swell little sport—nix!"

"Joe!"

"Come on in for ten minutes, and if you're right good I'll shoot you home in a taxicab just as quick as if we went now. Just ten minutes, Sweetness!"

"No more, Joe!"

"Cross my heart and bet on a dark horse—just ten minutes!"

She smiled at him from the corners of her shadowed eyes and stepped into the tessellated foyer.

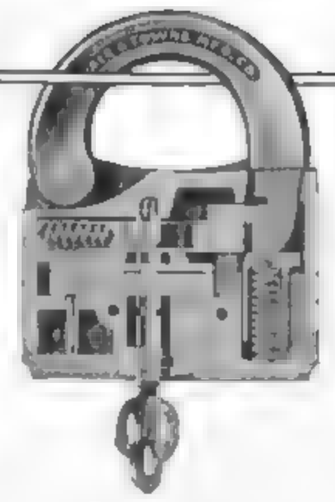
"Satisfied now, Mr. Smarty?" she said, smiling at eight reflections of herself and swaying to the rippling flute notes and violin phrases that wandered out to meet them.

"You're all right, Sweetness!"

Within the Sheban elegance of the overlighted, overheated, overgilded dining and dance hall, his pressure of her arm tightened and the blood ran in her veins a searing flame.

"Gee! Look at the jam, Joe!"

"Over there's a table for two, Sweet—right under them green lights."



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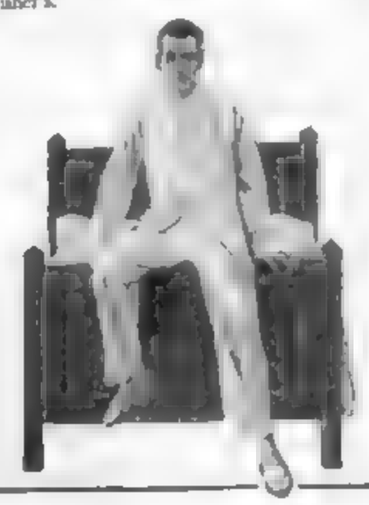


Wilson Bro's Chicago

"Say, whatta you know about that! There's that same blonde girl, Joe, we been seein' everywhere. Honest, she follows us round every place we go—her and that fellow that was dancing up at the Crescent last night—remember?"

They drew up before a marble-topped table, one of a phalanx that flanked a wide-open space of hardwood floor, like coping round a sunken pool; and his eyes took a rapid résumé of the room.

"Good crowd out to-night, Sweetness. They all know us too."

"Yes."

"Wanna dance and show 'em we're in condition?"

"No, Joe."

The music flared suddenly; chairs were pushed back from their tables, leaving food and drink in the attitude of waiting. A bolder couple or two ventured out on the shining floor space, hesitant like a premonitory ripple on the water before the coming of the wind; another and yet another. And almost instanter the intricate maze of a crowded floor—women swaying; men threading in, out, around.

"What'll you have to drink, Sweetness?"

"Lemonade, please."

"I know a better one than that."

"What?"

"Condensed milk!"

"Silly! I just can't get used to them bitter-tasting things you try out on me."

"You're all right, little Lemonade Girl!"

He leaned across the table and peered under the pink sateen. Its reflection lay like a blush of pleasure across her features and she kept her gaze averted, with a pretty *malaise* trembling through her.

"You're all right, little Peaches and Cream."

"You—you're all right too, Joe."

"You mean that, Sweetness?"

"I mean it if you mean it."

"Do I mean it? Say, do I give a little queen like you my company eight nights out of seven for the fun of kiddin' myself along?"

"I know you don't, Joe; that's what I keep tellin' maw."

"Sittin' there screwing your lips at me like that! You got a mouth just like—just like red fruit; like a cherry that would bust all over the place if a bird took a peck at it."

Her bosom, little as Juliet's, rose to his words, and she giggled after the immemorial fashion of women.

"Oh, Joe! If only—if only—if only——"

"If only what, Sweetness?"

"If only ——"

"Huh?"

"Aw, I can't say it."

"Whistle it then, Sweetness."

"It don't do us no good to talk about these things, Joe. We—we never get anywhere."

"What's the use o' talking then, Sweetness? Here's your lemonade. I wish I was in the baby-food class—'pon my soul I do! Look, Sweetness; this is the stuff, though. Look at its color, will you? Red as a moonshiner's eye! Here, waiter, leave that siphon; I might wanna shoot up the place."

"You promised, Joe, not ——"

"Sure; I ain't goin' to, neither. Did I keep my pool promise? Ain't heard a ball click for weeks! Will I keep this one? Watch! Two's my limit, Peaches. I'd swear off sleepin' if you wanted me to."

"Would you, Joe? That's what I want you to tell maw when ——"

"Aw, there you go again! Honest, the minute a fellow feels hisself warming up inside you begin tryin' to reach up to the church tower and ring the bells."

"Joe!"

"Sure you do."

"You make me ashamed when you talk like that."

"Then cut it, Sweetness. Come on; let's finish out this dance."

"It worries her so, Joe. She asks and asks till I—I don't know what to say no more, when I see her wastin' away and all. I—I don't know!"

"Don't leak any tears here, Ess! This gang here knows me. Ain't I told you I like you, girl? I like you well enough to do anything your little heart de-sires; but this ain't the place to talk about it."

"That's what you always say, Joe; no place is the place."

"Gee, ain't it swell enough just the way we are—just like it is, us knocking round together? I ain't your settling-down kind, sister. You're one little winner and I like your style o' sweetness, but I ain't what you'd call a homesteader."

"Joe!"

"Sure; I mean it. I like you well enough to do any little thing your heart desires; but I never look far ahead, Hon. I'm nearsighted."

"What—what about me?"

"I ain't got nothing saved up—not a dime. You tell your dame—you tell her we—we just understand each other. Huh? How's that? That's fair enough to all, ain't it?"

"Whatta you mean, Joe? You always say that; but please, Joe, please tell me what you mean?"

"Listen, kiddo! Say, listen to that trot they're playin', will you? Come on, sis; be a sport! To-morrow night we'll talk about anything your little heart desires. Come on; one round! Don't make me sore."

"Aw, no, Joe; I gotta go."

"One round, Sweetness—see, I'll pay the check. See, two rounds round and we'll light out for home. Look, they're all watchin' for us—two rounds, Sweetness, just two rounds!"

"One you just said, Joe."

"One then, little mouse."

They rose to the introductory titillation of violins; she slid into his embrace with a little fluid movement and they slithered out on the shining floor. A light murmur like the rustle of birds' wings went after them and couples leaned from their tables to watch the perfect syncopation of their steps. His eyes took on the sheen of mica; the color ran high in her face and her lips parted.

"They sit up and take notice when we slide out, don't they, little one?"

"Yes."

"Some class to my trotting, ain't there, Sweetness?"

"Yeh. Look, Joe; we gotta go after this round—it's nearly twelve."

"Twice round, Sweetness, and then we go. If we ain't got the profesh beat on that Argentine Dip I'll give ten orchestra seats to charity and let any box office in this town land me for what I'm worth."

"Joe!"

"Aw, I was only kiddin'. They got as much chance with me as a man with Saint Vitus' dance has of landing a trout. Gee, you're pretty to-night, Sweetness!"

"Sweetness yourself!"

"Peaches and Cream!"

"Come on, Joe; this is twice round."

"Once more, Sweetness—just once more! See, you got me hypnotized; my feet won't stop. See, they keep going and going. See, I can't stop. Whoa! Whoa! Honest, I can't quit! Whoa! We gotta go round once more, Sweetness. I—just—can't—stop!"

"Just once more, Joe."

At one o'clock the gas flame in the hallway outside the rear third-floor apartment flared sootily and waned to a weary bead as the pressure receded. Through the opacity of a sudden fog the formal-faced door faded into the gloom and Miss Essie Birdsong pushed the knob stealthily inch by inch to save the squeak.

"Plunk-plunk-plunka-plunka-plunk-plunk! Essie?"

"Sh-h-h! Yes, Jimmie—it's only me. Why you makin' that noise? Why's the light burning? What's ——"

"Essie! Essie, is that you and ——"

"Maw dearie—you —— What's the matter? You ain't sick, are you? What's—what's wrong, Jimmie? Please, what's wrong?"

She stood with her back to the door, her face struck with fear suddenly, as with white forked lightning, and her breath coming on every alternate heartbeat.

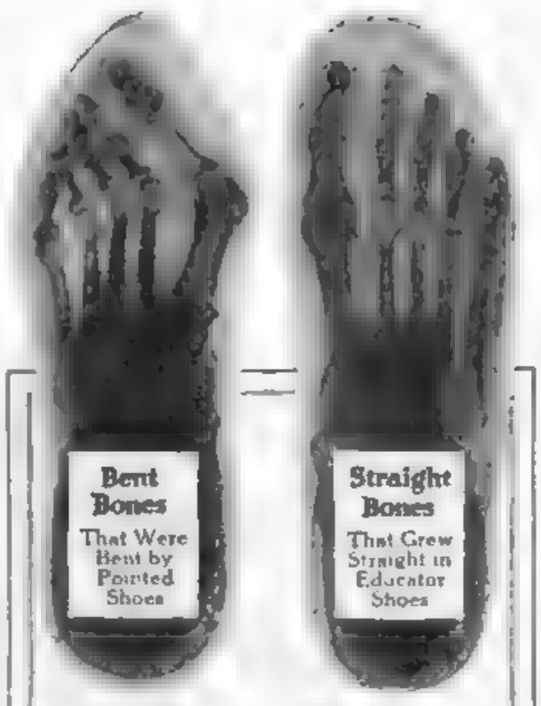
"Maw! Jimmie! What's the matter? Is maw sick again?"

The transitional falsetto of her brother's voice came to her gritty as slate scratching slate, and cold prickly flesh sprang out over her.

"Don't come in here! You—you and your friend stay out there a minute till maw kinda gets her breath back; she—she's all right—ain't you, maw? You and your friend wait just a minute, Ess."

"Me and ——"

"Yeh; both of you wait. Nothing ain't wrong—is it, maw? There, just lay back on the pillow a minute, maw. Gwan; be a sport! Look, your cheek's all red from restin' on my shoulder so long. Lemme go a minute and bring Essie and her gen'l'man friend in to see you. Gee! After you been waitin' and waitin', you—you ain't goin' to give out the last minute. There ain't nothin' to be scared about, maw. Lemme go in just a minute. Here it is, maw;



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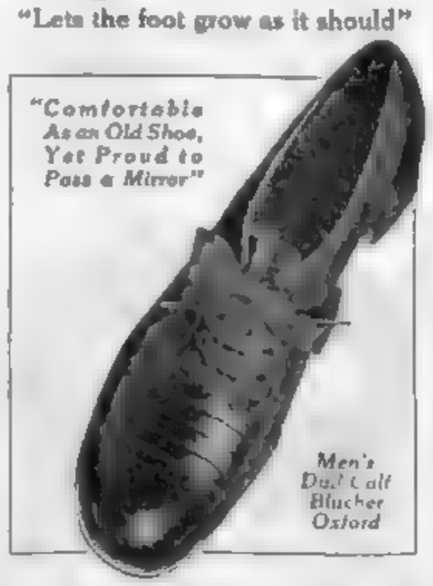

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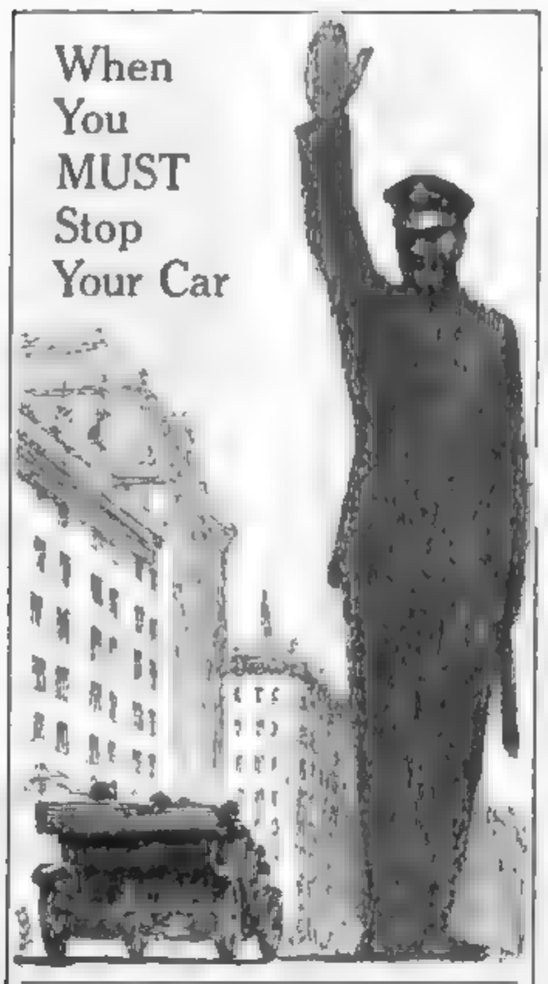

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"Tell him it ain't like me to give out like this. Take them bottles and that ice away, Jimmie—throw my flowered wrapper over my shoulders. There! Now tell him, Jimmie, it ain't like me."

"Surest thing, maw. Watch me!"

He emerged from the bedroom suddenly, his face twisted and his whispering voice like cold iron under the stroke of an anvil, and Essie trembled as she stood.

"Jimmie!"

"You—you devil, you! Where is he?"

She edged away from him with limbs that took root at every step and she must tear each foot from the carpet.

"To-morrow night he's comin', sure, Jimmie; he couldn't to-night, he—couldn't."

Jimmie's lips drew back from his gums as though too dry to cover them.

"You—you streetrunner, you!"

"Jimmie!"

"You—you—you ——"

"Hush! Keep quiet, she'll hear you, Jimmie"

"You devil, you! You've killed her, I tell you! I've been holdin' her in there for two hours, with the sweat standing out on her like water—you ——"

"Oh, Jimmie! Jimmie! Lemme run for old man Gibbs; lemme ——"

"Oh, no, you don't! Lizzie Marks downstairs is gone for him—but that ain't goin' to help none; what she wants is *you*—you and your low-down sneaking friend; and she's goin' to have him too."

"He's gone, Jimmie. What ——"

"You can't come home here to-night without him—you can't! You better run after him, and run after him quick. You can't come home here to-night without him, I tell you! Whatta you going to do about it—huh? Whatta you going to do? Quick! What?"

She trembled so she grasped the back of a chair for support and tears trickled down her cheeks.

"I can't, Jimmie! He's gone by now; he's gone by now—out of sight. I can't! Please, Jimmie! I'll tell her! I'll tell her! Don't—don't you dare come near me! I'll go, Jimmie—I'll go. Sh-h-h!"

"You gotta get him—you can't come here to-night without him. I ain't goin' to stand for her not seeing him to-night. I—I don't care how you get him, but you ain't going to kill her! Get him or I'll ——"

"Jimmie—sh-h-h!"

"Jimmie, tell him it ain't like me to give out like this. Tell ——"

"Yes, maw."

"Yes, maw—we're comin'. Joe's waitin' down at the door. I'll run down and bring him up; he—he's so bashful. In a minute, maw darlin'!"

She flung open the door and fled, racing down two flights of stairs, with her steps clattering after her in an avalanche, and out into a quiet street, which sprung echoes of her flying feet.

After midnight every pedestrian becomes a simulacrum, wrapped in a black domino of mystery and a starry ephod of romance. A homeward-bound pedestrian is a faun in evening dress. Fat-and-forty leans from her window to hurtle a can at a night-yelling cat and becomes a damozel leaning out from the gold bar of Heaven.

In the gloom of the street occasional silhouettes hurried in silent haste; and a block ahead of her, just emerging into a string of shop lights, she could distinguish the uneven-shouldered outline of Joe Ullman and the unmistakable silhouette of his slightly askew hat.

She sobbed in her throat and made a cup of her hands to halloo; but her voice would not come, and she ran faster.

A policeman glanced after her and struck the asphalt.

A dog yapped at her tall heels.

Even as she sped, her face upturned and her mouth dry and open, the figure swerved suddenly into a red-lighted doorway, with a crescent burning above it; and, with her eyes on that Mecca, she pulled at her strength and gathered more speed.

The crescent grew in size and redness, and its lettering sprang out; and suddenly she stopped, as suddenly as an engine jerking up before a washout.

CRESCENT POOL AND BILLIARD ROOM
OPEN ALL NIGHT

And her heart folded inward like the petals of a moonflower.

Stretched to the limit of their resilience, the nerves act reflexly. The merest second of incertitude and then automatically she swung about, turned her blood-driven face toward whence she came and groped her way homeward as if she were blind.

Tears hot from the geyser of shame and pain magnified her eyes like high-power spectacle lenses; and when she reached the dim entrance of the cliff dwelling she called home an edge of ice stiffened round her heart and her feet would not enter.

A silhouette lurched round a black corner and zigzagged toward her, and she held herself flat as a lath against the building until it and its drunken song had lurched round another corner; a couple hurried past with interlinked arms and their laughter was as light as foam. More silhouettes—a flat-chested woman, who wore her shame with the conscious speciousness of a prisoner promenading in his stripes; a loutish fellow, who whistled as he hurried and vaulted up the steps of the Electric Institute three steps at a bound; an old man with an outline like a crooked finger; a shawled woman; a cab lined with vague faces, with streamers of laughter floating back from it; and, standing darkly against the cold wall, Essie with the tears drying on her cheeks and her whole being suddenly galvanized by a new thought.

A momentary lull in the drippy streamlet of pedestrians; she leaned out into the darkness and peered up, then down the aisle of street. A shadow came gliding toward her and she stepped forward; but when the street lamp fell on the cold eyes and cuttlefish stare she huddled back into her corner until the steps had receded like the stick-taps of a blind man.

Two women in the professional garb of nurses twinkled past, twittering each to each like sparrows; a man whose face was narrow and dark, betraying in his ancestry a Latin breed, kept close to the shadow of the buildings.

With her finger nails cutting her palms, she stepped out from her lair directly in his path and clasped her hands tighter to keep them from trembling.

"You—please!"

He glanced down at her yellowish face, with the daubed-on red standing out frankly, tossed her a sneer and a foreign expression, and brushed by. She darted back as though he had struck at her, and panic closed her in.

A young giant, tall as a Scandinavian out of Valhalla, with wide shoulders and a wide stride, and heavy-soled, laced-to-the-knee boots that clattered loudly, ran up the steps of the Electric Institute, and she flashed across the sidewalk, her arm reaching out.

"You—please!"

He paused, with the street lamp full on his smiling mouth and wide-apart, smiling eyes, one foot in the act of ascending, after the manner of tailors' fashion plates, which are forever in the casual attitude of mounting stairs.

"You—please! Please ——"

"Aw, little lady, go home and go to bed. This ain't no time and place for a little thing like you. Here, take this and go home, little girl."

She arrested his arm on its way to his pocket, her breath crowding out her words and the stinging red of shame burning through her rouge.

"No, no! For Gawd's sakes, no! It's—my mother ——"

He brought his feet down to a level.

"Your mother?"

"Yes; she's sick—maybe dyin'. I—please—she wants to see somebody that can't—can't ——"

"What, little lady?"

"She's sick—dyin' maybe. She wants to see somebody that can't—can't ——"

"Take your time, little lady—can't what?"

"Can't come."

"Who can't come?"

"He—my young—he's my—a young man. She's never seen him; and if—please, if you'd come and act super—just like you was fillin' in at a show; if you'd act like my young man just for a minute—please! My friend, he can't come—he can never come; but she—she wants him. You come, please! You come, please!"

She tugged at his arm and he descended another step and peered into the exacerbated anxiety of her face.

"On the level, little lady?"

"Please—just for a minute! For somebody that's sick—maybe dyin'. Just tell her you're my young man—tell her everything's all right—everything's comin' all right for all of us; for her and—and my little brother, and—and me—you and me—like you was my young man, please, lovin'

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of this soap with the *real* fragrance of violets—that "fragrance of delicate sweetness—the sweetness of love."

Send for this cake now. Learn the delight of using a soap with this most appealing of perfumes, caught in a cake the color of fresh violet leaves—a beautiful, translucent green.

You have been intending to try this soap for months. Write us to send your sample cake. Enclose a 2c stamp and it will come by return mail, like a little box of fresh-cut violets. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 311, Cincinnati, Ohio. **In Canada,** address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 123-H, Perth, Ontario.

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Brought out to meet the demand from users of Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap who have found it so valuable in keeping the hair lustrous and fluffy. Rich in olive oil and other properties that benefit the hair and scalp. Every refined and fastidious person who tries it especially likes it for making the hair glossy and free of the dust. Large bottle 25c at druggist. Send 4c for sample bottle. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 311, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 123 H, Perth, Ontario.

and all. And tell her how pretty her poor hair is and how everything's goin'—goin' to be all right. Come, please—it's just next door."

"Why, you poor little thing! I ain't much on play actin'; and look at my hands—all black from the power house!"

"Please! That ain't nothin'. It'll be only a minute. Just kinda say things after me and don't let her know—don't let her know that I—I ain't got any young man. Don't let her know!"

"You poor little thing, you—shaking like a leaf! Lead the way; but not so fast, little lady—you'll give out."

She cried and laughed her relief and dragged him across the sidewalk; and every step up the two flights she struggled to keep her hysterical voice within the veil of a whisper.

"Just say everythin' right after me. You—you're my young man and real sweet on me; and we're going to get—you know; everythin' is goin' to be fine and my little brother's going to the Electric Institute, and everythin's goin' to be swell. Be right lovin' to her, sir—she's so sick. Oh, Gawd, I ——"

"Don't cry, little girl."

"I ain't cryin'."

"Careful; don't stumble."

"Don't *you* stumble. Can you see? The landing's so dark."

"Yes; I can see by the shine of your hair, little lady."

"Sh-h-h-h!"

The door stood open at the angle she had left it, and by proxy of the slab of mirror over the mantelpiece she could see her mother's head propped against her brother's gold-braided shoulder and the bright eyes shining out like a gazelle's in the dark.

"Essie?"

"We are here, maw—me and Joe." She threw a last appeal over her shoulder and led the way into the bedroom; her companion followed, stooping to accommodate his height to the doorway.

"Maw dearie, this is Joe."

"Joe! It ain't like me, Joe, not to get up; but I just ain't got the strength—to-night, Joe."

He bent his six-feet-two over the bed and smiled at her from close range.

"Well, well, well! So this is maw dearie!"

"That's her, Joe."

"This won't do one bit, maw. Me and the little lady's got to get you cured up in a hurry—don't we, little lady?"

"Maw dearie, Joe's been wantin' and wantin' to come for so long."

"For so long I been wantin' to come, maw dearie; but ——"

"But he's so bashful. Ain't you, Joe? bashful as a banshee."

"Bashful ain't no name for me, maw. I'd shy at a baby."

"Honest, maw dearie, he's as shy as anything."

"If I wasn't, wouldn't I have been up to see my little lady's mother long ago—wouldn't I? Ain't you going to shake hands with me, maw dearie?"

She held up a hand, as light as a leaf, and he took it in a wide, gentle clasp that enveloped it.

"Maw dearie!"

Her violet lids fluttered and she lay back from the gold-braided shoulder to her pillow, but smiling.

"I like your hand, Joe; I like it."

"I want you to, maw."

"We—I was afraid, Joe, I wouldn't, you never comin' at all. Shake it, Jimmie, and see.

"It's a strong hand, like your papa's was, Essie. Shake it, Jimmie. I feel just like cryin', it's so good. Shake it, Jimmie."

Across the chasm of youth's prejudice Jimmie held out a reluctant hand.

"And this is the big brother is it, little lady?"

"That's what he calls hisself, Joe—he calls me his little sister."

"He's gotta be a big brother to her, Joe; she's so—so little."

"Shake, old man; and take off that grouch. Over where I live a fellow'd be fined ten cents for that scowl. If we got anything to square, you and me'll square it outside after school. What do you say to that, maw dearie? Ain't it right?"

"Jimmie's tired out, Joe."

"Like fun I am!"

"He's been proppin' me up all these hours so I could breathe easier—plunkin' and doin' all his funny kid stunts for his old maw, Essie—plunkin' like a banjo, and plunkin'. I liked it. Sometimes it was like I was floatin' in a skiff, with your papa, on Sunday afternoons in the park, Essie. I liked it. He's all tired out—ain't you, Jimmie, my boy?"

"Naw!"

"He's sore at his sister, Joe. But he's a good boy and smart! You wouldn't believe it, Joe; but when it comes to mechanics he—he's just grand!"

"Aw, cut it, maw! I ain't strikin' to make a hit."

"He's only tired, Joe, and don't mean nothin' he says."

"Naw; I'm only tryin' my voice out for grand opery!"

"You're a regular sorehead with me, ain't you, old man?"

"Aw!"

"He ain't easy at makin' up with strangers, Joe; but he's a smart one. See that on the table? That's his self-chargin' dynamo; it's a great invention, Joe, the janitor says. You tell him about it, Jimmie."

"There ain't nothin' to tell."

"Don't believe it, Joe; the janitor's a electrician and he says ——"

"Aw!"

"See! There it is, Joe."

"Aw, I don't want everybody pokin' and nosin'!"

"Lemme have a look at it, old man. I know something about dynamos myself. Say, that looks like a neat little idea. How does she work?"

"See—you generate right down in here. See? She worked that time, maw."

"Jimminycracks! Where'd you get your juice and —— Well, well! Whatta you know about that? Don't even have to reverse. I guess that storage down there ain't some stunt!"

"See, Jimmie, my boy! I told you it was a grand invention. Hear what Joe says?"

"Say, kid, you bring that—take that over to the Institute to-morrow. I know a fellow over there'll protect your rights and work that out with you swell."

"See, Jimmie, your—your old maw was right!"

"Aw, the generator don't always work like that—only about four times out of six. I'm kinda stuck on the ——"

"Say, kid, what you wanna do is protect your rights on that, and—and bring it over—take it over to the Institute. You'll give 'em the jolt of their lives over there. I know a fellow's been chasin' this idea ten years, and you're fifty per cent closer to the bull's eye than he is."

"Hear, Jimmie! Hear, Essie! Just like I been sayin'. I been beggin' and beggin' him, Joe; but he—he's so stubborn; and——"

"Aw, maw, cut it, can't you?"

"He's so stubborn about it, Joe."

"There's no use tryin' to force him, maw; but he's gotta good idea there if he handles it right."

"Aw, she ain't finished yet—she don't work right."

"That's what I'm tellin' you, kid. What you need is a laboratory, where you've got the stuff to work with and men who can give you a steer where you need it, and ——"

"Aw!"

"I'll go over with you. I know a fellow over there—he's the guy that helped Kinney win his transmitter prize. You'll give him the jolt of his life, old man. Huh, kid? Wanna go over?" He placed his hand on the gold-braided shoulder and smiled down. "Huh? You on, old man?"

"Aw, I ain't much for buttin' in places."

"Are you on, Jimmie? It's your chance, old man."

"Aw!"

"Jimmie! Jimmie, my boy, I ——"

"Aw, I said I was on, didn't I, maw?"

"Sure, he said he was on, maw dearie. Shake on it, old man!"

"Jimmie! Jimmie, my boy—honest!—it's just like your papa was talkin'! Don't leggo my hand, Joe. Layin' here with my eyes shut it's just like he was talkin' hisself. He's—he's like your papa was, Essie, big and strong."

"Yes, darlin'."

"Is that the doctor? Is Lizzie Marks come back? Is that ——"

"No; not yet, maw."

"You're all tired out, Essie baby, aren't you? Look at your little face! Go wash it, baby, and cool it off before old man Gibbs comes."

"It ain't hot, maw."

"He brought you into the world, Essie baby, and I don't want him to see it—to see it all ——"

"I'm all right, maw. Lemme stay by you."

"Go wash your face, Ess. Maw says go wash your face."

A dustless Tarvia-treated Road, Middletown, R. I.

A cure for dusty roads—Tarvia

DON'T you often find the fun of a ride or a walk through the country marred by the dust?

Aren't there days when you are fairly choked with the clouds raised by passing automobiles, your shoulders white with dust, your clothes all but ruined?

And haven't you seen that dust float over the lawns into fine homes, making the verandas uninhabitable and ruining costly furnishings?

And did you ever notice how rain on a grade gullies out the side of the macadam, making it rough as the rocky road to Dublin, necessitating costly repairs?

By way of contrast, how would you like to live in a township *that bonds its macadam with Tarvia?*

The roads then are dustless, mudless, smooth—the air is pure and clean—the adjacent lawns green and fresh, and you can ride or walk in comfort.

What's the use of paying taxes to maintain roadways that not only create a nuisance but don't stand the stress of modern traffic?

If *your* town isn't a Tarvia town yet, why not get after the local road authorities till they make it one!

There's economy as well as civic beauty in tarviated roads.

Booklets regarding the Tarvia treatment free on request.

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Sweeping a road in preparation for applying Tarvia.

Keeping Things Cool Without Ice

For 6 to 10 cents per day

NEVER again need you buy ice for any purpose. The little machine on top of the refrigerator and the cooling radiator inside have solved this vexing problem.

When equipped with the Germania System of Refrigeration, your refrigerator will preserve food perfectly for weeks in pure, dry air—*uniformly* cold—at any temperature desired, down to zero.

The Germania System does away with the ice man entirely, and eliminates the many consequences of impure ice. It is impossible for mold to form even on cooked foods in the cold, dry air produced by the Germania System.

The Germania System makes pure ice for the table, freezes ices and parfaits, and cools the water pipes. The price of installation is reasonable, and the cost of operation is only 6 to 10 cents per day.

Cold storage experts agree that meats, vegetables and other foods can be most satisfactorily preserved at a point just above freezing, in air that is uniformly cold and dry, and where the temperature does not fluctuate.

Are you able to maintain a *uniform temperature in your refrigerator?* Do you get the temperature as *cold* as should be?

The distinctive features of the Germania System of Refrigeration are these:

The Germania System produces dry, cold air, by collecting and freezing the natural moisture in the atmosphere. It maintains any *uniform* temperature desired, *down to zero*. You can regulate the degree of cold to suit your requirements.

The Germania System, as here illustrated, is based on the same principle used in cold storage plants, in large packing houses and in the most modern hotels, where food stuffs must be kept for weeks,—because this system of dry air refrigeration has been proved most efficient and most economical for keeping perishable foods in prime condition.

The Germania System is the result of twenty years' effort to produce a simple, compact refrigerating device at a low cost. It can be easily installed in connection with any refrigerator—either on top of the refrigerator or in the basement of the home.

It is silent and automatic in operation. There are no valves to twist, no adjusting—nothing to get out of order. Start or stop it by turning a switch. It is literally "fool-proof".

This system is to be operated 6 to 8 hours per day. Our small size residence machine has a capacity equal to 350 lbs. of ice every 24 hours.

We make larger sizes for apartment houses, hotels, clubs, sanitariums, grocers, butchers, druggists, florists, and all others requiring economical and efficient refrigeration.

Send For This Book

Whether you desire the Germania System for your residence or place of business, or wish to become the general representative of this company in your city it will pay you to read the very interesting book—"Keeping Things Cool Without Ice."

Please fill out and send the coupon today. You'll get the book by return mail.

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Germania Refg. & Mchy. Co., Belleville, Ill. Dept. 2 P.

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Name _____

Address _____

For Residence? Business? Kind of Bus? _____

"You shut up, Jimmie Birdsong it ain't your face!"

"You know all righty, missy, why she wants you to wash it—you know ——"

"Maw, he keeps fussin' with me! Jimmie, please don't."

"Aw, I ain't neither, maw. She's always peckin' at me. I—I ain't mad at her; but I want her to wash that—that stuff off her face"

"Jimmie!"

Her lips quivered and she glanced toward the stranger, with her lids drooping over her eyes like curtains to her shame; and he smiled at her with eyes as soft as spring rain, and his voice a caress.

"Go, little lady. You're all tired out and too pretty and too sweet not to wash your face and—cool it off."

"She's gotta go or I'll get her in a corner and rub ——"

"I'm goin', ain't I, Jimmie? Honest, the minute we make up you begin pickin' a fuss again."

"Oh, my children!"

"Oh, there she goes off again! Why don't old man Gibbs come? Lay her down, Joe; she can't breathe that way. Look! Her hands are all blue like. Hold her up, Joe; Oh, why don't old man Gibbs come? She's all shakin'—all shakin'!"

"No, I ain't. What you cryin' there at the foot of the bed for, Essie? It ain't no time to cry now, darlin'. It's like it says on the crocheted lamp mat your papa's aunt did for us—God is Good! Where is that mat, Essie? I—I ain't seen it round for—so—long. God is good! God—is—good! Where is that mat, Essie?"

"It's round somewheres, maw. It's old and worn out—in the ragbag, maybe."

"We'll get it out, Essie."

"Yes, maw."

"Promise, Essie!"

"Sure, maw; we'll get it out and keep it out."

"Oh, Joe, why did you keep us waitin' and waitin'? She's so little and pretty. Look at her dimples, Joe, even when she's cryin'. The prettiest girl in the notions, she was; and I—I been so scared for her, Joe. Why did you keep us waitin' and waitin'?"

"Me and the little girl was slow in getting here, maw; but we—we're here for good now—ain't we, little lady? Little lady with the hair just like maw's!"

"She gets it from me, Joe. Her papa used to say her hair was like the copper trimmings of his machines. Such machines he kept, Joe! His boss told me hisself they were just like looking-glasses. Essie, come closer, darlin'.

"You won't forget the lamp mat, will you, darlin'—the lamp mat?"

"Oh no, maw. Oh, maw, you ain't mad at me? Please—please! Honest, maw, your little Essie didn't know!"

"Maw knows we didn't know, little lady. She ain't mad at us. She's glad that everything's going to be all right now; and you and her and Jimmie and me are ——"

"Oh, my children!" the sick woman murmured. She smiled and slipped her fingers between her daughter's face and the coverlet.

"Look up, Essie! I feel so light! I feel so light! It's like it says on the lamp mat—just like it says, Essie."

"Maw! Maw darlin', open your eyes!"

"Maw!"

"Here, Jimmie, lend a hand! Lemme hoid her up—so! No; don't give her any more of that black stuff, Jimmie, old man. Wait till the doctor comes. Let her lie quiet on my arm—just like that; and hand me that ammonia bottle there, Essie, like a sweet little lady. See there! She's coming round all right. Who says she ain't coming to? Now, maw—now!"

"Joe, don't leggo me!"

"Sure I won't, maw dearie."

She warmed to life slightly and the tears seeped through her closed eyes and she felt of his supporting arm down the length of his sleeve.

"Joe! Essie, that you?"

"Maw darlin', we're all here."

"Don't cry, little lady. See, she's coming out of it all right. Here, gimme a lift, Jimmie. See there! She's got her breath all right again."

They laid her back on the pillow and she folded her hands lightly, ever so lightly, like lilies, one over the other.

"Children! Children, I'm ready."

"Ready for what, maw? Some more black medicine?"

"Just ready, Jimmie, my boy! Here, Joe; hold my hand. It's like his was, children big and strong."

"Aw, maw! Come on! Perk up!"

"I am, Jimmie, my boy."

"Perk up for sure, I mean. Gee, ain't there enough to perk about? Look at Joe and Ess—enough to give a fellow the Willies, pipin' at each other like sugar'd melt in their mouths!"

"My Jimmie's a great one for teasin' his sister, Joe."

"And look at me, maw—ain't I going to take my dynamo over to the Institute? And ain't the whole bunch of us right here next to your bed? And just look, maw—look at the two of 'em turnin' to sugar right this minute from lovin' each other! Ain't it the limit? Look at us, maw—all here and fine as silkworms!"

"Yes, yes, Jimmie; that's why I feel so light. I never felt so light before. It's like it says on the lamp mat, Jimmie—just like it says. I'm ready for sure, my darlin's."

"Oh, maw—ready for what? Look at us, maw dearie—all three of us standing here—ready for what, dearie?"

"You tell 'em, Joe; you—you're big and strong."

"I—I don't know, maw. I don't think I—I know for sure, dearie."

"Ready for what, maw? Tell us, darlin'."

She turned her face toward them, a smile printed on her lips.

"Just ready, children!"

Sense and Nonsense

Choosing a Head

IN THE early days printers in most newspaper offices supplied the headlines for the items they put in type. Henry Cary tells a story of a man in a Milwaukee composing room who had a paragraph he did not understand.

He went over to the foreman and showed him the item.

"How'll I head this?" he asked.

"Oh," said the foreman, "head it appropriately. Don't bother me with such questions."

So the next morning the item appeared in the paper headed: Appropriately!

The Goat

A NEGRO order in Georgia borrowed the name and insignia of a popular white lodge without asking permission. The white fraternity promptly went into court with a restraining order. The issue was carried on appeal to the highest court of the state, where the attorney for the plaintiffs appeared to ask that the injunction be made permanent. He was addressing the full bench.

"Why, if your honors please," he stated excitedly, "these negroes got our pass words, our hailing signs, our secret work, our badges, our emblems."

The chief justice leaned forward with a smile upon his face.

"It would appear," he said, "that they also got your goat."

The Intelligent Newcomer

WE ARE credibly informed that Englishmen are the greatest colonizers in the world, the greatest sportsmen in the world, and the greatest outdoor people in the world. Sometimes, out in the newer parts of Canada, people are willing to argue that. A Western bishop hired a new-come Englishman to cook, as he was the only one in the party who could not cook, and cautioned him to be sure to wash the meat before cooking it. He did—with soap.

It was an Englishman not yet across the water who wrote to find out about the proper outfit for Canada, and who inquired whether moccasins or snowshoes were regarded as the warmer for footwear.

It was an Englishman, on the Athabasca River, who bored a hole in a floating scow to let the water out. And yet another Englishman, when asked to set a water-mark at night to determine whether or not the river was rising, carefully made a mark at the water line on the side of a floating boat.

On the whole, there seems to be a great difference between colonizers and colonists.

Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner

Now $25

To The Housewife:

Make YOUR Summer Days Play Days—Get Out Into The Open

SPRING and Summer are beckoning! Don't stay cooped up in the house—it isn't necessary. In over 70,000 homes the day's cleaning is done in an hour after breakfast. The happy hum of the motor, the whirring brush of the Frantz Premier have finished the day's cleaning in these homes. Every room is spick and span and the home is as bright, clean and healthful as the cool air of the woods.

The dirt-devouring nozzle of the Frantz Premier has gone into every nook and corner, over every rug and carpet, easily, smoothly and efficiently. Not an atom of dirt or grit, not a thread, scrap or bit of lint, has escaped it.

These 70,000 good housekeepers have found that the Frantz Premier is their best friend in the hot, dusty days of summer, because it leaves them the best part of the day for enjoyment. Open doors and windows (even tho screened) admit dust and dirt from the unswept streets. The way to clean easily and economically, the way that leaves you time to laugh and sing, to swim and walk, to study and play, is the *Frantz Premier way.*

The Frantz Premier is more than a mere suction or vacuum sweeper. **It is an electrically operated cleaner weighing only nine pounds, and it's more effective than if it weighed ninety.** Its light weight is made possible by aluminum castings throughout; a sturdy, compact motor; and the elimination of all unnecessary parts. The light and convenient special tools make it easy to aërate and clean portières, curtains, wall coverings, upholstered furniture, clothing, bedding, etc. A complete set costs only $7.50.

At the new and reduced price of $25 no household can afford to be without a Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner. There is a dealer near your home who will gladly demonstrate it on your rug. See him today or call him on the phone. Let him show you a Frantz Premier in action—you will have more time to spend on the porch and out in the open.

To Dealers and Agents:

This Year We Will Build, Ship and Sell 100,000 Frantz Premier Cleaners

LAST YEAR we broke all records by marketing over 60,000 machines. Because of that tremendous volume of business we are now able to reduce the price of the Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner to $25. You dealers who have been through our big factory and have seen the watch-like precision with which Frantz Premier cleaners are made can easily understand the reasons for our phenomenal success and how volume has made this low price possible.

We are announcing this *wonderful reduction in price* at this time because *summer is the time when the housewife needs the Frantz Premier most; it is, therefore, the best selling time.* At the new price you are getting the same model—the same quality, the same material, the same efficient cleaner that has been sold until today at $30. No cleaner at any price can do more than the Frantz Premier at $25.

Now you can offer to your trade the most efficient cleaner in the world at a price within the reach of every home. The Frantz Premier carries with it our written guarantee that it is mechanically perfect, but with it goes our bigger guarantee of Frantz Premier *Service*—a real service that the housewife appreciates.

NOW is the psychological moment!! Summer time is the logical time to sell cleaners. Here is the cleaner—and the price speaks for itself.

With the same ease that you disposed of one Frantz Premier last year you can now sell two. Remember that every machine you put into a home last year has made friends for you. The American housewife is not selfish—she tells her friends how the Frantz Premier took work off her shoulders and lightened her burden every day in the year.

"9 A.M.—And The Fun's Begun"

If you don't know what dealer sells the Frantz Premier drop us a postal card today and we will give you his name and send you our "9 A. M." booklet.

This is your opportunity! Write or wire us today!

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
The World's Largest Makers of Electric Cleaners :: 1134 Power Avenue
CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.

HYOFLEXROL

THE BURDEN CARRIERS OF TODAY, COMPARED TO THOSE OF YESTERDAY, CARRY FIVE TIMES THE LOAD AND GET THERE IN ONE FIFTH THE TIME.

Though the road may be rougher, the burden heavier, and the speed terrific, making the possible violence of concussion greater, yet the shocks and vibrations of motor trucks are absorbed by "HYATT QUIET BEARINGS," which contribute largely to the safe carrying of the most fragile goods.

These bearings, by cushioning the road shocks and vibrations, relieve the surrounding mechanism of many undue strains, and insure a long and serviceable life to the vehicle. "HYATT QUIET BEARINGS" are the standard equipment of high-grade cars.

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

BANTRY

(Concluded from Page 11)

Though the band was still playing in the distance, the loading of the service tents, side shows and cages had already begun. Before long the elephants arrived, and sure enough, as Stub had foretold, the big bulls refused to enter the new cars. Prods, commands, curses, tail-twisting were all in vain; the big brutes, squatting and waving their trunks, only squealed the louder, until finally lions, tigers, cockatoos and monkeys joined in the pandemonium, and Foster's hair fairly rose.

Then out came the blocks and tackle. A team of horses was attached to one end of the rope; the other end was tied about an elephant's neck, and he was dragged up the incline like a bale of rags. This was exciting enough at first; but when the rope failed to break and none of the animals threw himself off the incline, Foster turned his attention to the cows and calves.

These were drawn up in line like soldiers, some distance off, where they stood as motionless as statues, apparently asleep and quite content, even in the absence of a keeper, to let their husbands and fathers settle the row they had kicked up. Immediately in front of them was an old mill race and along the edge of this race ran a footpath.

Now Foster, noting the absence of a keeper and still tasting his conquest of Maharajah, decided to walk down this path, which he did, passing within three feet of the big triangular heads and within easy reach, of course, of the trunks. He kept repeating: "No elephunt will hurt me! No elephunt will hurt me!" Nor did it. The goose flesh popped out on his body, but nothing happened except, as he walked along, one wicked little eye after another slowly opened and slanted a gleam at him and slowly closed again.

The last animal in the line was a corrugated old cow named Bantry. Foster had learned her name that morning, and now recognized her from a tattooed crescent on her left ear, which, according to Mukunda Das, was an insignia of Mohammedan royal rank. Mukunda had declared that Bantry knew more than most men, having had a century and a half in which to gather wisdom. She had been bought at an enormous price by the rajah of Mukunda's home province from a Sumatran sultan, and sold again by the rajah to Sellspaugh Brothers. The sultan had asked the enormous price, not only because of Bantry's intelligence, but also because of her remarkable attachment to his little son, who had died at the age of ten. And Mukunda had added a sentence which thrilled Foster through and through: "Little sahib looks much like sultan's little boy."

Now the mahout in addressing Bantry always used a word which sounded to Foster like "Bizzilla," and it never failed to catch Bantry's attention. It was a fascinating word as it came hissing from the swarthy man's lips. Foster had practiced it off and on all day until he had almost reached Mukunda's sibilant perfection; and at this instant, standing about five feet from Bantry, he was seized with an irresistible desire to try his pronunciation out on her.

He glanced up the path. No one was coming. All the mahouts were still wrestling with the bulls.

"Bizzilla, Bantry!" said he quickly, fairly whistling his z's.

His heart leaped as Bantry opened her eyes. But she, seeing only a boy and imagining, perhaps, that she had dreamed the words, sighed deeply and closed her eyes again.

"Bizzilla, Bantry!" he repeated louder.

This time the effect was startling. Bantry coiled her trunk underneath her mouth and advanced a step. Foster fell back three steps. She advanced three. More than this, every elephant in the line followed suit, executing a left-oblique as precisely as a rank of soldiers.

Dismayed but not frightened, and fearing only the circus man's wrath, Foster turned and walked rapidly away, expecting to close the incident. To his astonishment the elephants followed. Still cool, for he had no doubt of his ability to outfoot the clumsy beasts, if it came to that, he swung into a trot. Bantry did likewise. He let out a notch, but at the next street Bantry was padding along close behind him, and behind her was a line of ghostly forms, whose huge, columnar legs swung with incredible silence and swiftness.

Terror now winged his feet. He ran as he had never run before, not even on that memorable Halloween night when he had thrown a pumpkin against Crazy Sackett's door, and Crazy Sackett had suddenly risen up from behind a lilac bush with a bludgeon in his hand; or when Brockley's bull chased him across a pasture lot. Yet the steady pluff-pluff of Bantry's feet, like some one thumping a leather cushion with a feather duster, diminished not one whit in his straining ears.

He turned the corner, thinking his unwieldy pursuers might skid across the street and come to grief against a row of shade trees. But they one and all, down to the baby elephant in the extreme rear, made a beautiful turn; and it was now evident to him that Bantry, overlooking his resemblance to the sultan's son, was bent on his destruction.

The first refuge that occurred to him was home. But the awful image of those ten mountains of flesh being hurled against the parsonage, a frame building at that, quickly changed his mind. The same consideration deterred him from seeking safety in any other building, for he hadn't a doubt that the elephants would plow like a cyclone through even the First National Bank, which was built of stone and iron.

By this time he was flying down Main Street. It had never seemed so wide or so long. Lincoln's statue in front of the courthouse looked a mile away, though only two blocks. A man the size of that statue, it flashed over him, could save him. But no man of any size was in sight, nor had he seen one since the beginning of his desperate flight.

In the middle of the next block, however, he spied Hank Lovejoy, the night watchman, whom he recognized by his lantern. He knew that Hank carried a revolver, a huge one with a barrel like a gas-pipe, which, aimed at Bantry's forehead, would certainly close her mad career. Indeed, he remembered gratefully of hearing Hank speak of his weapon as an "elephant gun."

Breath was at too high a premium for him to call out for help, but he swerved toward the sidewalk, relying upon Hank to perceive the necessities of his case. Hank, though a round-shouldered man, straightened like a ramrod, letting his lantern fall with a crash. But, alas! instead of drawing his elephant gun, he suddenly stooped, lifted a grating in the sidewalk and dove into the cellar beneath.

Foster darted into an alley. It was narrow and paved with cobblestones, which were usually damp and slippery—a good thing for an elephant to break a leg on. And if Bantry went down she would blockade the passage against the others. But she did not go down; so halfway through the block Foster wheeled into an intersecting alley, confident that this sharp turn, flanked with the corners of brick buildings, would prove the undoing of his foe.

But no crash of bricks, no thud of tons of flesh, followed; nothing but the dreadful, regular pluff-pluff of all those pairs of cushioned feet, which he expected to hear until the day of his death. That, he feared, was not far off, either, for his heart was pounding fearfully and his lungs felt on fire.

Then in a flash the way of deliverance was made plain, which was to return to the yards and throw himself upon the mercy of the only men who could choke off the elephants. They would probably thrash him, to be sure, but their wrath was preferable to Bantry's.

He turned into Main Street again. His speed was falling off, and every moment he expected Bantry's snaky trunk to encircle his waist with an accompaniment of breaking bones. But he reached the willows again, and with renewed hope mustered all his strength for a final spurt.

Then he stubbed his toe upon a root and fell! The end seemed at hand. But Bantry, squatting like a dog and throwing a shower of dirt as she plowed along on widespread, stiffened legs, came to a stop with her great body looming above him like a balloon, and instead of trampling him to death, she reached between her forelegs with her trunk, picked him up and gently set him on his feet. Then she and all the others backed into line again, just as Foster had found them.

The next moment Mukunda Das dropped out of a near-by tree, chattering like a monkey. Foster, suspecting that he was swearing in Bengalese, made ready for a second flight. But the mahout flung himself upon the ground and kissed the boy's bare feet, murmuring: "Little sahib! Little prince!"

"No elephunt will hurt me," said Foster, simply because he was too astonished to think of anything else.

He reached his room undetected; but of course such an amazing adventure could not be kept, even at the risk of punishment, and so he told his mother the next morning. She grew fairly pale and kissed him.

"What did Mukunda mean?" he asked.

She explained the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and said: "I suppose he thought the soul of the sultan's son had been reincarnated in you."

"Well, how do you know it ain't?" he demanded suddenly.

She started. "Why—I—I—it isn't according to our religion."

"But how do you know his religion ain't as good as ours?"

She let his "ain'ts" go unrebuked for once. "My dear," said she, drawing him closer and smoothing his bronzy hair, "those are questions which even the wisest can't answer. Now we'll go and make a clean breast to father. I fear he will punish you."

"I don't care if he does," declared Foster boldly. "It was worth a whipping. And, mother, no man can ever make me cry again when those elephants couldn't."

Daylight After Dark

DAYLIGHT eyeglasses are now being perfected to enable the wearer to see the same color values by gas or electric light as those given by daylight. With such glasses an artist could continue painting after dusk, using artificial light entirely. Color matching is very unsatisfactory under artificial light, as every woman knows; but complete success in the development of these glasses will mean that stores will have such glasses for customers to wear when it is necessary to judge colors by gas or electric lamps.

From the cigar sorter to the diamond merchant, daylight color values are essential to a great many occupations. Scores of devices to obtain artificial daylight have been invented, many with much success, because there is a real demand in business for daylight. Almost all are designed to produce an artificial light as near like daylight as possible, and then make the light more perfect by putting screens in front of the lamps to absorb from the light the color values not found in daylight.

So much light is absorbed by the screens, however, that the lighting value is reduced; consequently such artificial daylight outfits are usually inclosed in a cabinet or have only a limited amount of light—just enough for matching colors—and are not used for lighting a store, for instance. Recently some lighting equipments used in stores have been brought fairly close to daylight, but they hardly solve fully the color-matching problem.

The purpose of the daylight glasses is to permit the use of ordinary gas or electric lighting and still give an opportunity for color matching. Instead of carrying pieces of goods to a window, the woman customer need only slip on the glasses to judge the colors. The method by which the glasses do the work is the same as that of the artificial daylight cabinets. The glasses have color screens to absorb the light rays that are not found in daylight.

The fact that the screens are between the colors and the eyes, instead of between the light source and the colors, does not make much difference. It is only necessary in both instances to have the light source include the light rays that make color visible in daylight. Mercury-vapor lamps are deficient in red rays, causing the green complexion effects that are so noticeable; so, with these glasses, it would not be possible to do the color matching under a mercury-vapor lamp.

These glasses have been developed in the research laboratories of an American lighting company. The examples they have produced use gelatin films to absorb surplus rays; but the effort has been made to manufacture glass that shall have the right absorbing qualities. These efforts have recently been announced to be successful; so, before long, artificial daylight glasses will probably be marketed.

Cut with a saw and nail to joists, studding and headers.

First nail top center to hold in place.

Always nail to intermediate studding, before nailing ends. Use fine wire brads.

Nail edges with flat head nails, three inches apart.

Paint before the strips are put over edges of panels.

Decorative strips are stained or painted before they are nailed over edges.

Well Built Walls and Ceilings

Sometime you expect to build or remodel. Then you ought to know about BEAVER BOARD and its 41 advantages over lath and plaster for buildings of every kind.

BEAVER BOARD is a pure-wood-fibre product—light, strong, clean and wholesome.

It isn't a mere covering for walls—it's the whole wall, except the timbers to which it is nailed.

BEAVER BOARD is quickly put up, winter or summer. It resists the passage of heat, cold, sound, and suits new and remodeled buildings of every kind.

Visitors to Buffalo and Niagara Falls are cordially invited to visit our Buffalo offices and get a first-hand acquaintance with BEAVER BOARD quality, beauty and co-operative service.

BEAVER BOARD is sold by 8000 builders' supply, lumber and hardware dealers, in sizes to meet all your needs.

Write for free booklet "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses," and painted sample. Also for details of the free service of our Department of Design and Decoration and our Builders' Service Department.

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BEAVER BOARD WALLS AND CEILINGS

The Victrola is the ideal ente

The Victrola not only delights the entire household, but makes it so easy to entertain.

An evening of grand opera or a varied program of musical entertainment—the Victrola presents it by an array of famous artists whose superb renditions every one will enjoy.

And it's likely you'll want to
Victrola is at once transformed
orchestra to play all the latest d
with a tone and rhythm that a

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Victrola in your home.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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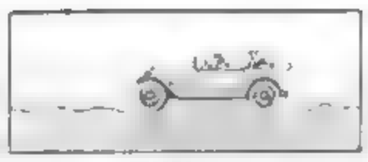
Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles— ***the combination.*** **There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.**

Hills



Heavy Roads

Boulevards

Every-day tests of your lubrication. Try them on nearby roads.

How soon does incorrect lubrication show up?

Often in one short run.

Consider three types of roads:

Hills. You come to a sharp grade. With one lubricant you must drop to a lower speed. With another lubricant you can climb the hill easily.

Why?

Because the first lubricant is wrong in *body*. Compression and explosion escape past the piston rings. Power is wasted. If the oil is low in *quality*, you must also overcome excessive friction.

Only oil correct in *body* and *quality* will give you full power for the hills.

Heavy Roads. The conditions are very similar to those in hill climbing.

Sand, mud or "rough going" brings heavy strains to the motor.

Where an oil correct in *body* and *quality* carries the car along easily, an incorrect oil brings power-waste and excessive friction-drag. Overheating is apt to follow.

Boulevards. Along level roads loss of power is not so often noticed.

But, even on the smoothest roads, only the correct grade of oil will give you full power and full mileage from your gasoline.

To compare the efficiency of any oil with that of Gargoyle Mobiloil, make this test:

Test. Select a steep hill. See how far you can go up on high gear with the former oil. Then clean out your motor with kerosene. Fill your oiling system with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. Be sure that operating conditions in both cases are identical. Use the same test. See how much farther you go up the hill.

Use the oil specified for your car in our Lubricating Chart, printed in part on the right. A copy of our complete Chart will be sent any motorist on request.

On request we will also mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the wholesale, the letter opposite the car [illegible] the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

unattached as prospects and investigating them with her two standards in mind—money and position.

XVII

HICKS was much disappointed because Mrs. Lester did not come down to breakfast next morning, and hurried back that evening to meet her. Soon after six o'clock she made another effective descent of the staircase in another effective gown.

"I should think," sniffed a straight-up-and-down wife of a representative, "that she would get tired of those theatrical entrances and exits of hers, but apparently she never does, even if we do."

"My dear Mrs. Perkins," protested the astonished Hicks, "how can you talk like that? She is the most natural and unaffected woman I ever met."

"Then," commented Mrs. Perkins bitingly, "you haven't met many women. I suppose it impresses you because you are young and fresh from the West, but I for one am tired of her continual pose. Perhaps, though"—and she concentrated a baleful gaze on Hicks—"she is putting on extra frills for your benefit. She has been a widow long enough now, I fancy."

Hicks affected great indignation, although the thought made him glow within. "Preposterous!" he exclaimed. "Her grief is sincere, I am sure, and she has no idea of anything of the kind."

"Have you?" asked Mrs. Perkins, looking squarely at Hicks.

"Not in the least," he hastened to assure her. "I am simply attracted by her culture and charm."

"Well, then, take the advice of another woman who knows something about her sex, and do not be deluded too much by that culture or that charm."

"Why, the idea!" protested Hicks lamely; but that was the only retort he could think of at the moment. His mind and his eyes were on Mrs. Lester.

He discoursed at length to Mrs. Lester that night, and asked her whether she wouldn't like to go to the theater with him.

"I'm sorry," she said sweetly, "but I am still in mourning, you know, and never go out publicly. Indeed, I remain in my room most of the time, only occasionally visiting my most intimate friends here." Thereupon she proceeded to tell Hicks, in what seemed a most casual manner, that those friends were the real leaders of Washington society and persons of influence and distinction.

"It wouldn't hurt any to go to the theater, would it?" urged Hicks, thinking he might have her to himself for a few hours away from the others in the boarding house.

"Oh, la la, I suppose not; but don't you think it would be much cozier to stay here and chat than to go to a stuffy theater and see a mediocre play? Our American stage is so much inferior to the English stage, don't you think? And as for the stage in Paris—ah, the stage in Paris!" She made another gesture and lifted her eyes ecstatically. "There is no comparison. Such subtle interpretation of the emotions! I adore the stage of Paris."

"I shouldn't want a lady I know to see most of the French plays I've heard about," said Hicks virtuously.

She laughed a tinkling laugh. "Oh," she exclaimed, "you Puritans, you American Puritans! Why, you must not impute sordid motives to the French stage. It is the exemplification of art, of life—the wit and life of the dear French people."

She asked Hicks if he had ever been to the Comédie Française, or to the Odéon, and told of the gruesome plays of the Grand Guignol. Hicks, much abashed, confessed he had never been abroad, but hastened to say he intended to make a tour soon, and seized the first opening he had to change the subject to himself. Hicks was thoroughly at home when talking about himself, and was lavish with his commendation of his talents, his future, discoursing eloquently on the political honors that were inevitably in store for him.

"I shall win," he declaimed, "for the people are mighty and must prevail."

Mrs. Lester listened with a rather distraught air. Once or twice she yawned politely. Hicks did not notice the yawns, and kept along with his self-praise.

Once when he stopped for breath Mrs. Lester, assuming a most interested air, which was belied by a twinkle in her eyes, said with a pretty seriousness: "Oh, Mr. Hicks, I love to hear you talk. You are so earnest, so sincere, and earnestness and sincerity are so rare in these days."

She sighed, as if this lack of earnestness and sincerity were an added personal woe.

Whereupon the fatuous Hicks plunged into another oration, which had his own earnestness and sincerity for a theme. "I think I may say," he began pompously, "that ——"

Mrs. Lester had been looking for a chance to escape. This conceited young man was beginning to bore her. She saw Mrs. Lake, and excusing herself on the pretext that there was a matter she must talk over with her landlady, she wished him good-night.

She held out her hand impulsively, as it seemed to Hicks, and he grasped it and pressed it ever so little. She quickly withdrew her hand and went to join Mrs. Lake.

Hicks went out and took a walk, recalling her every word and look. Certainly she was the most attractive woman he had ever met, and a future spent in her company rose before his mind. He went to bed in a happy haze.

Mrs. Lester was not at dinner next day, and Hicks tried to learn why, but with no success. Mrs. Lake said she had gone out to dine. He ate his meal in moody silence and wandered about the parlors and hall, wondering where she was and bemoaning the sad fate that kept him from seeing her. Mrs. Perkins was sitting by the fire, and Hicks in desperation sat down beside her.

Mrs. Perkins had little use for Mrs. Lester. She had repeatedly been snubbed by that lady when she had endeavored to make some discoveries about Mrs. Lester's personal affairs. Hicks ventured a few commonplaces. Mrs. Perkins, knowing what was on his mind, waited for her opening. It came when Hicks, in what he deemed was a most unconcerned manner, said: "I didn't see Mrs. Lester at dinner to-night."

Mrs. Perkins' eyes gleamed malevolently. "No," she replied, "I suppose she was out dining with some of her high society friends, leaders of the exclusive set."

"She has many friends among the most influential people, she tells me," observed Hicks.

"That's what she tells everybody," snapped Mrs. Perkins; "but you mustn't believe all you hear, especially when a widow who is trying to keep up appearances is doing the telling."

Hicks paid little attention to what Mrs. Perkins said. He was thinking of Mrs. Lester. After a moment's silence he asked: "How old do you suppose she is?"

"That is a matter of conjecture," Mrs. Perkins answered. "Judging from the amount of European traveling she has done, and the length of time she has lived in the castles of the nobility, she must be seventy. Looking at her under the shaded lights of this room she seems about thirty. If you could get a glimpse of her in the morning before she is rigged up she might seem older than that. She says she is twenty-six and was married when she was seventeen."

"I should say," ventured Hicks, "that twenty-six or twenty-seven is about right."

Mrs. Perkins changed her attitude. "Sonny," she said not unkindly, "you'd better run right back home. You may do something foolish if you stay here."

She rose and left Hicks staring into the fire. He acknowledged to himself that he was strongly swayed by Mrs. Lester, and hoped she liked him; but up to this time it had not been brought home to him that he might, under the influence of his stirred emotions, go farther than he expected to. He had no intention of getting married, even if so remote a contingency arose as Mrs. Lester's consent to marry him, which had not occurred to him concretely, albeit there had been vague notions on the subject in his mind. He was entirely interested in the career he intended to make for himself, and he pondered the things Mrs. Perkins had said.

Hicks was not a woman's man. He was engrossed with himself and his ambitions, and up to this time had not been impressed particularly with any woman, although some women had appealed to him because of their beauty and attractiveness.

"Pshaw!" he said as he rose to go to his room; "what's the use of my getting excited about this woman? It'll be ten years before I want to get married, and probably I'll never see her again after I go home."

But he couldn't dismiss her from his mind, and the fetching pictures she had presented were engraved on his memory.

On the advice of Senator Paxton, Hicks devoted much of his time to making himself known to the Democratic leaders in the Senate and House. He called on all the big

This Man Keeps the "Gas" in Gasolene and "Velvet" in Oil

S. F. Bowser, the active head of the great S. F. Bowser concern of Fort Wayne, gave the world the first self-measuring oil pump. Today this concern makes over five hundred different oil handling devices that solve the problem of oil storage, safety, utility, economy.

These range from efficiency equipment for the small private garage, to Bowser Systems for the country's largest or smallest Factories and Power Plants.

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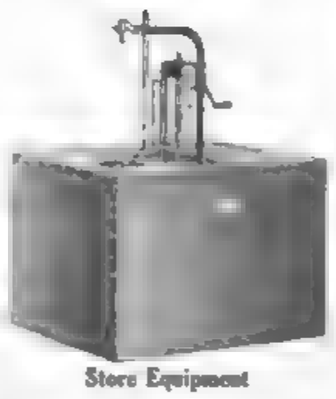

Store Equipment

And the cost is small. All sizes. Easily and economically installed. A Bowser System saves its own cost in oil, efficiency, convenience.

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men, and was twice invited to luncheon in the Senate restaurant by Democratic senators to whom Senator Paxton had introduced him. He had met most of the big Democrats by the time he was ready to go home. Paxton congratulated him on his ability for making friends.

"You are getting on, Tommie," said the senator to him, when Hicks came in to say good-by. "Hostetter was talking to me about you the other day. He said you seem to be a most intelligent young Democrat, and well versed in the principles of the party. Grantley mentioned you too."

Hicks winced. He had been in the company of Senator Hostetter for an hour, and that garrulous statesman had talked continuously and ramblingly about his own scheme for currency reform, which he assured Hicks was a panacea, and the only one proposed, for the relief of the financial situation. Senator Grantley's conversation had consisted of three staccato inquiries of Hicks:

"What did you say your name is? Hicks? Ah, yes, and where do you live? Rextown? Very good. How are Democratic prospects out there?"

Hicks tried to answer, but the senator was busy with a bowl of crackers and milk and did not listen, and after a few spoonfuls had been hoisted into his capacious maw, looked up and asked exactly the same things over again, and without waiting for further reply dived into the crackers and milk once more. He did not hear a word Hicks said. Still, Hicks reflected, unless Senator Paxton was joking him, it was something to have these distinguished Democrats remember him at all.

"I gained much inspiration from my conversation with those statesmen," he observed.

Senator Paxton looked at him keenly.

"Oh, did you?" he asked. "Well, there is where you have something on the rest of us, who achieve nothing but a sense of utter weariness when they talk. However, that is a good sign. You take it all seriously, or say you do, which amounts to the same thing; for if you keep on saying you do you will eventually. Remain in that serious frame of mind toward your politics. You cannot be a successful protagonist for the new freedom of the people unless you are continuously as intense and consecrated as a hen that has been bereaved of her eggs and is sitting on a couple of doorknobs. Good-by and good luck to you. Keep me informed. I'm always at your service."

Mrs. Lester spent the week-end with some friends and Hicks delayed his departure for a day to see her again before he left. He had talked to her as frequently as she allowed him to and, though he held his feelings in check, he was still under the spell of her many fascinations. He had inquired of Mrs. Lake about her age, being uneasy because of the insinuations of Mrs. Perkins that she was not so young as she appeared, and Mrs. Lake had assured him Mrs. Lester was not a day over twenty-seven.

On the night of her return from her week-end visit, Hicks, seated by her in the parlor, told her he was leaving the following day.

"Are you?" she asked, with an assumption of great interest. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Hicks. I have enjoyed your company very much."

Hicks blushed. "I am glad to have been an instrument for giving you even the slightest happiness," he declaimed.

She devoted herself to him for an hour, urging him to recount his ambitions and his prospects, said a few skillful things about herself, including the dropping of a hint or two of her financial standing, and, as she gave him her hand at ten o'clock, besought him in a most ingenuous manner not to dismiss her entirely from his mind when he was out in Rextown fighting the fight of the people.

"Forget you!" repeated Hicks with as much sentiment in his voice as he deemed advisable. "Forget you? Why, Mrs. Lester, your memory shall remain with me always and shall be my inspiration."

She smiled radiantly at him and ran up the stairs, turning when half way to the top to wave a pretty hand at him and say softly: *"Auf wiedersehen!"*

"I suppose she is worth quite a lot of money," Hicks observed to Mrs. Lake at breakfast next morning.

"I suppose so," Mrs. Lake replied in an extremely non-committal manner.

Hicks took a train at noon. That afternoon Mrs. Lester, stopping in the hallway to say a few words to Mrs. Lake, brought up the subject of Hicks.

"Has Mr. Hicks gone?" she asked.

"Yes, he left at noon."

"A nice young man," she thought, as she went down the steps leading to the street. "Perhaps he will do some of the things he says he will. I'll keep track of him."

XVIII

HICKS stopped at Salestown to see his mother, and spent two boastful days among his boyhood friends, telling them of his success in Rextown. He wrote an article about himself for the Beacon, which Editor Grandison promised to publish, and which caused Colonel Seth Howard to grow purple in the face when he read it, because of the appreciative way in which Hicks referred to himself as one of the leaders of the Rextown bar and prominent in politics there.

Hicks took stock of himself on the train for Rextown, after his mother had bade him a fond and tearful farewell. It would be two years in April since he first reached Rextown. He had made in fees for collections and in various young-lawyer ways about two thousand dollars, and still had some of his original capital in the First National Bank. He had acquired many acquaintances and some friends. He had established himself as a young man of good character, was regular in his attendance at church, and felt sure Rollins liked him.

With Gudger he had fought the Rollins-Barkiss case through a seemingly endless series of negotiations and had finally forced a compromise with Chittlings, because of Gudger's superior legal abilities, for nine thousand dollars. This sum Hicks had paid to Rollins, and for his services Rollins gave him four hundred dollars, in addition to his retainer of a hundred dollars. Otherwise Hicks had not advanced much in the law, but he never expected to do much at his profession.

Chittlings was friendly. Hicks found him to be a man of considerable rough ability. He was noisy, even blatant, and he had none too many scruples, but he made friends and kept them. He was a good mixer, dabbled somewhat in politics, was always ready to buy a drink or a cigar, entertained a good deal at the Hotel Metropolis, belonged to the clubs, and was the Rextown type of a good fellow. He was a Republican. Hicks heard Chittlings had underground connections with Ross, the local boss, and with the corporations, and that he helped "put over" things in the board of aldermen that were wanted by the corporations. Chittlings apparently had no ambition for office. He was looking for money, and he had an income of five or six thousand dollars a year, which was excellent for a man in his position in Rextown at that time.

"Hello, Hicks," said Chittlings one day when they met at the Hotel Metropolis, "how's every little thing?"

"If you mean my health, I am well," Hicks answered. "If you mean my business, it is satisfactory."

"Haven't seen you in court much."

Tommie squirmed at this. "No," he replied, "I have been much taken with outside matters. However, I have some important cases in preparation."

"Glad to hear it," said Chittlings heartily. "Come and have a drink. Oh, I forgot, you don't drink. Drop in and see me some day soon. I want to have a talk with you. So long."

Two days later Hicks had nothing to do. He had been his hand-shaking rounds, had written every letter there was an excuse for writing, and he went down to Chittlings' office.

Chittlings was there. "Howdy, Hicks," he shouted, after Tommie had sent in his card. "Sit down and make yourself at home. Still busy with those important cases, I reckon."

"Yes," Tommie replied, "they are occupying the most of my attention."

Chittlings lighted a cigar with unnecessary care, Hicks thought, as he watched the operation. When the cigar was burning to his satisfaction, Chittlings turned in his chair, looked hard at Hicks and said: "Of course, Hicks, I know you haven't a case of any consequence in your office."

Hicks flushed. He clenched his fists and jumped to his feet.

"Do you mean to say I am a liar?" he asked excitedly.

"No, no," soothed Chittlings, "sit down and be calm. I don't mean to say you are a liar, but I do mean to say you are a bluffer

(Continued on Page 41)

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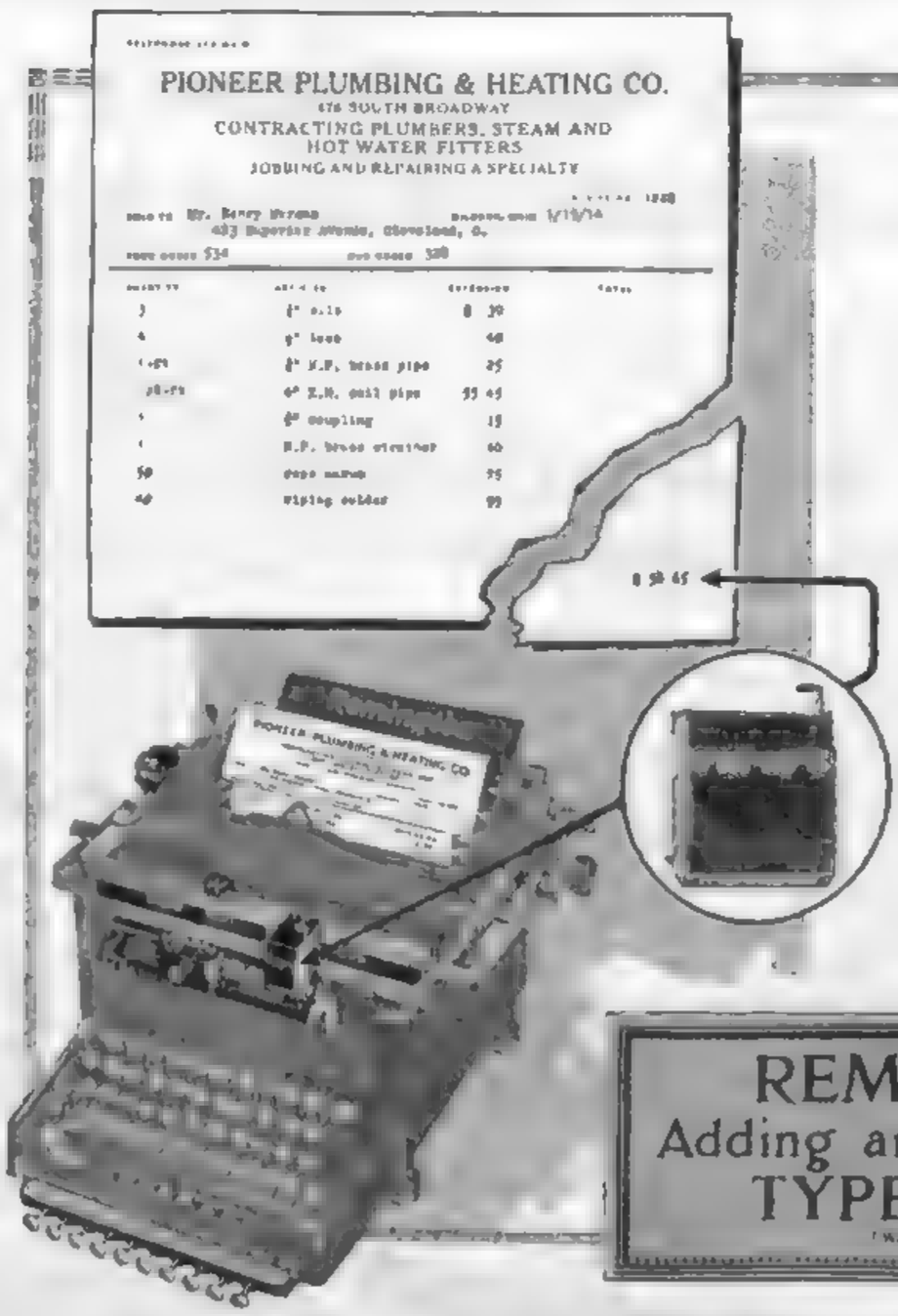
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(Continued from Page 38)

and a pretty darn good one, too, if anybody should ask you."

"I don't understand," protested Hicks.

"Oh, yes, you do; sit down and cut out the heroics. You know you haven't a case worth while in your office—I know you haven't and you know I know it."

"But ——"

"But nothing! That's the fact. Now, then, I've been watching you. Sit down; there's nothing for you to get sore about. I've been watching you, and I have a proposition to make to you."

"What sort of a proposition?"

"A proposition to come into my office."

"On what basis?"

"As a partner with a small interest."

"How much of an interest?"

"That's a matter for future consideration. How does the main plot strike you?"

"I fail to see any advantage to myself in such an arrangement."

"You do, do you? Well, listen to me and I'll put you wise as to several advantages. In the first place, you've got more nerve than an insurance agent and you've got more self-confidence than a stock-company actor. You are moving round this town and getting a good line of acquaintances, and you are playing an end of the game that isn't in my organization."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you have tied up with the church people and I have taken the other end of it; you have joined the Democrats and I am a Republican; you are a good-government boy and I am in favor of bad government if there is anything in it for me; you are on the reform lay and I am with the gang; you are well calculated to complement and supplement the activities of J. K. Chittlings, which is myself, and I can use you both to my own and to your advantage."

"It seems to me a one-sided affair," commented Hicks, who was listening intently.

"Not at all; not at all. You'll get your share. You are smart enough for that, even if I tried to do you. You are not much of a lawyer, and you never will be. You haven't a legal mind. You ——"

"Then why do you talk to me about making a law partnership with you?" exclaimed Hicks hotly. "I ——"

"Be calm, son, and let me explain. As I was saying, you are not much of a lawyer and never will be. Now I ain't such a wonderful lawyer myself. But that doesn't matter any more with me than it does with you. What I see in you is business-getting ability. I think with development you can be a good business-getter. You know how to make friends with people and keep friendly with them, barring your conceit, for which I give you the palm over any youngster I ever met; and business is what this institution needs."

"But," said Hicks, "if neither of us is a lawyer, as you say," and he sneered in his best style, "what good will business be to us even if I can get it?"

Chittlings laughed uproariously.

"My boy," he said, "there are many things you must learn, notwithstanding your firm idea you know it all. The success of a law firm, from a financial standpoint, doesn't depend on the amount of law it knows. It depends on the amount of law business it can get. I can hire lawyers by the platoon. I can get a dozen right in this town who know more law than you and I ever will know, and get them for small sums too. They know the law, but they haven't the faculty for getting the business. They can't cash in on their knowledge. I can develop you into a business-getter, and I can show you how to hire lawyers, hire them by the week for wages. There was that time, for example, when you hired Gudger. Do you get me?"

"I merely engaged Mr. Gudger because I was busy with other affairs," Hicks protested.

Chittlings laughed again. "Sure," he said, "but you hired him, didn't you, and you didn't fool Gudger and you didn't fool me. Still, in that transaction you showed a certain nerve and a certain horse-sense that made me look you over. Now, then, do you want to come in?"

Hicks had been revolving the proposition in his mind while Chittlings talked. He could see advantages, but he didn't purpose to be eager.

"I'll have to think about it," he replied.

"Oh, all right; there's no hurry. Let me present this angle to you, though: You are a Democrat and I am a Republican. You go to church and I don't. You are taking the people's end of it, or will when you know how, and I am for the money side. Now, then, if we join hands under my tutelage you will develop into an asset in this business and we can play both ends against the middle and get the money. Had that occurred to you?"

"I must consider what you say."

"No hurry. There's a good opening here. Chittlings & Hicks. Sounds pretty fair, eh, what?"

Hicks thought seriously of the proposition made by Chittlings. His first and most forcible objection was that Chittlings intended to call the firm Chittlings & Hicks. He could not justify that. In his opinion, any coalition must be known as Hicks & Chittlings, not only because it was more euphonious, but because he was the Hicks concerned. If he could get round that he decided the arrangement might have advantages. Although it pained him to admit it to himself he knew his knowledge of the law was so slight as to be of no consequence in the straight-out practice of that profession, and he realized the truth of Chittlings' claim that lawyers can be hired by the week. He felt confident he could get business, by aid of his various civic and church connections, as well as by his assiduous cultivation of men with business to bestow, and he decided it would be easier for this business to be carried through in a lawyer-like manner if Chittlings were there to look after that end of it.

Most of all he was interested in the hint by Chittlings that, one being a Democrat and the other a Republican, they could realize two ways. There was something about that that appealed to him strongly. He didn't bother to analyze his own view of such a proceeding, and it is doubtful if he could have analyzed it had he tried. Intrinsically the proposition appealed to Hicks. It suited his temperament. It fitted his quality of mind and conscience. It was on all fours with his habitual practice. He could see quick and easy returns. He knew Chittlings as a forceful fellow, who stood reasonably well in the community. More potent than all else, he figured that with Chittlings to guide him he could attain quicker and better results. So after mature deliberation he decided he would join Chittlings, provided, of course, the firm's name was Hicks & Chittlings. He must exact that tribute to his own importance.

He talked with Rollins about Chittlings. "What sort of a chap is he?" he asked.

"All right, professionally and personally, for all I know," Rollins told him. "But he's a Republican."

"What difference does that make so far as his professional standing goes?" inquired Hicks.

"None, I suppose," Rollins said; "not a bit, I reckon, with the general public. But I tell you, Hicks, there never was a Republican I would trust as far as I can throw a bull by the tail. There's something in that treasonable politics of theirs that makes me suspicious of the whole kit and caboodle of them."

Hicks laughed. "Oh, Mr. Rollins," he said, "I fear you are putting it too strongly."

"Not a bit," protested Rollins. "Not a bit. I'm not holding up all Democrats as paragons of purity, you understand, but I'd take my chances with one in a business deal sooner than I would with one of those traitorous Republicans."

Hicks said: "I am considering a proposition to go into partnership with Mr. Chittlings."

"You're what?" shouted Rollins.

"I say he has offered me a very favorable business arrangement to join with him in the associated practice of the law."

"But he's a Republican."

"Certainly he is, but I fail to see how a business association with him will affect my Democracy."

Rollins shook his head sadly. "You can't touch pitch without being defiled," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Rollins, it isn't so bad as that," and Hicks talked for twenty minutes, showing how it would be a good thing for the Democrats to have him in close touch with a Republican who was in turn in touch with Republican affairs.

"Well," said Rollins finally, "maybe it's all right, but I have my doubts."

Hicks saw Chittlings several times and they talked a little of the plan. "No hurry," said Chittlings. "Think it over carefully. It will be a good thing for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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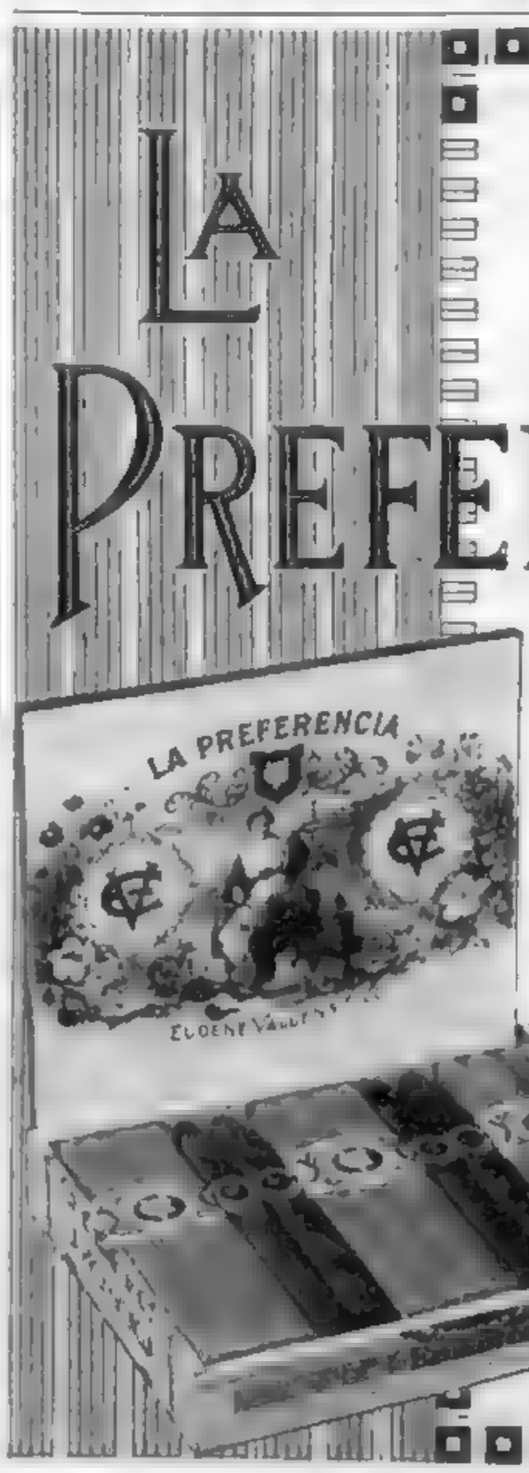

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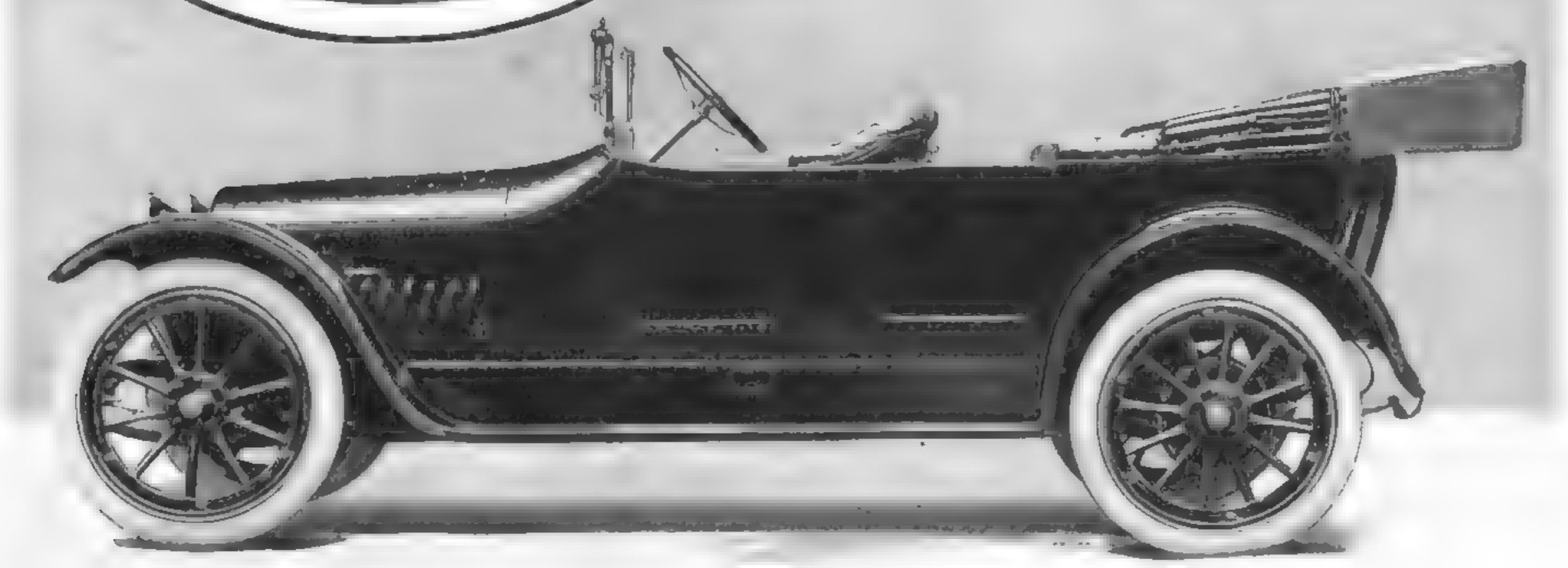

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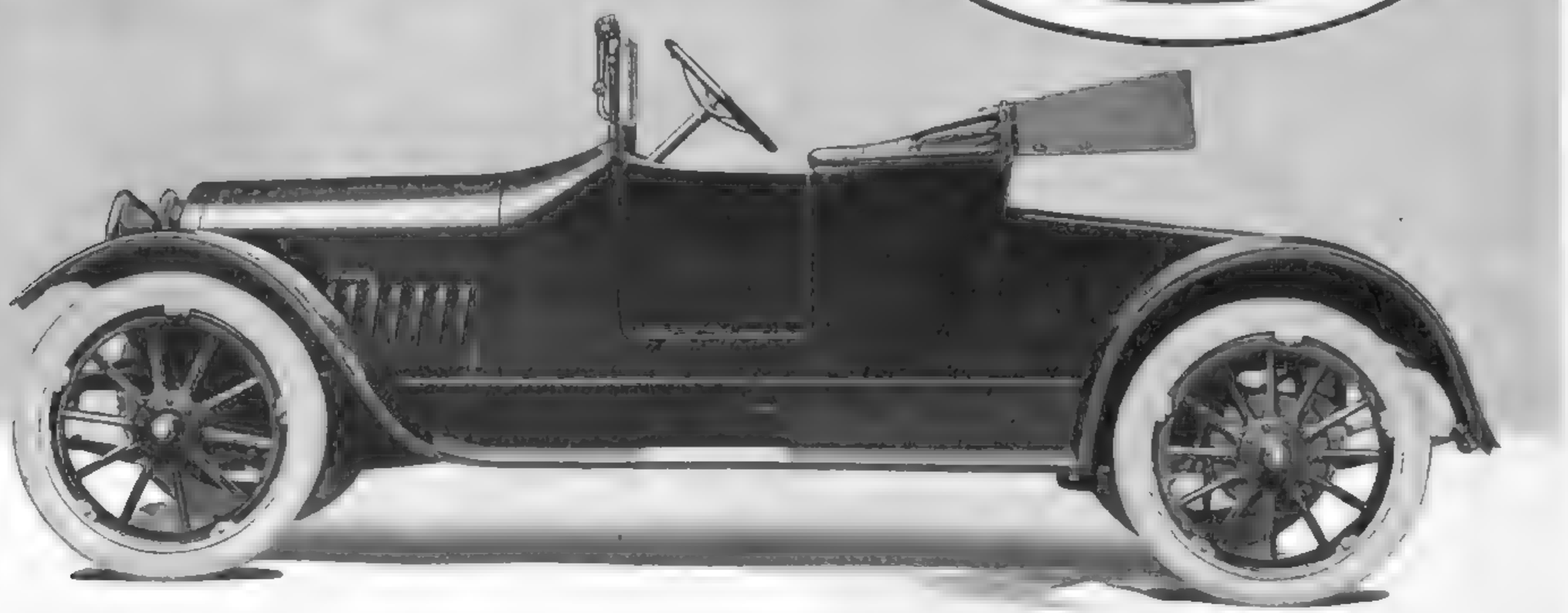

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TO DEALERS: The Regal Company is bigger than ever, and we want new representatives in every town and county NOW. This advertisement is the first in a big advertising campaign, which will create a large demand for Regal cars this summer. We have prepared a big, illustrated circular which outlines our new sales plans and describes fully the two new $1085 Regals—touring car and roadster. If you think you can sell Regal cars, write us, regardless of where you are. On page 8 of our circular is an article of special interest: "How YOU Can Sell the New Regal"

Regal Motor Car Company

100 Piquette Ave., Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Factory: Berlin, Ontario

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Every refinement has been incorporated in the SPLITDORF instruments to make them as simple, positive and reliable as the demands of the constantly growing thousands necessitate—in a word, they are built for the multitude and carry the SPLITDORF GUARANTEE.

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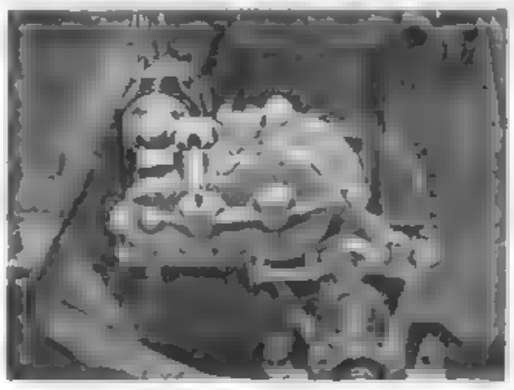

The SPLITDORF waterproof instrument is enclosed gear driven—no chains or open gears

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LONDON BUENOS AIRES

SIM'S SUDDEN SOTNESS

Continued from Page 23.

"Behave!" whispered Lisbeth, smiling up at him. Very handsome and gallant Sim was looking. Rowena, dancing in the same set, thought so. His face glowing with animation, his brown eyes brimming with the spirit of mirth and his stalwart figure set off admirably by store clothes that miraculously happened to fit him, he showed to unusual advantage. "Behave" was positively severe applied to such a cavalier. Yet Lisbeth might, unreproved, have said almost anything to anybody, looking as she did. Pink was the color of her frock, rose pink and white. Her dark hair was a triumph of fluffing and curling. Greatly daring, she had given her face and neck a touch of powder, and her full lips seemed of a richer crimson than usual. Then she wore her mother's cameo brooch in its red coral setting, and two rings, and altogether she was the prettiest thing imaginable. Sim at the moment was clearly of that opinion.

He took her hand and pressed it, and she audaciously returned the pressure as they separated in the circling figure of the dance. Once and twice Sim touched hot, moist palms and clinging fingers, hardly conscious of the contact, and then a sort of electric thrill shot through him as he felt the quick, firm clasp of Rowena's hand. He stooped to her ear as she passed.

"I hate to let loose of you," he whispered. And he meant it.

"Promenade all!" shouted Prothero, and Sim had his partner on his arm again. "To your seats!" He led Lisbeth, breathless and blooming, to one of the chairs arranged along the wall and seated himself beside her.

"You got over your mad at me, didn't you, Lisbeth?" he said tenderly.

"Shucks!" answered Lisbeth with a languishing side glance. "I wasn't mad with you, Sim."

"You wouldn't keer if I come over Sunday afternoon, would you?" asked Sim, pursuing his advantage.

"I'd like for you to come," said Lisbeth. "Your tie's slippin' down, Sim. Lemme fix it for you. It's a turr'ble pretty tie."

Sim leaned forward and she drew the knot of it tighter and spread the ends. "That's better," she approved, surveying the result with her head on one side.

"Don't quit," begged Sim. "Mabbe you could do better yit."

A voice thick with hardly suppressed rage interrupted. "I reckon you'll have to get along the way it is." Ben Foster had come up and was scowling at them ferociously.

"Next dance is mine," pursued Foster, addressing Lisbeth. His little eyes rolled fiercely from one to the other, but Sim's attention had been distracted to the opposite side of the room where Rowena was seated, for the moment, alone.

"Take this yer chair," said Sim, and before Foster could realize his rival's obliging offer Sim was at Rowena's side.

"Well?" said Rowena with a queer little smile. "Enjoyin' yourse'f?"

Sim made no immediate answer. His eyes were bright with admiration as he looked at her. What hair she had! Not fussed up, not a particle; but, Lordy, what a heap of it and what color there was in it! And the little freckles bunched at the bridge of her nose; and the blue glints in her eyes like the flashes from dewdrops in the morning sun; and the blackeyed Susans that were pinned at her breast; and the bronze slippers that peeped out from her skirts! Talk about your pictures!

"Cat got your tongue?"

"Yes, I'm enjoyin' of myse'f," replied Sim. "Particular well right now. 'Tain't no wonder I hain't been able to get near you for the crowd. Rowena, I—I reckon you never took a look at yourse'f in the glass this evenin', so you don't know how I'm feelin' this minute."

"No, I hain't no idea," said Rowena mischievously. "Did Ben Foster scare you away from Lisbeth? You'd better watch out, Sim. Berkley Pendleton has got his eye on you now. Look!"

Sim looked. Pendleton, splendidly attired, was standing near the door, pulling his long mustaches and frowning balefully.

"A jim dandy vest he's wearin'," Sim commented indifferently. "Rowena, I've been thinkin' a heap of you since I seen you last."

"An' you've been thinkin' a heap of Lisbeth," mocked Rowena. "Don't blush, Sim. I know you cain't he'p it no more'n I can he'p bein' red-haided. I don't like the way your necktie's fixed. Lemme tie it for you."

The evening was well along. Sim had danced three times with Rowena, three times with Lisbeth, and had just escorted Miss Hitty to a seat for which her late exertions in the Virginia Reel made her especially grateful.

"Oh me! Oh my!" panted Miss Hitty, mopping her perspiring brow. "Sim, for mercy's sake get me a drink of water."

Sim obediently started for the kitchen, but at the door his path was barred by Berkley Pendleton. Berkley's expression was decidedly unamiable. There was a sinister gleam in his eye and red patches showed on his high cheekbones. His words were fraught with deadly purpose and a perceptible odor of alcohol.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Hoisington, sir," he said with severe dignity; "outside and now, sir."

Sim looked at him wonderingly. "Well, wait until I get Aunt Hitty a drink," he said at last.

Berkley swayed slightly and his frown deepened. "I've a partickler respect for Miss Hitty," said he, "and I'm a gentleman and know what's a lady's due; but in a case like this yer Miss Hitty's got to wait. You come along with me."

Sim hesitated, but Berkley took him by the arm and led him out of the house and into the barnyard. In the shadow of the barn he halted and released Sim's arm; then, backing a couple of paces, he suddenly jumped into the air and cracked his heels together.

Alighting, he snapped his fingers in Sim's face and took another backward step that was almost a caper.

"I'm a rip-roarer," he announced impressively. "I'm cold p'isen an' red pepper. I'm a cutter and a cyarver. I'm a tearer and a render!"

"Certainly," assented Sim. Then coaxingly: "Le's us go take a drench at the water trough, Berk. Freshen us up a right smart."

Mr. Pendleton disregarded the suggestion. "Bein' what I am, I aim to ask you a question," he went on. "Bein' what I am, I aim to have you answer it. What may be your intentions with regards to Miss Rowena Gollop?"

It was evident to Sim that, whatever his potations, the man was in sober earnest. He meant to know. Sim considered, conscientiously considered, and found himself uncertain. After a pause he owned that he was.

"Dogged if I can tell you," he said. "Sometimes—— No, I hain't made up my mind as to intentions in no direction. Mabbe——" He pondered absently.

Berkley shook a long, bony forefinger at him. "I'll tell you what your intentions air," he snarled. "They're to keep away from the lady I've named and stay kep' away. I've got my intentions, which is hon'rable and sot, an' I warn you off. If you cain't make up your mind to keep away and stay kep' I aim to split you open like a ripe melon."

He danced a step or two, and as for a moment he emerged from the shade of the barn, a knife flashed in his hand.

"I'm a rip-roarer," he chanted. "I'm a cutter and a cyarver! You made up your mind to keep away and stay kep'?"

"I don't want no trouble with you, Berkley," Sim answered. "Don't act foolish." He eyed the grotesque, capering figure watchfully.

"You made up your mind?"

"No," roared Sim. "Now, daggone you, keep away from me or I'll hurt you."

Berkley jumped for him and Sim dodged. Again the rip-roarer circled, and again leaped in with a vicious swing of his knife that the young man barely avoided.

"Try that again and I'll cuff you," Sim warned him sharply.

Berkley tried it. There was an instant whirl of action, a sharp smacking sound, and Berkley Pendleton toppled backward, fell with a thud in the dust and lay quite still. At the same moment there was a quick rustle of skirts, and a bulky form brushed by Sim and plumped down at the side of the prostrate man.

"I reckoned there was suthin' like this happenin'," said Aunt Hitty's voice in a tone of marked displeasure.

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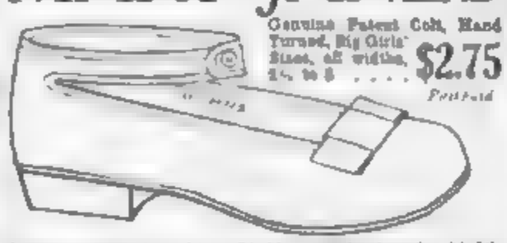

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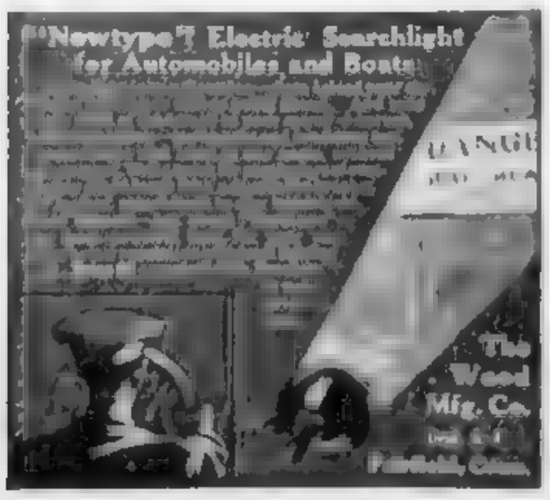

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"You great big lummox, hittin' the pore man that-a-way! Ain't you —— Sim, I b'lieve he's daid!"

"I reckon not," drawled Sim, picking up the knife and tossing it away. "Some water's all he needs. He's stirrin' now." He went to the watering trough, where he found a pail which he filled and brought back.

"Now you clear right out," said his relative, dipping her handkerchief into the water and applying it tenderly to Pendleton's brow. "If anybody comes I'll fix up some story. No need o' you bein' here. What you say, Mr. Pendleton?"

"I'll cut his heart out," mumbled Berkley.

"Well," mused Sim as he walked away, "it cert'nly does seem like I'm sort o' fo'ced for to court Rowena now."

Just as he approached the house a man came out and advanced quickly to meet him. Stopping directly in Sim's path, with arms truculently akimbo and chin outthrust, this person spoke in a voice husky with emotion: "I've been a-lookin' for you, Sim Hoisington. You an' me has got to have a talk together."

Sim gaped at him. "What's pesterin' you, Ben?" he asked innocently.

"You air," Foster growled. He looked back over his shoulder. "Let's move over toward the barn," he proposed.

"I reckon if it's anythin' private we'd better go the other side of the house," Sim suggested. "It's right secluded in the orchard."

In a few minutes the two came to an open space between the apple trees. There Foster whipped off his coat.

"You'll ketch cold," drawled Sim. "Cain't you talk just as well with your coat on?"

"I allow there hain't much to be said," Foster sneered. "You're aimin' for to take my gal away from me, hain't you?"

"Lisbeth?" For the moment Sim's obligation to Rowena was forgotten. He was not quite clear on the point. "Mabbe I am," he said, "and then again mabbe I hain't. I couldn't azackly say, Ben."

"You'll quit shinin' up to her or you'll take a lickin' right now," declared Foster.

Again Sim reflected. "Why, as to that, I couldn't quit on no other fellow's say-so," he said slowly. "An' as for the lickin'," he went on, "I don't keer to take that, Ben. I b'lieve I'd get right mad if you even started for to lick me."

Foster's reply to that was a swinging blow that took effect behind Sim's ear. Sim staggered back, tripped on a root and went down. Instantly gathering himself together he dived at Foster's legs and heaved. Foster pitched over his adversary's shoulder and landed on his head, continuing the evolution in a partly involuntary somersault that gave him a chance to scramble to his feet. In the mean time Sim had regained his footing and, as he had predicted, lost his temper.

The fight was too fierce to last long. It was a pummeling match pure and simple "fist and skull," as the phrase went on Little Tarkio. Evenly matched in strength and activity as the two young men were, the result was likely to be determined by their endurance rather than their skill, but in the end, when the two fell, Sim was uppermost and lost no time in taking advantage of his position.

"Had enough?" he asked presently, suspending operations.

Foster wriggled feebly and gasped an insult.

"I'll cert'nly give you all you want," Sim declared. He drew back his fist, but hesitated before the helplessness of his foe.

"Shucks! Get up, then, you crazy loon," he permitted, himself rising. "Want any more now?"

Foster, though tottering, was indomitable. "I'm whipped now," he muttered through swollen lips, "but you keep away from Lisbeth or I'll wipe the ground with you first time I see you."

He picked up his coat and the two returned to the barnyard and the watering trough, where they laved the stains of conflict side by side. Presently Sim turned a bruised and serious face to his late antagonist.

"Ben," said he, "I hate for to have trouble with you, but I reckon I'm sort of obliged now to keep right on with Lisbeth—kind o' fo'ced to."

Nevertheless it was not until Saturday, four days later, that Sim took any sort of action in the delicate situation. During that time affairs had become even more complicated. Following the night of the dance Berkley Pendleton had called and taken Aunt Hitty to prayer meeting. He had met Sim and had made no hostile demonstration whatever during the uncomfortable quarter of an hour spent on the porch. The next day Aunt Hitty went to town and did some trading. That was Thursday. Sim and Abner, postponing the fencing, started haymaking that day, and from the field Abner pointed out the returning light wagon with Berkley Pendleton's saddle mule tied behind it and Berkley occupying a seat beside Aunt Hitty.

"Sort o' rushing things," commented Abner.

But at the yard gate Berkley resumed his mule and rode away.

Friday the hay claimed Sim's attention inexorably, but he was uneasily determined to do something. What? There was the rub! Then came Saturday and the jolt.

"Berkley Pendleton is a-comin' to Sunday dinner, Sim," announced Aunt Hitty after the noonday meal.

Her rather comely, entirely comfortable face was unaccountably flushed; her usual breathlessness was increased so that her ample bosom heaved quite tumultuously.

"I reckon I might as well tell you that Berkley and me aim to get married right soon, Sim. I hate to leave you, but I'm gettin' along to an age where I ought to get settled in life. I'll see about gettin' somebody to do for you though, Sim—if you cain't get no one yourse'f."

Sim went out to the barn and, after sending Abner to the field, sat down to think it over. What a world! What a puzzling, mixed-up mess! What did it all mean and who and what was right? Politics, religion, love—no straight, plain main road anywhere.

"Got to do somethin'."

He got up and began mechanically to groom and harness his sorrel driving mare. His mind still in chaos, he ran his buggy out and backed the mare into the shafts. In the same mental daze he got into the buggy and presently found himself on the road—to where?

He had told Lisbeth that he would be up to see her and she would be looking for him. Also his manhood compelled defiance of Foster's threat. There was Pendleton's threat too. Under the circumstances it was unlikely that Berkley would make trouble now; still, the threat remained. Besides, he would have to pass Gollop's place—unless he turned off the road and made a wide circuit. Then he could stop at Rowena's on the way back.

So musing, he turned off the road—and within a mile he was on the point of turning back again. The mare decided the matter by speeding on, but not in the way Sim expected. She had covered another half mile when she shied at a blue sunbonnet that showed above the hedge, and by the time Sim had her under control Rowena Gollop was standing in the road swinging a pail half full of blackberries and laughing at them.

"Travelin' or goin' somewhere, Sim?" Rowena hailed him.

Sim heaved a sigh of pleasure and relief as he looked at her. "Jest a-travelin', Rowena," he replied, smiling wistfully. "Jest a-travelin'. I hain't never goin' nowhere."

She approached the buggy and lifted the pail to him. "Have some," she invited. "They're right good. I'm a-goin' to make a pudden of them."

"I'd like for to taste the pudden," said Sim, as he helped himself to the fruit.

"I ain't goin' to give you no bid," she answered cruelly, and then went straight to the point as was her way. "So you was fightin' the other night at the dance, Sim? What was the trouble with you an' Berk Pendleton? Oh, don't hum an' haw! Tell me."

Sim looked at her. Her expression compelled a truthful answer.

"Well, Berk allowed he aimed to marry you and warned me off. He got kind o' rambunctious when I wouldn't agree for to stay away from you. 'Twan't nothin' ser'ous, Rowena." Sim pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

"You didn't want for to stay away from me?" the girl asked softly.

"I cert'nly didn't," replied Sim with particular emphasis.

"And you an' Ben Foster fout. What for was that, Sim?"

"Oh, shucks!" Sim ejaculated. He wiped his face again. "'Twan't nothin'."

"What for was that, Sim?"

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WHITMAN'S Sampler derives its name from two sources. It contains selections of ten of Whitman's most popular chocolates and confections that will enable you to know the kinds you like best.

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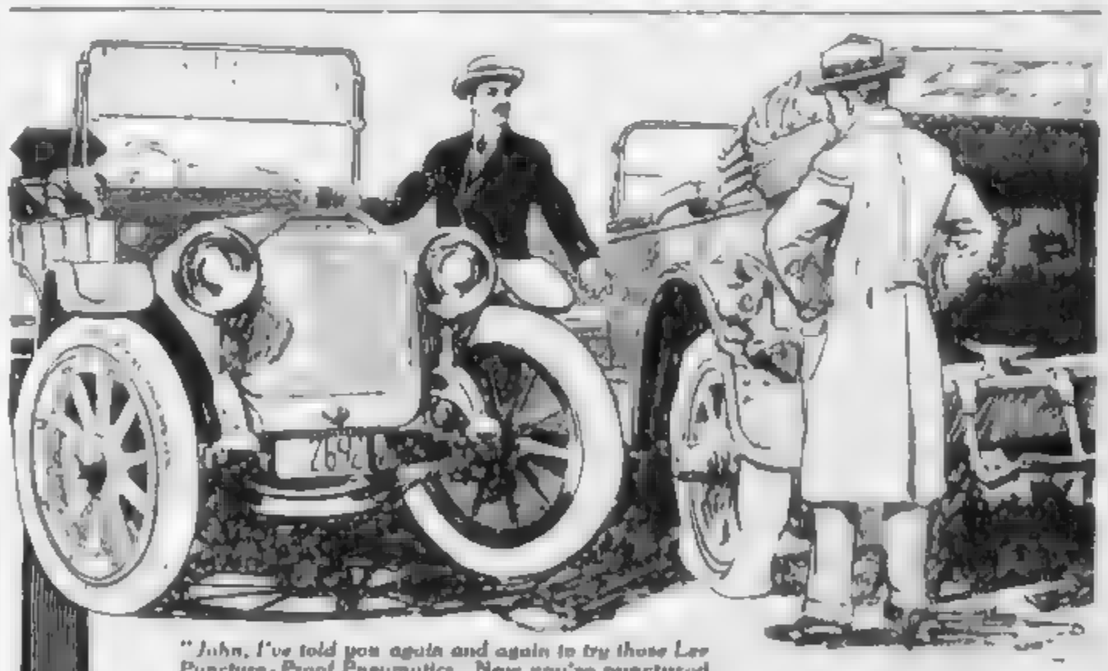

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"Well, it it was this-a-way," the young man stammered. "Ben took a notion I was shinin' up to Lisbeth Minnick an'—an' he warned me off."

"You didn't want for to stay away from Lisbeth?" pursued the inquisitor relentlessly.

Sim looked at her imploringly. She met his gaze and held it until he bent forward and took the hand that she had rested on the dashboard. Then a wave of color swept over her face, and for the first time Sim saw her disconcerted.

"It's all scratched up with them briers," said Sim, and lifted the hand to his lips. "I don't never want for to stay away from you, Rowena—but somehow—a fellow don't sometimes just know——"

He stopped, for Rowena put a foot on the step and leaped into the buggy. Her face was rather pale than rosy now and her mouth was set. She clucked to the mare, who started forward and set off at a spanking trot.

"Which-a-way we'd best go?" Sim queried in a shaking voice, after a moment or two of highly significant silence.

"Preacher Coles," Rowena answered. And at that Sim turned to her a face luminous with joy.

"Mind your drivin'," cautioned Rowena. "You know why I like you, Sim—well enough to let you run off with me this-a-way? I's'pose it's because your ideas are the same as mine. You're a hard-shell Baptist now and forevermore, and nothin' won't stir you the width of a rat's whisker. You're a rock-ribbed, dyed in the-wool Democrat, an' you don't scratch your ticket for Bud Watts nor nobody. You hold with a man makin' up his mind and stickin' right to it through thick an' thin an' whether or no—unless his wife sees some good reason to alter it. Is that right, Sim, or"—Rowena's firm voice faltered a little here—"or would you like to let me out?"

Sim's arm went round her and held her close as he urged the mare to greater speed.

"You're right about everythin', Rowena," he said. "Gosh! I feel like a ton weight had been took off'n my shoulders. I want to whoop. Lordy, how I need you!"

"Mind your drivin', Sim," cautioned Rowena. "Well, then, give me the reins."

THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT

(Continued from Page 18)

affection for another. Then she saw Crandle watching her from under bent brows, and she waved her hand to him.

Then she sent her soft trustful eyes upon little trips aloft and alow, as if to store her mind with pictures to look at during the long hours in the dull, eventless cabin.

Captain Haithway accompanied his wife below, and returned almost instantly dressed in his oilskins. He was no longer smiling, and he began to give orders that rang over the whole ship.

Till now only the major preparations for riding out a hurricane had been taken. There was plenty of time, and the young man did not wish his wife to suspect the gravities and anxieties of the situation. So a surgeon keeps concealed from the patient's eyes the ghostly, clinking preparations in the operating room. But now the Mary Blount became the scene of a hundred swift and ominous activities. Life-lines began to spread from point to point like a spider's web; everything movable went below; the pumps were tested. The nest of spare boats was swung between the main and fore masts, high enough to clear a strong man's head, and strongly braced so that they could not swing amuck. Whatever might be expected to give under terrific strain was looked to and reënforced when necessary.

Of all the Mary Blount's great spread of canvas only one little patch was left standing. She lay broadside to the coming storm, rising to the tops of the rollers, and dropping with a smash and squirting about of white water. Now and then she appeared as if she was nodding to herself, as much as to say: "This may be your first hurricane, but it isn't mine. I'm not afraid of it."

So Hector felt, waiting under the walls of Troy for the vengeful Achilles. But in the end, as everybody knows, tricked by the gods, the great hero turned and ran. And so presently the Mary Blount, a kind of

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sigh running through her rigging, turned a little upon her keel and began to retreat.

To the westward, from horizon to zenith, the sky was one great smear of black ink; the sea was a field of snow.

And then, though it was still calm on deck for one long instant of time, the wind seized the Mary Blount by the upper spars and threw her hard on her side and began to drag her off. So in cave days your ancestor or mine may have seized his beloved by the hair, thrown her and dragged her off to his cave.

From within the Mary Blount there came one prolonged cracking and smashing. She might have been a ship from the Orient deep in china and porcelain. Her one sail tore from its place with the noise of a cannon shot, and in a moment had disappeared far to leeward, not in the sea but in the sky!

And then, righting a little, the Mary Blount began to travel under her bare poles faster than she had ever traveled before.

It became dark as night. The yells and screamings of the wind were as the voices of Lucifer's army sacking a city in heaven. Of human sounds there were none. Even when one of the men—you cannot say at the wheel or the rudder, for the Mary Blount's steering gear was a Noah's Ark combination of both—had his whole side stove in by an uncontrollable leap of the apparatus, the other man could not hear his cry of anguish.

Solid green water fell upon the deck in long-drawn thunder. When this had slid back into the sea the hurt man was gone, and Crandle, his beard standing at right angles to his chin, had taken his place.

No man on that ship knew when day passed into night.

No man knew that in the captain's cabin, clinging to the leaping, plunging bed, a woman had ended her day of fear, and was entering all alone without help, without mercy, so it seems, human or divine, upon her hours of agony.

It must have been early in the morning, differentiated only from the night by its greater blackness, that Captain Haithway went below. Only Crandle saw him go, and only Crandle saw him crawl and stagger back to the deck. To Crandle for some time now it had seemed as if the main fury of the hurricane had passed.

It was rather a seeming, an intuition, than any actual phenomenon of physical diminution to which Crandle could have pointed.

He watched Captain Haithway drag himself to the lee bulwarks, clinging to a lifeline, and followed him with a bold, lawless glance; for all night the seaman's imagination had been hanging upon the man who had been washed overboard.

Having reached the mizzen-shrouds, Captain Haithway climbed slowly into them, and clinging tightly, looked down into the sea that now was dizzily far below his feet, and that now rose as if to strike him in the face.

You could have knocked Crandle over with a feather. Why a man in his senses should deliberately place himself in so suicidal a situation was utterly beyond him. It was with the idea of warning him of his peril that Crandle began to move warily across the deck; but it was with no such idea that he himself came presently to the mizzen-shrouds and began to look this way and that in the darkness to see if any one was watching him.

But each man on that ship was intent upon his own destiny. And in that darkness only the main shapes and motions of things were perceptible.

A dozen men might be looking, and not be able to swear upon the book that the murder which they saw done was not an attempt at rescue.

Crandle looked up and could see his captain's face; could see it, could read the message of it like words in a book. It was the face of a man who asks for nothing but death.

The vessel rolled lower and lower; just as she glided into the first upthrust for recovery Captain Haithway merely let go with his hands.

Crandle had not touched him. Nay, the wicked man's hard heart had turned to milk, and those sounds which came from him, though no man could hear them in the howling of the wind, were dry sobs of anguish.

After a little Crandle descended into the cabin. And there they found him at last, when the hurricane had fallen to a gale, the head of the dead woman resting in his lap.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

and the little baby for whom she had given her gentle and blameless life asleep in his great tender arms.

XII

THE gale fell to a brisk, pleasant wind; the mountains of water became hills and the sun shone with delightful brilliance. Of the difficulties left in the wake of the hurricane there was only one which seemed insurmountable to the men of the Mary Blount. Damages could be repaired in a trice. Already the body of Mrs. Haithway had been sewn in canvas and committed to the deep; there being among the men but one pair of dry eyes—those of him alone to whom her death meant everlasting sorrow. Mr. Tuttle had watched them slide her into the sea with a peculiar and morbid interest. And he wondered if he, too, would be so buried, and how soon. A very sick man when the hurricane began to blow, he could hardly keep his feet now, hardly lift the little prayer book to read the words for those who are buried at sea. Even if Mr. Tuttle should die, the ship's difficulties might well be surmounted—all but the one.

How can strong men stand about and see a little baby starve to death? There was no provision for babes aboard the Mary Blount, and already little Miss Haithway was giving signs of incipient appetite.

"She'll be all right on water for twenty-four hours," commented a father of more than one family, "'n' then she'll want milk."

"Is there nothing we can give her?" asked Crandle angrily.

The father of families shrugged his shoulders.

"We can keep her alive for a few days on biscuits 'n' water 'n' treacle 'n' water."

"For a few days!" And he looked down into the little sleeping face, lifting a corner of the blanket in which he had wrapped her. He went the length of the deck and back, heavy with trouble. Then his roving eyes came to halt upon a whale boat and flamed with sudden hope.

Mr. Tuttle had just finished working out the position of the ship.

"The storm seems to have been circular, Crandle. We are actually nearer Honolulu than we were."

"That's good. Then we'll save her yet. I want leave to go on ahead with her in one of the boats."

Mr. Tuttle pulled a doubtful face.

"I'm a dying man, Crandle," he smiled wistfully. "What becomes of the ship with you gone and me gone?"

"The men will be proud to take that chance for this baby, sir. And besides, that there Bowers can keep the ship to a course till I make shift to pick her up again."

"We must promote Bowers. It wouldn't do for our only surviving navigator to be the cabin boy. But you seem to have adopted this baby, Crandle?"

"Yes," said Crandle. "And God help me to be a good man!"

He lifted a corner of the blanket, and the man who was dying and the man who had just begun to live smiled with great tenderness upon the baby.

"Takes after her mother," said Mr. Tuttle. "Yes, you may go ahead in one of the boats, Crandle. It's the only chance for the baby. Put her in good hands. If you are short I have a little money. You have no doubts of finding your way?"

"None."

"Then the sooner you start the better."

"I'll pick you up again somewhere between here and Honolulu, Mr. Tuttle."

"You won't wait for us?"

"No, sir; I'll start right back. If I don't pick you up in twenty-four hours or so, why I'll know we've passed each other and I'll run back to port."

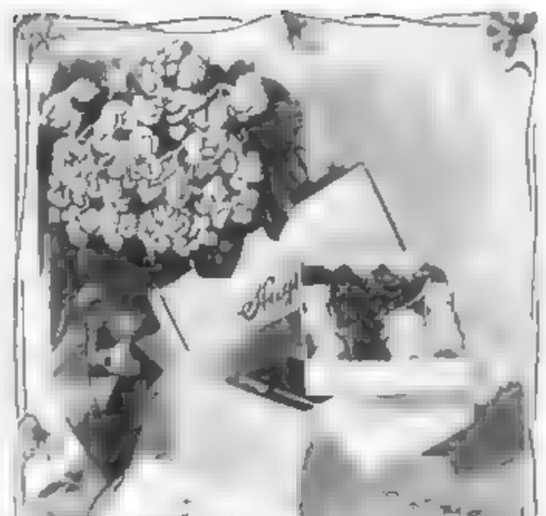
On the eighth day anxious eyes beheld against the first amethystine premonitions of land a speck of sail. And the boy Bowers, handling the late Captain Haithway's telescope with as much knowingness as if he had invented telescopes, made her out to be the missing whale boat, returning from Honolulu with Crandle at the steering oar.

The boy Bowers stepped below and threw open the door of Mr. Tuttle's stateroom.

"Hawaii's in sight, Mr. Tuttle, and so's Crandle."

Mr. Tuttle shook his head a little and smiled, but said nothing. Then he turned quietly on his side and with a long sigh of relief died.

The boy Bowers went on deck looking very white and crying a little. "Poor Mr. Tuttle is dead," he said, and gave orders to luff ship and was very smartly obeyed.



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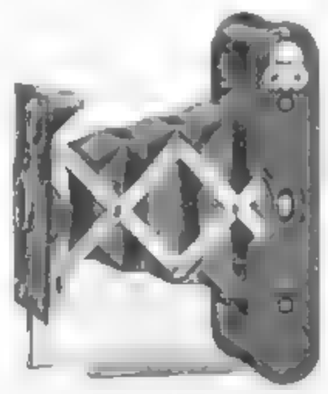

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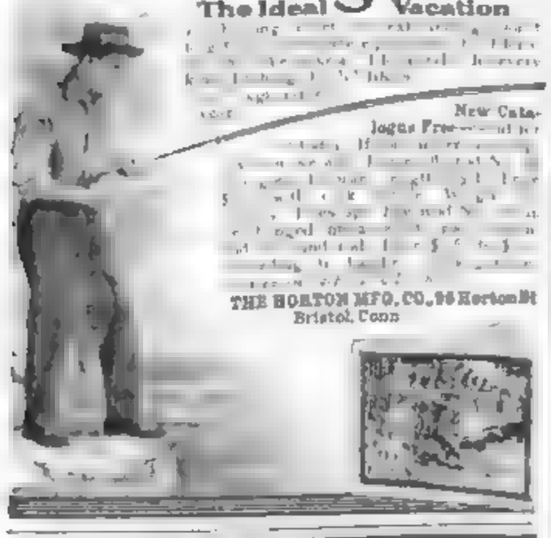

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Twenty minutes passed, and the whale boat was now visible in all detail to the naked eye.

Suddenly one of the men shouted: "He's brought the baby back with him!"

Yes, he had brought the baby back, and a sack full of island toys and a couple of milch goats, and he had brought with him Miss Bettie Paaeua, from whose deep brown breast the baby was at that very moment drawing warm, delicious milk and a love, I daresay, of swimming and the sea.

"But ain't we going to have just one night ashore?"

"That's for you to say, boys. Now listen: If we visits Honolulu the owner's representative visits us. And we gets a new captain and a new mate. Do you want to risk that, after Captain Haithway and Mr. Tuttle?"

A night ashore still looked alluring.

"And," said Crandle, "he'd take the baby away from us. How about that?"

"What's a night ashore anyhow?" said Shattuck. "Only a headache."

"But," one of the men objected, "not taking the ship in to report kind o' smacks of mutiny."

Crandle bent his bushy brows.

"To me," he said, "the notion of losin' my baby kind of smacks of hell. If we take this old bottom to the Indian Ocean where she's bound, and brings her back home brimful of oil, the sourest owner in Hanleytown won't talk about mutiny—no, sir."

There were still murmurs in the men's voices and doubts in their eyes, when suddenly there came from the stern of the ship the noises of a baby in a rapture of some sort or other.

"That settles it," said Shattuck, and laughter ran about the circle.

Then Crandle gave his orders.

"The baby and her nurse will have the captain's stateroom and the run of the cabin. You, Corning, as was raised on a farm, will have charge of the goats. One other thing: Miss Paaeua has her faults, but she's left 'em all ashore. And the man that don't treat her like a lady will get treated like a dog!"

"Beggin' your pardon for interruptin'," said the man Corning; "but if I'm to have charge of the goats I'd like to know what I'm to give 'em to eat."

For once in his life Crandle looked very foolish. And there rose at his charges so great a roar of Homeric laughter that presently he was laughing too.

"Well," he said, "you can write home that, though you missed a night ashore, you all had fresh meat for dinner."

"Beggin' your pardon," said Corning, "but how if anything was to happen Miss Paaeua and no goats to fall back on?"

"How?" said Crandle. "I brought off enough preserved milk in the boat to raise a baby whale."

Three years later the old Mary Blount sailed into Hanleytown Harbor with a record cargo of oil and a barrel of ambergris.

Mr. Bowers, late the "boy Bowers," finished writing the last entry in the log:

"Everybody excited about baby seeing America for the first time. The Mary Blount is heading for the Long Wharf. And as any one can see it plain as the nose on his face, nobody but a fool would take the trouble to work out the ship's position, and thank God for that. So ends this day. And all's well."

Did the owners of the Mary Blount have the law on Crandle for mutiny? You should have seen their old Puritan faces peering into the barrel containing the ambergris!

(THE END)

Cheap Power

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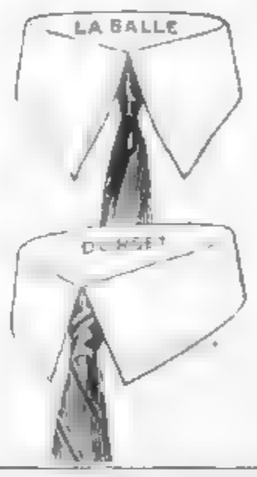

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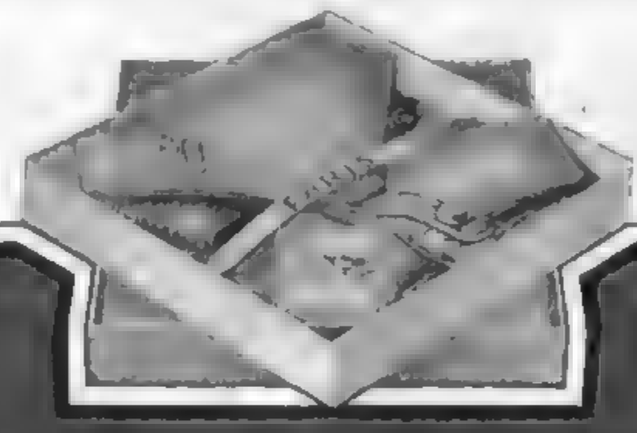

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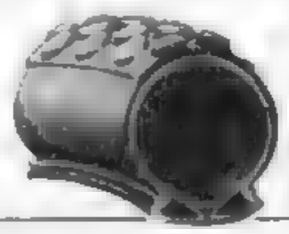

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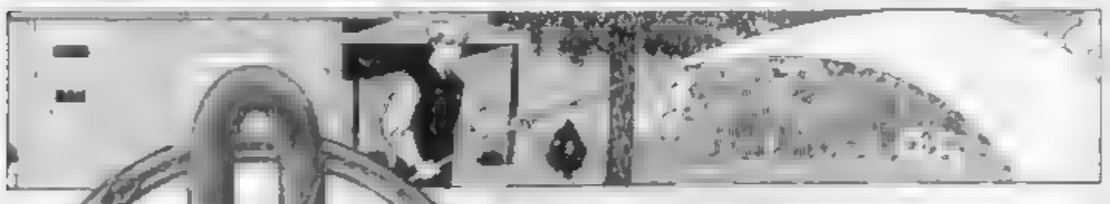

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BUSINESS AT JUDICIAL DISCRETION

(Concluded from Page 9)

against the industrial oppression observed to be on the way. The oppression of the people by large combines in restraint of trade has been onerous and bitter. Small dealers have been driven out of business; huge industries have been joined; high prices have been maintained and a variety of oppressions have followed; and the condition of almost industrial slavery which the great judge saw on its way has arrived.

The wrongs that make this situation possible ought to be prevented by law. They are great wrongs and the laws against them ought to be drastic; but they must also be certain.

These crimes against our commercial civilization ought to be catalogued and prohibited by specific acts; but when this course is proposed we are met by the suggestion that we have reached a point where the meaning of the law is generally understood by the courts.

We are told that the wrongs against which the Sherman Law is directed cannot be sufficiently defined to enable them to be enacted into prohibitory statutes, but that judicial interpretation has made it clear to the people what can and what cannot be done under that general statute.

The argument does not seem convincing. If the decisions of the courts have now defined the wrongs prohibited by this act; if they have defined them so that the judges now know what the offenses against the act are—then surely these decisions have defined them so that we may catalogue them and prohibit them in terms of law. And if they are not sufficiently determined to enable us to prohibit them in terms in a statute, then they are not sufficiently defined for the courts to prohibit them in an administration of the statute as it stands.

Many Judges, Many Rulings

In other words, if the judges know precisely what acts are criminal under the general, vague terms of the Sherman Law, then they can tell us what those acts are and we can put them into the law of the land.

Judicial explanation has not always made a statute clearer to the common man. Learned opinions have sometimes reminded us of Lewis Carroll's exquisite example of interpretation:

"'Be what you would seem to be. Or, if you would like it put more simply,' said the Duchess, 'never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'"

As the law now stands, every case must be decided for itself according to the rule of reason as interpreted by the presiding judge. There will probably be as many decisions as there are cases, and as many variations of the rule of reason as there are individuals on the bench. Moreover, the attorney-general will be clothed with a power of discretion greater than any ruler of any modern despotism. He may be in every instance a great, incorruptible patriot, but the administration he represents cannot escape the pressure of public opinion.

What is it that corrupts the electorate of a country? Is it not the belief of certain interests that they may obtain some advantage, either by the enacting of laws or the administration of them? If the attorney-general and the courts are to say what are good and what are bad trusts; what business interests shall be permitted the privileges of a restraint of trade; to which ones the rule of reason shall apply or not apply—then it will be to the advantage of those seeking the great privileges under this indefinite law to see that an administration favorable to them is returned and that judges and lawyers with economic ideas favorable to their enterprises are elevated to power.

The people of this country believe themselves to be the source of all authority. They are not willing to permit the judges either to make the laws or to sit as boards of control to determine how the people are to conduct their business affairs. To do so would make the judiciary supreme, with authority of life and death over the conduct of business in this country; and it would give the attorney-general more power than any man ought to have in a republic.

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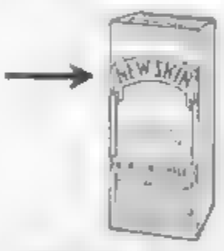

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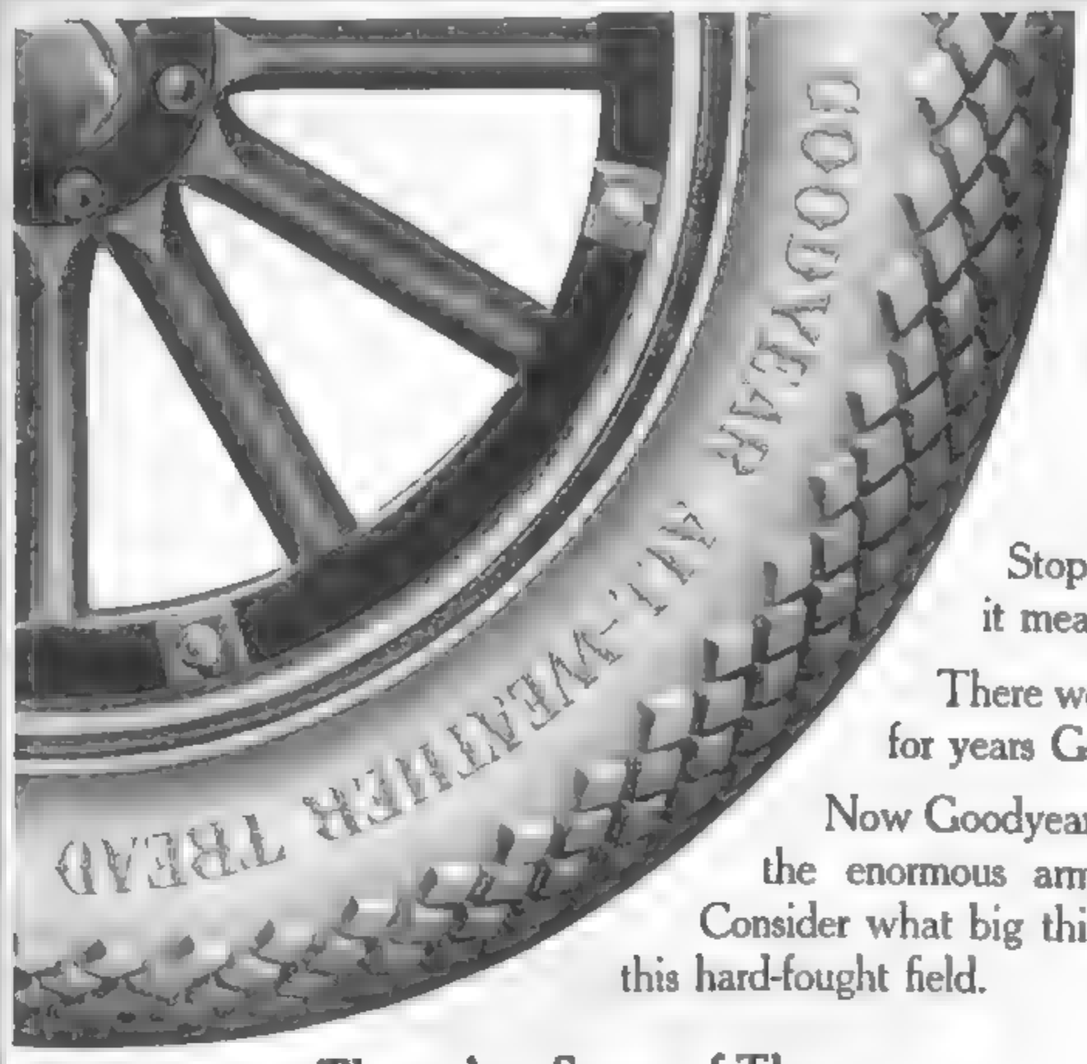

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We put in charge of our factory men of high ideals. Men who believed that the only way to win was to build the best tire in the world.

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GOODYEAR

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(1623)

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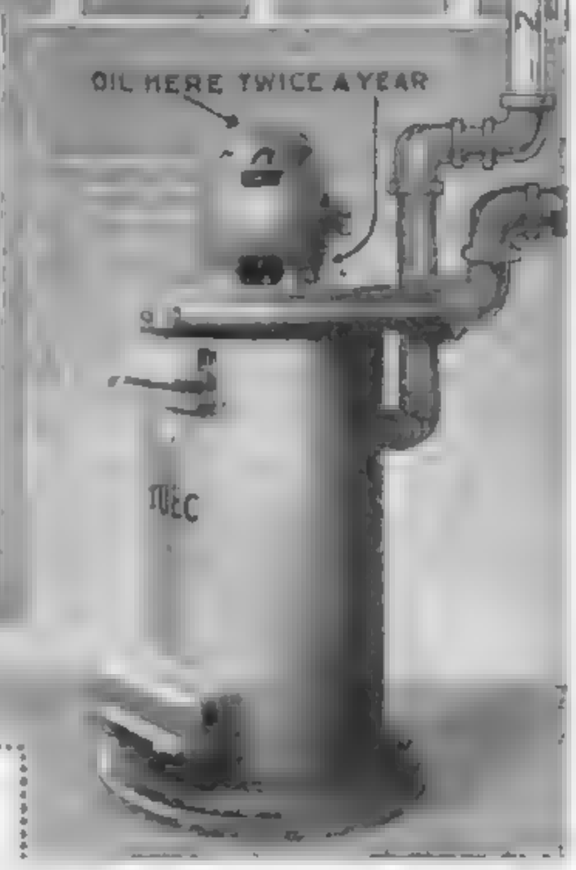

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THE ARGONAUTS

(Continued from Page 13)

and Susy knew their place. They went out, driving the hens before them. Mrs. Cassidy took the loaf out of the pot oven and set it on the table to cool. Then she sat down again on her stool and went on with her story:

"Seemingly he was contented enough and had given up the notion of America when he seen that his aunt was against him going. It was well pleased we were. His father gave him a calf for his own and I took care that he didn't want for a shilling in his pocket, so as he wouldn't be ashamed before his comrades—and them maybe spending more or less in the town after a football kicking or the like.

"Well, for as much as six months there wasn't a word out of him about America, and we thought he was settled down for good. Then one day, all of a sudden, he walked in on us, the same as it might be you walking in this minute: 'I'm off to America to-morrow,' says he. 'I've sold the young bullock'—it was a young bullock the calf was by that time—'and I have my passage booked; and there's no use your talking, for my mind's made up.'

"I knew well enough it was no use talking, for Sonny was always terrible stubborn once his mind was made up. He wouldn't change, not if the King of England was to go down on his knees to him. He went the next morning, sure enough."

"He'll be back some day," I said feebly.

"He'll not be back," said Mrs. Cassidy; "or if he is I won't be here to see him. I buried one boy and I've lost the other. Is it any wonder my heart is broke in pieces?"

A poet—Tennyson, I think—speaks of the words of the comforter as "Vacant chaff, well meant for grain." I felt the truth of this description when I tried to talk to Mrs. Cassidy. She felt the same thing, I suppose, for she cut me short.

"Never a word did we hear of him or from him from that day to this," she said. "I made Norah Kate write a letter to his aunt out in Pittsburgh, to know if she'd seen the lad. It was a good letter and well written, though Norah Kate isn't the equal of Sonny for writing. But what use was it? He hadn't been near his aunt—nor she hadn't heard from him. All she said was that America's a big country and Michael Antony might be somewhere in it without her knowing. It was Michael Antony she said in her letter, not knowing that it was Sonny we always called him, though, of course, Michael Antony was his name."

I plodded home that evening along the muddy road and my heart in me was as sorrowful as the gray clouds which hung low above my head. Mrs. Cassidy's tragedy is the tragedy of Ireland. Their names are many, though we call them all Sonny. They go from us to a land that is very far off and we are left to grow old alone.

It was on Christmas Eve that I saw Mrs. Cassidy again. I did not mean to go to see her; but I was passing along the road and Norah Kate was watching for me at the end of the lane, as her father had watched for me a month before.

"My mother says," she said, "will your reverence step up to the house for a minute the way she'll be able to speak to you? For there's something that she wants to say."

It had rained steadily day and night since the last time I visited the Cassidys' house. The lane that led to it was like a running river. I picked my way from one large stone to another. I crawled along through deep mud beside the wall. Norah Kate, barefooted and therefore indifferent, splashed gayly beside me. Boots and trousers are a curse! If we had any sense we should wear kilts, as our remote ancestors did, and protect the soles of our feet with sandals.

The yard outside the house was incredibly filthy. The manure heap and the pigsty had—if the expression can be used of them—overflowed their banks. The thatch of the house was sodden and stained green in great patches. I expected to see worse desolation inside.

I was mistaken. Mrs. Cassidy met me at the door. She was bright-eyed and alert. She wore a clean apron. A bright turf fire burned on the hearth. There were sprigs of holly in the jugs on the shelves of the dresser.

"You've had news of Sonny!" I said.

"Well, now, you're a wonderful man, so you are!" said Mrs. Cassidy. "How did you know that, when it's no more than an hour ago that the letter came?"

"It wasn't hard to guess," I said. "A merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Cassidy!"

"I was sitting by the side of the fire," she said, "after himself and the two little girleens had their breakfast ate, the same as I'd sat many's the day—God forgive me! I see now that I oughtn't ever to have given in the way I did. Well, I was sitting by the fire and himself was out about the place, and the two girleens was playing themselves, when all of a sudden Susy ran in on me ——"

"It was me and not Susy!" said Norah Kate.

"What matter the which of you it was?" said Mrs. Cassidy. "My own belief is it was the two of ye together—and says she: 'The postman's coming up the lane.' 'He is not!' I said. 'He couldn't be, for the lane leads nowhere but to this house—and who'd be writing a letter to one of us?'

"That was what I said; but I knew well that the postman was coming—and I knew that it was a letter from Sonny he had for me. I knew it by the way my heart was beating so as I could hear the noise of it with my ears—till all of a sudden it stopped entirely and I had to take hold of the table with my two hands, so as I wouldn't fall. That's what made me know there was a letter from Sonny; but I wasn't fit to go to the door to get it—not if I'd been given the crown of the Queen of Spain I couldn't have moved. Norah Kate got the letter."

"Me, and Susy along with me," said Norah Kate.

She is a fair-minded child. She objected to being deprived of her glory as the first bearer of the news; but she was jealous for her sister's honor too. Norah Kate and Susy together had taken the letter from the postman.

"I seen by the stamp on it," said Mrs. Cassidy, "that it was an American letter; and as soon as I seen that, the sight of my eyes went from me and I seen no more. It was Norah Kate read the letter."

"I did," said Norah Kate.

"Norah Kate's a good scholar," said Mrs. Cassidy; "and well she may be, for we've kept her regular to school; but sure it's small credit to her to be able to read Sonny's letter, for he's a beautiful writer. Would you like now, your reverence, that she'd read it for you?"

Mrs. Cassidy fumbled in the bosom of her dress and drew out a letter, already crumpled with much handling—already, I think, stained with tears of joy. I spared Norah Kate the task of reading it again. Sonny's handwriting is really very legible.

"'*Dearest Father and Mother*,' he wrote: 'This comes hoping to find you as well as it leaves me presently. Within is an order for twenty dollars. It's what I'd like to have sent before, only I hadn't it till now—nor I wouldn't write so long as I'd nothing to send; but I've fine earning now and I've made good, which is what they say out here. I'd like you'd get something for the Christmas, and a cake or the like of that for Norah Kate and Susy. And you needn't be afraid of spending it—for there's plenty more where this comes from.'"

"My father and Susy is gone into the town," said Norah Kate; "and there's a grand doll, with a pink dress on her, in Mary Finnegan's shop, and it's to be got for Susy and me."

"What signifies the doll, or the money either?" said Mrs. Cassidy. "It's the letter I'm thinking of. Go on with it now, your reverence. I'd never be tired listening to it."

"'The place I'm in,' Sonny wrote, 'would strike you as mighty queer, not being like what you're accustomed to at home. How's father? And how's the polly cow? And, hoping that you're keeping your own health, "'Your loving SONNY.'"

"It was Sonny we called him," said Mrs. Cassidy; "but his name was Michael Antony."

"'P. S.,' I read. 'I didn't go near Aunt Matilda, for fear she might think I was wanting something from her, which is what I wouldn't take if she offered it to me—after the letter she wrote saying it would be better for me not to come out. But I'll take a run down to see her some day when I'm through with the job I'm at. I want nothing from her now—thanks be to God! But it might be some time before I get going, for

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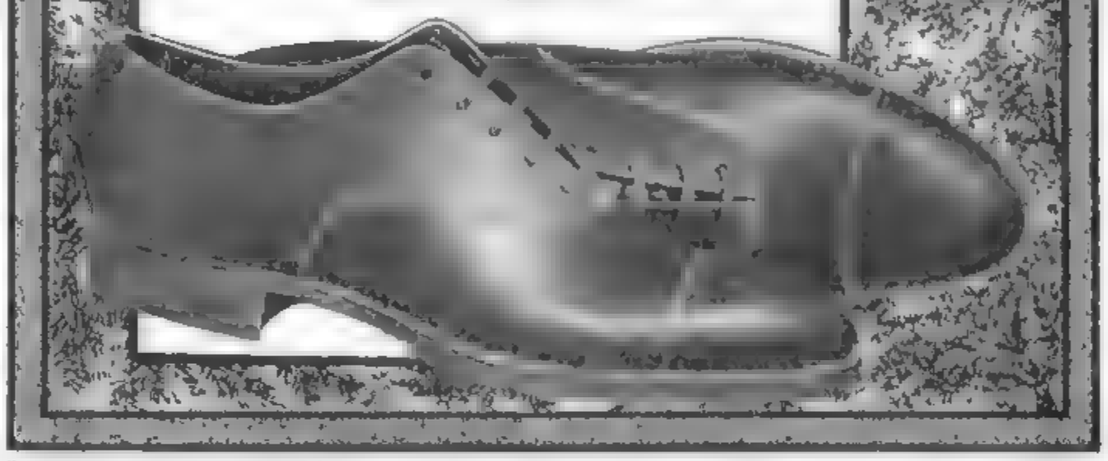

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"Sonny was always terrible stubborn and independent," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Since ever he was in his cradle he'd do what he thought fit and do it the way he chose himself. He'd not be under a compliment to e'er a one."

I next heard of Michael Antony Cassidy—whom his mother called Sonny—under circumstances that made the rain-swept, desolate Connaught land seem like a half-forgotten dream. I was in the smoking room of one of the great liners, crossing the Atlantic for the first time in my life, and full of curiosity about the land I was to visit. In one corner of the room was a group of men playing some card game I did not understand. At other tables sat more men, talking in a lazy, desultory way. There is no use talking rapidly on shipboard. Why shoot remarks at your neighbor when you have all day long with nothing to do except hand them to him quietly?

All by themselves in the farthest corner of the room sat the only two men who seemed to be in earnest about what they were doing. They were playing chess. Their absorption in the game must have created a kind of atmosphere round them that their fellow voyagers found distasteful. They were isolated and several seats were vacant near them. I sat down beside them, not because I care much for chess—it is a game that bores me—or because I wanted to be earnest; but because I like to have room to stretch my legs and to spread my elbows.

I suppose, however, that their atmosphere influenced me when I breathed it. I watched the game without knowing or caring much about it; but I observed the players with some interest. They were both young men. They both had eagerly intelligent faces. The fact that they were not drinking either beer or coffee convinced me that they were Americans. Chessplayers of any other nation drink either beer or coffee while they play. Americans seldom drink anything except iced water or cocktails—and neither one nor other is a possible drink while playing chess.

I guessed they were university men—possibly professors; certainly athletes. Then I guessed again, making up my mind that they were business men, with ample leisure for golf. They were certainly accustomed to use their brains. They certainly lived a good deal in the open air.

The game came to an end before I guessed any more. One of the players knocked the ashes out of his pipe and declared that he was going to bed. The other disclaimed sleepiness and lit a cigar. We began to talk and—of all subjects in the world—hit on American politics.

Now politics is not, in my opinion, a fit subject for conversation anywhere. If you talk your own politics—the politics of your native land—you are sure to lose your temper or else the other man will lose his. If you talk the politics of another nation you yawn and finally go to sleep, because all foreign politics, being quite incomprehensible, are dull. American politics is to me the dullest of all, because I never get anywhere near understanding it. Nevertheless it was American politics my keen-eyed chessplayer talked.

I listened and gained nothing from his denunciation of one party or the other. I forget now which it was that he denounced. At last I asked my question. I call it mine because I have asked it eighteen times of eighteen Americans and got eighteen different answers to it: "Why is there no labor party in America—no labor party that runs candidates in frank opposition to Republicans and Democrats alike, as the English labor party opposes both Conservatives and Liberals?"

This is, I think, an intelligent question. There are laborers in America—immense numbers of them. It seems odd that they should be satisfied with either of the old-established parties. My new friend pondered the answer for a minute. Then he gave me his answer—a clear-cut, logically complete answer, which did not satisfy me in the least.

"America," he said, "is a land of free opportunities for all. Any man, no matter how he starts, may become rich."

"Lots of men do," I said. "Look at —— and ——." I named two worthy millionaires who happened to be on board our steamer.

"Well," said my friend, "if a man thinks he's going to be rich—and every laborer in America thinks that—he's not going to help the other laborers to combine against capital, is he?"

I suppose my face showed that I did not regard this as a satisfactory explanation of the failure of American civilization to produce a labor party. My friend went on to justify his general statement by quoting a particular case.

"I'm an engineer," he said, "and I'm in charge of a big job away out in what you'd call the wilds. That section isn't settled much—just a few farmers scattered about; and my crowd fixed up in a little wooden town the company built for them. There are a couple of thousand of them—and a pretty tough lot they are—Slavs mostly, with a sprinkling of Italians. Scum!"

He spoke the last word with a venom that surprised me in a citizen of the land of human equality—the land that fought to secure the negro his rights as a man and a brother.

"Some time ago," he went on, "we had trouble with them—not a strike; it doesn't come to that—just trouble over some agreement the company made the men sign. I'm not saying it was quite a legal agreement, for it wasn't; but it was good enough and nobody lost by it. Well, the trouble wouldn't have amounted to much if it hadn't been for a big, husky Russian—a sulky devil of a man who started about knifing the company's officers, chiefly me.

"I knew what was going on, but I didn't see my way to stop it. I just slept with a gun handy and kept my eyes open during the day. I watched that Russian pretty close. You can't blame a Russian, of course, for wanting to knife people. Murder seems to be the only way of getting the necessary reforms in their country, and this fellow wasn't long out of it. All the same, I didn't want to be an innocent victim."

I think my engineer friend showed a nice spirit in making excuses for the Russian.

"Well, one day the whole conspiracy just got bursted. There was a little Irishman—the only one we had in the whole crowd, for the Irish are a bit above that kind of work now. The Russian was making a speech one evening and the rest of the men were cheering him. He was a big brute, well over six feet high. I was a football player when I was in college, but I don't mind owning that I should have thought twice before engaging in a scrap with that Russian.

"My little Irishman didn't think more than once. He walked right up to the Russian, and when he was standing in front of him he didn't reach up beyond where the top button of the Russian's waistcoat would have been if he'd had a waistcoat. 'Listen to me now, son!' said the Irishman: 'Just you can that talk about knives and killing. It's not wanted here.' The Russian kind of collapsed, and that was the end of our labor trouble."

"It's an interesting story," I said; "but I don't quite see what it has to do with the curious fact that there's no effective labor party in America."

"It's got this to do with it: Cassidy expects to be a capitalist some day—and he doesn't want any Russian coming round and knifing him when the time comes. See that?"

I did not even try to see it. The matter had ceased, for the moment, to interest me. My attention was fixed on the Irishman's name.

"Did you say Cassidy?" I asked.

"Yes. And if you look out you'll see that name on the list of first-class passengers on one of these boats pretty soon. He'll be down as having engaged a suite of rooms on B Deck."

"Was he by any chance called Michael Antony?" I asked.

"The men called him Mick," said my friend; "but, of course, that's common with all Irishmen. Now I come to think of it, I believe it was Michael Antony he wrote when he signed on as overseer. I made him overseer after he'd laid out the Russian."

"That," I said, "was probably last November."

"It was—sure. But how did you guess?"

"I happened to hear another part of the same story from his mother," I said. "It was Sonny she called him, but his real name was Michael Antony."

"Sonny or Micky," said my friend, "the name will be worth having on the bottom of a check some day soon. That little Irishman will make good! He's got grit!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of two sketches by George A. Birmingham. The second will appear in an early issue.

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YOUNG men with red blood in their veins naturally keep abreast of motor car development. They know what the best engineers are saying and doing. Motorists who pride themselves upon being a little ahead of the crowd know that the Jeffery is the American high grade, light weight, high efficiency car of quality and economy built to sell for $1550.

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Trade papers are full of comments upon the coming dominance of the small, high speed, high efficiency motor. Jeffery, you will recall, introduced it first in America last fall. Now it is generally known that next season will bring forth announcements from all quarters of light, high speed cars equipped with similar high speed motors. The Jeffery—the first of this type—is already a proven car.

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$1550

The nearest Jeffery dealer is a good man for you to get acquainted with right away. Ask him to show you what the car will do.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

ON WITH THE DANCE

Continued from Page 15

whirred off with a potent suggestion of pleasure ahead, while every one inside was chattering at once.

"Oh, I never left any word for Preston in case he gets home before I do!" Elinor gasped once, to be reassured easily by Donald:

"If he's playing chess with Kelmer he won't be out until the last train anyway. We'll be home before he is."

The ballroom, when they reached it, was brilliant with many-colored lights and bannered trophies round the walls; the floor was fine; the music caught you up and bore you away with it. In every corner, on the edge of the expertly whirling dancers, were couples dauntlessly practicing steps.

Elinor had no lack of partners to encourage her pretty, graceful efforts; her little feet were untiring. If they did seem to flag for a moment the thought of how much Preston was enjoying his old chess lent fresh zest to the dance. She felt a growing strain of something a little hard in her—a consciousness of that beginning of separate interests when neither has any uniting sympathy with the elected pleasure of the other.

Rex Courtney, a very good-looking young man—at one time the bachelor *par excellence* of the little married circle and back now for a visit after a long absence—complimented Elinor openly, with the privilege of an old friend.

"You just look sweet in this blue gown to-night, Mrs. Chandor; you haven't grown a day older since I saw you last! Let's have another turn. You'll be a great little dancer if you keep on!"

She felt, as she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror, that she did look well. Yet, underneath all her gayety and that little feeling of defiance and resentment against Preston, she had a sensation of loneliness at Rex Courtney's words. She was used to the background of Preston's deeper interest; she wanted him to admire her.

She longed for an impossible story-book adventure, in which, by some romantic happening, he should have been lured over here on the clubhouse floor also, and they should meet in delighted astonishment. But there was no story-book adventure only the unpleasant one that when they left, much later than she wished, it was found that it had been snowing hard for some time.

The harrowing nature of that ride back blotted out all past enjoyment. The machine clogged and stuck. The men, in dancing shoes and evening clothes under their long coats, worked to clear it, ankle-deep in snow; while the women inside shivered and lamented, Elinor a prey to wild anxiety.

When Preston went into the sleeping, dimly lighted house and found her absent he would not know what on earth to make of it! He hated her to do things without letting him know explicitly; he had at all times a masculine feeling of responsibility for her welfare, and he would be furious if he found that she had been stuck in the snow during this storm under what he would, of course, consider incompetent direction.

Oh, dear! This marriage was a stupid, disabling sort of thing when it came to the pass that, if you could not have any real enjoyment in the companionship of your husband, you could not enjoy yourself without him either.

It was half past two when the limousine got across the track by the railroad station, its lights dimly showing through the whirling snow. The last train had come in over an hour ago. A few minutes more and she was on her own steps, propelled by Donald's aid. He turned the key in the lock for her and helped her brush off the snow in the vestibule before running off.

The house was as she had left it—the light turned down low in the hall. Preston's hat and coat were not there. Was it possible he had not come in yet? She went upstairs with a beating heart, calling softly even before she turned on the light.

"Preston! Preston! Are you here?"

There was no answer. He was not there. She looked for a written message from Ellen, in case he had telephoned earlier; but there was none. After two o'clock and he not home yet! Had he gone out to look for her? But, of course, that was absurd.

She threw off her wraps, took off her overshoes and stood there irresolute, listening. Perhaps after all he had fallen asleep on the sofa in the drawing room. She ran down and switched on all the electric lights, gazing about her fearfully in their brilliance.

The trains had been running all right—Rex Courtney had said so. As she stood here in her ball gown listening, with an eerie sensation, the color suddenly flamed into her face with relief—there was his step now, scrunching and slipping on the walk outside; and then here he was before her in his big overcoat, his dark eyes smiling down at her.

"Hello!" he said in what seemed pleased surprise. "This is nice; I thought you'd have been in bed long ago. How fine you look! What's up?"

"I've been over to the dance at the Ridge Clubhouse with the Bannards and the rest, in the Iversons' limousine. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"No; of course not," he answered.

"What makes you so late?"

"Why, to tell the truth, the evening passed so quickly that when I looked at my watch the last train had gone; so I came out by the tube and the trolley. Wait here a moment while I take a look at the furnace."

Elinor could hear him shaking and rattling away at it before coming up again to drop on the sofa beside her, his long legs stretched out before him. He was evidently tired, yet there was something unusually alert in his expression, a light in the eyes he fixed on her that seemed to come from some pleased thought which gave a new outlook on the world. His wife, sitting there with her white neck and shoulders rising out of the blue chiffon folds, her round bare arms lying negligently in her lap, and the gauzy spangled ornament trembling in her brown hair, felt for him, in her turn, that suddenly quickening sense of admiration that puts new life into the apparent monotony of marriage; she had not seen him look so young for a long time.

"Did you win this evening?" she asked.

"Win what? Oh, we only played one game; it was a draw. Kelmer's cousin, Mrs. Anderson—I've met her before; she lives in an apartment near him—called him up about half past nine and asked him to bring some of his records over for her phonograph; so I went round there with him. They had some kind of an impromptu party on, we found when we got there. And whom do you think I met? I never got such a surprise in all my life!" He paused for emphasis. "Minnie Trip!"

"Minnie Trip? I don't seem to remember her," said Elinor blankly.

"Oh, yes, you do! She was a girl I went to school with when we lived near Minneapolis. I've spoken to you about her a hundred times. It must be twenty-five years since we've seen each other—she's been doing settlement work in Chicago. Well, she's just as little and roly-poly and red-haired and jolly as ever, with just the same dimples, and snap in her eyes—hasn't changed an atom. I said: 'Well, Min, it's good to see you! Do you remember how you used to boss me round and make me carry your books?' And she said indeed she did, and a lot of trouble I gave her too! Once she threw a rock at me and hit me in the eye because I tried to pull her curls. Oh, she was a case, I can tell you! Well, we had a good talk over old times. We were off in a corner by ourselves."

"That must have been very pleasant," said Elinor vaguely. It is difficult for even the most devoted wife to show real interest in her husband's schoolgirl friends. "Did you stay there the rest of the evening?"

Mr. Chandor nodded.

"Yes. They had some pretty good music—a lot of catchy tunes, with plenty of spring to 'em. I took down the names of some. I told Mrs. Anderson when I first went in to count me out of the dancing. And then—er—and—er—and—— Well!" A smile of deeply interested reminiscence overspread his face. "Will you believe it? The first thing I knew, Min said:

"'Stand right up on the floor, Preston Chandor, and put your feet the way I show you.' And before I could tell where I was she had me going off down the room with her. It was a Hesitation something or other—I don't know what you call it. There wasn't any hesitation about her, though! Min said I got it the first clip—no trouble at all! She kept me at it too."

"Did you try it with any one else?" asked Elinor in an even tone.

"Oh, I tried a few things with a couple of other women. There seemed to be a

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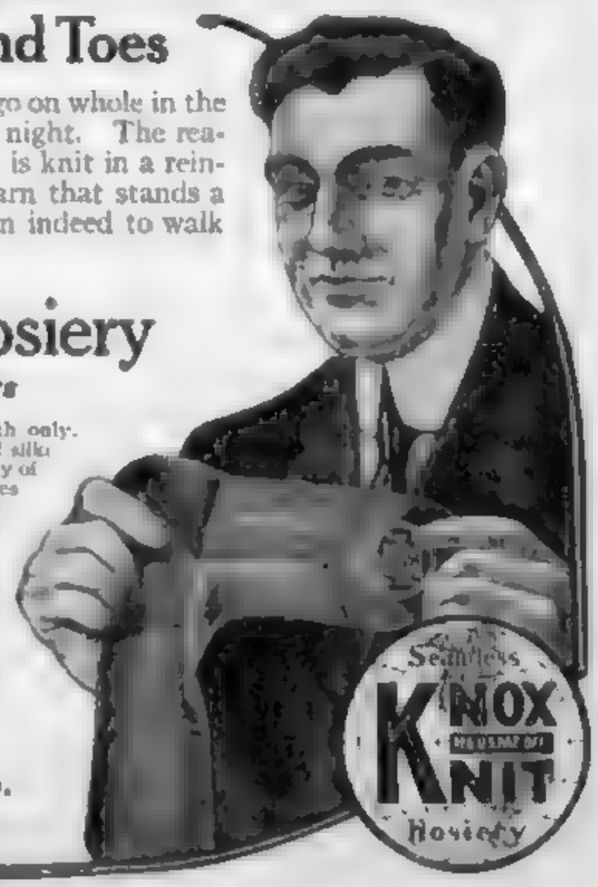

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is a remarkable story of a remarkable woman. It's a woman's story; but men will read it. It is written by William Carleton, whose *One Way Out* and other stories you have read in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The first installment is in this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

pretty nice set of fellows there; one of them belongs to the Ivonia Yacht Club. But they're all dance-mad, every one of them! I told them that, after trying it for the evening pretty thoroughly, it certainly didn't get *me;* I couldn't see anything in it at all!"

"Oh, Preston!" His wife's face, which had been sparkling, suddenly clouded over; her blue eyes became moist.

"Fact!" said Mr. Chandor. He pressed her hand tenderly; and, with the luminous expression still in his eyes, he rose and went over to the phonograph. "I'm dog-tired; but I was just wondering whether we haven't one of those records here. Hello! I thought so. That sounds all right, doesn't it? Want to try this a little with me before we go upstairs, dear? I may as well get the hang of that Maxixe—however you pronounce it—before I forget it. Wait until I push back the rug. Now!—— What on earth's making you laugh so?"

"Oh, Preston! You've got it at last!"

His face took on a reluctant, shamefaced grin as his arms, already round her, held her swaying form upright.

"Well, you certainly do look sweet tonight, Mrs. Chandor!" he said fondly.

The long-looked-for ball at the Watkins' home was in full progress. Everybody was, as usual, dancing differently to the same deliriously sweet strains; the long, loose-kneed Mr. Crandall and the elegant Mrs. Roberts seemed to be intermittently sinking to the floor, like Little Sally Waters; Donald Bannard, with little Miss Prankly swung lightly across one arm, cast off from his moorings and went with the tide; Preston, linked to the solid yet aërial Mrs. Bantry by a finger tip, pranced gracefully along toward her with the expression and mien of a toreador as she whirled ever and anon just ahead of him; while Elinor, under the capable direction of Mr. Brentwood, forged unwaveringly in a straight line down the room. Occasionally the eyes of the husband and wife met in swift and happy accord. Theirs was the next turn together—the best of all. Oh, there was joy in it!

"Greatest twosome ever invented," said Mr. Iverson, wiping his forehead under his white hair as he paused by kind, motherly Mrs. Brentwood, who never performed, but loved to see her husband do so. "This dancing craze seems to get hold of us all—even me, who ought to know better at my age. What do you suppose is the reason?"

Mrs. Brentwood smiled.

"Dear me!" she remarked with apparent irrelevance. "How I longed to dance thirty years ago! And I didn't dare to acknowledge it because I was married and supposed to be beyond such frivolity. You see, so many times we grow old because we're expected to do so. This, Mr. Iverson, is just the natural upspringing of that which never dies out in us while we are alive—and that's youth!"

Planning for 2914

A THOUSAND-YEAR museum, designed to preserve exhibits so nearly perfect that they will not have changed in appearance when shown to Americans in 2914, is a recent addition to the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Dust, light, insects and moisture are the constant enemies of museum exhibits; so special storage vaults have been built, which will keep all four under perfect control and in all probability preserve exhibits for one thousand years. The buildings are not expected to last for anything like that length of time, but the system will do its work of preservation perfectly well until the time for new vaults comes along. Dust and light can be kept under control by constant attention; so the real problems of ideal preservation are moisture and insects. The vaults have been built of concrete, with perfectly fitting air-tight metal doors, so that neither moisture nor insects can get in.

In the event, however, of insects getting in—when the vaults are visited, for instance—provision is made to kill them off by filling the vaults with some deadly gas for a few hours occasionally.

Exhibits that are not very exciting now, but which will be genuine curiosities hundreds of years from now, are being stored—such as Indian baskets, headdresses and weapons. Some of the buckskin articles may not last a thousand years, because the Indian tanners did not do sufficiently perfect work; but it is predicted that most of the relics will last that long in good shape.

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We believe "Whip" is the best smoking tobacco ever blended. Fifty years ago my father introduced the mellow Burley leaf as a pipe tobacco. And it was we Pattersons that first produced smoking tobaccos without "the bite"—that first produced the ready-rolled style of tobacco now so popular.

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"Whip" is milder than any tobacco you ever smoked—so mild that you can smoke it all day and night—so fragrant and satisfying that you will want to keep your pipe going all the time—so bland and gentle that there is never a bite at your tongue or a tickle of your throat, no matter how much you smoke.

Ask your dealer for a one-ounce can of "Whip" at 5c., or a two-ounce can at 10c., and you can prove the wonderful smoking qualities of "Whip." It is also put up in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors.

Or you can place the burden of proof on me. Drop me a postcard, mention the name of your dealer and I'll send you an

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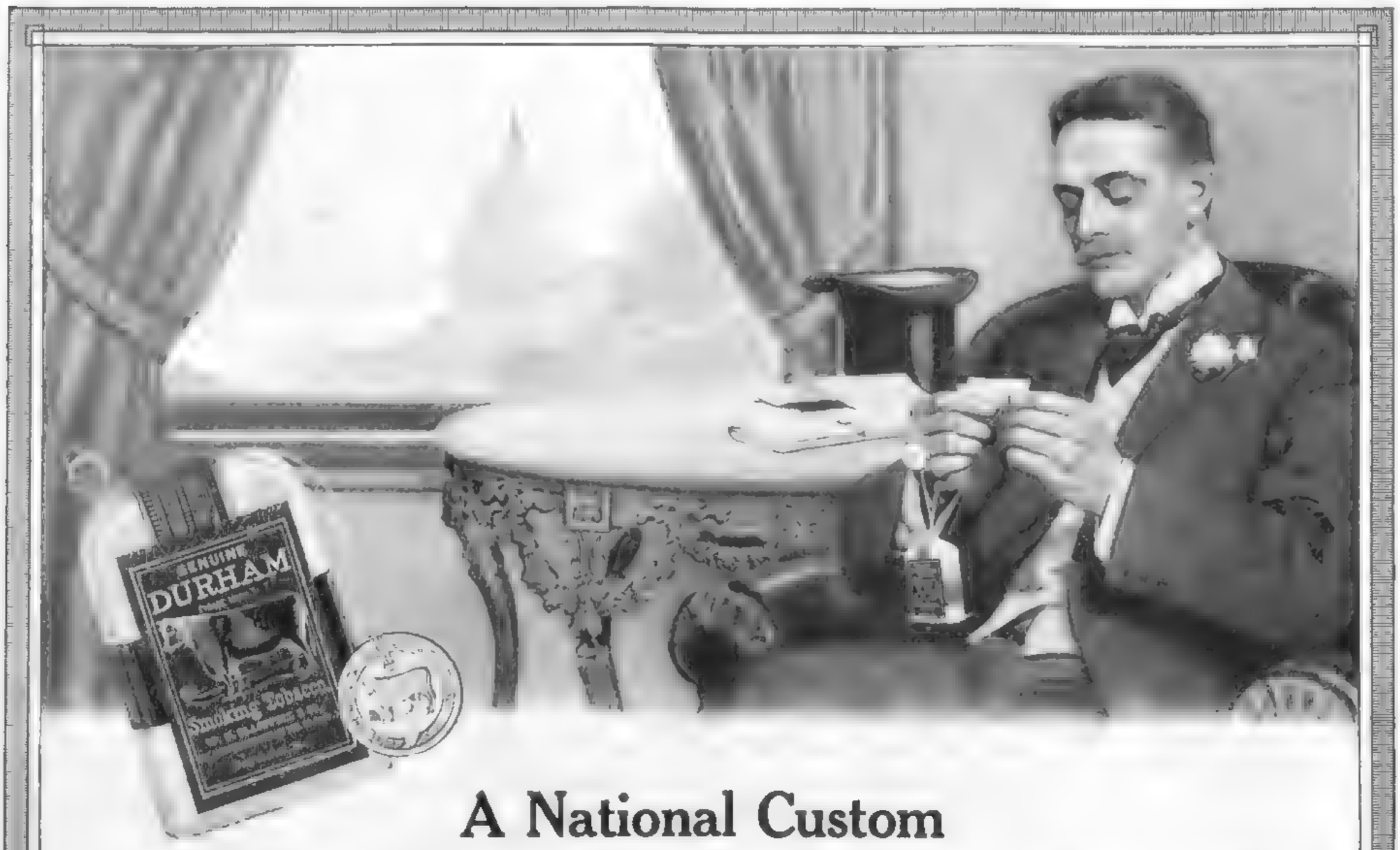

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

BARRACKS AND BEGGARS

(Continued from Page 4)

An Italian puts it this way: "Knowing how Austria ruled this country, would you want her back here? Would you want France setting up one government at Naples and another at Milan?"

Well, decidedly you wouldn't. You'd muster the last peasant into the ranks and sell his last shirt for gunpowder before you would suffer it. You'd embrace "bankruptcy armed to the teeth" with both arms. And when you cross the border you find exactly the same attitude, only looking in a different direction.

The president of a flourishing French bank mentioned casually that his eldest son was about to begin two years' active service in the army.

"Is it literally true," I asked, "that your son serves his two years exactly as a day-laborer's son does?"

"Exactly," he declared with emphasis. "There is no escape from military service, and everybody serves exactly alike."

"But in the case of a man of means and influence," I persisted, "isn't there some way of getting his son off—hiring a substitute or something like that—or having him serve on easier conditions?"

"No, sir!" he declared with a touch of indignation. "Rich and poor, famous and unknown, they all serve exactly alike. If my son should evade his military service he would be disgraced. He couldn't belong to a decent club. He would be snubbed. Even if he were rejected on account of some physical defect it would be a humiliation to him. I served my time in the army, and I remember how nervous I was when I took the physical examination for fear they would find some flaw in me. If I had been rejected it would have been a lasting regret to me."

"Two years out of the life of a youth just at college age must be something of a handicap," I suggested. "Can he continue his studies while serving?"

"No," said the banker. "They keep him pretty busy. He has little time for anything except his military duties. It makes him about two years late in entering professional or business life."

Remembering that a novice's military duties consist largely in scrubbing up everything in sight, from the doorstep to the officers' boots, I ventured to ask: "And you don't resent that? You don't wish it changed?"

"It is inevitable," the banker replied. "Now the government has lengthened the term of active service to three years. I was in favor of that, and so, you will find, were a majority of Frenchmen. Look at what they are doing in Germany, with their new regiments and this extraordinary war tax. If they arm, we must arm. It is the price of our life. France could not endure another Sedan. Germany hates us as much as ever. To disarm would be to commit suicide. France would become a mere pawn in a game played by the armed powers."

And—while in France—that looks rather convincing too. Only forty-three years ago the Prussians held Paris and exacted a war indemnity of a billion dollars.

Getting Acquainted in the Army

Nearly all Frenchmen talk the same way. A great many of them, in fact, defend military service on its own account. The physical training, they say, is very valuable, conducing materially to the nation's health and stamina. You can spot a man who has served in the army by his erect bearing, forward-looking eyes and firm step, they tell you. And if you go out to Versailles when they are breaking in recruits you will see that they do get good bodily exercise. But if your son, aged twenty, should announce that he proposed to devote the next two years of his life to physical exercise, you would probably yearn to engage in a few physical exercises yourself, with himself as the object thereof.

Military service is warmly defended also on social grounds. The head of a large French business, who has traveled in the United States, observed:

"I can understand how the idea of having a son serve in the army would strike an American, for your army is wholly undemocratic, while our citizen armies are the most democratic institutions in the world. Everybody goes into them on an equal footing. One result is that we Frenchmen know one another in a way that you Americans and the English never do. In New York you see a roustabout, a cab driver, a street cleaner, and you really don't know that man at all. You don't know his points of view; how he thinks about things; what his experiences have been. If you had served two years in the army with him you would know him and he would know you. On the boulevards, not a great way from here, you may see a shabby man selling newspapers. I see him every now and then. That man and I served side by side years ago. I know him: he knows me."

The speaker was beaming with enthusiasm by that time, and I acknowledged that to know one's fellow men is certainly a good thing. But I went away with some mental reservations. Thereafter I noticed particularly quite a number of shabby, middle-aged men who were selling papers on the boulevards, and I wondered what particular advantage they might derive from "knowing" various well-placed, prosperous gentlemen like my acquaintance. I could easily imagine the advantage to the prosperous gentleman. Coming out of his office in correct clothes and polished boots, and stepping into a cab that was going to take him home to a good dinner, he might well derive a distinct pleasure from recognizing with an affable nod and smile his former companion-in-arms. But as the former companion-in-arms shuffled off to his kennel to gnaw a crust, what particular advantage was there to him? And as to mutual understanding—after many years during which the one has been going in cabs to good dinners and the other gnawing crusts in a kennel—I was dubious about that also.

Military Service Popular in France

Finally military service is defended all over Europe on moral grounds. At least a dozen men, first and last, emphasized the point that it taught obedience to authority; or, as one of them more accurately put it, "It teaches people that some must command and some must obey." Probably that is a grand lesson—and immensely important from the point of view of those who are so fortunately situated that in the nature of the case they will be doing the commanding rather than the obeying. I haven't the least doubt that this aspect of the case powerfully commends universal military service to the well-placed and well-to-do. That universal military service gives employers a great leverage upon some classes of labor was well illustrated in France when the government crushed a railroad strike by summoning the strikers to serve as soldiers.

From whatever motives, nearly everybody seems in favor of the military system—when it comes to a real test. At the last French elections, in April, the former premier, who was responsible for lengthening the term of active military service from two years to three, was returned to the Chamber by an overwhelming majority and the whole program of increased taxation was indorsed.

Taxes are not trifling now. On army and navy France spends nearly three hundred million dollars a year, while interest on the colossal public debt—mainly a heritage of wars waged in the last hundred years—consumes two hundred and fifty million dollars more. In other words, with forty per cent of our population and about that proportion of our wealth, France has to spend more than half a billion dollars a year before she gets round to any really useful objects of expenditure.

But nobody except the Socialists really objects. They say France must keep more than six hundred thousand men under arms at all times and maintain a fleet of thirty battleships and thirty-two cruisers in order to preserve her national existence; that to disarm would be to commit suicide. Just as Italy points to Austria and France as a compelling reason for bankrupting herself with armaments, so France points to Germany.

"If you want to know how the French people feel about it," a Parisian observed, "just stroll over to the Place de la Concorde and glance at the statue of Strassburg."

Of course I had glanced at it. Round the splendid square are eight great statues in honor of important French cities. The Strassburg statue is half buried under garlands and mourning streamers, and has been ever since Prussia took the city away from France.

Written by a Treasurer

"They call me a Tightwad"

We have a lot of young enthusiasts running departments, who would drive us into bankruptcy in a year if I didn't pose them on the carpet about once a month and put the fear of the Bank Balance into their souls. The President is the worst of the lot. "Get results!" he yells; "hang the cost."

The advertising manager, in his expansive, free handed way, was going to send out one hundred thousand form letters on our best, lithographed, 18c a pound stationery. After a few kind words from me, he found a splendid paper, firm and fine in texture, with a quality feel and rattle, that costs less than 9c a pound, east of the Mississippi. We didn't save any money for he sent out twice as many letters instead. That shows what I have to contend with. The paper is Hammermill Bond and the form letters are pulling fine.

A Treasurer

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Remarkable health record for twenty-one years, due to careful observance of laws of health in equipment and habits.

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Men and women: Sell the nationally advertised Dustley Pneumatic Sweeper—big demand—all inquiries referred to local agents. Its low price clinches sales and leaves you a big profit. Rich territory now open. Write for agents' discount

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Do you want a real camera or a pair of roller skates, and other things like a catcher's glove, ball or mask? These and many other desirable articles we are giving as premiums for wrappers of

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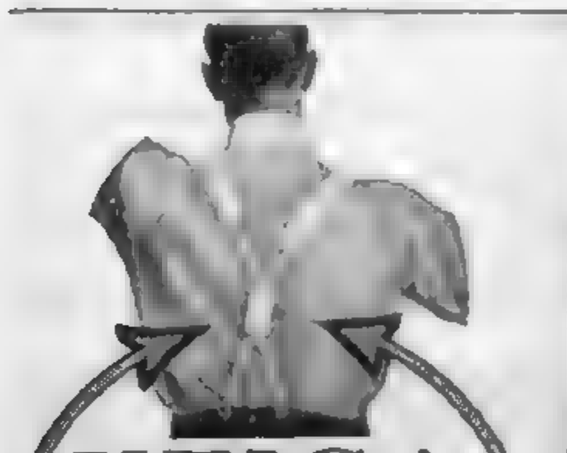

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All the metal parts are *nose* made from solid brass which prevents any possibility of their rusting, they are finished in the dull gold finish just the same as the best fifty-cent suspenders.

UTICA ATHLETIC suspenders are made in *three weights*, and also in *three lengths* and whether you are short, medium or tall, these suspenders will fit you just like the rest of your wearing apparel. When they are "Utica Made," they are really "Tailor Made," too

Wear UTICA ATHLETIC suspenders and get double value for your money. If your dealer hasn't them, we will send them to you on receipt of the price, and your dealer's name.

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Delivers pure air absolutely free from oil. No installation expense. Only necessary to connect motor with ordinary electric light circuit by means of plug and lamp cord furnished.

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"But why not stroll a little farther," I objected, "and glance at the Arc de Triomphe or the Vendôme Column, by which Napoleon commemorated the pleasant fact that he had licked the Prussians out of their boots? Where are you going to stop?"

You find, in fact, that all this arming of nation against nation has its virile root in the hatreds begotten of past wars. France thirsts to avenge her defeat at the hands of the Prussians two score years ago. Just as reasonably Prussia, then, might have been thirsting to avenge her equally crushing defeat at the hands of the French three score years earlier. Italy must keep armed to the teeth lest Austria avenge her defeats of the middle of the nineteenth century; and if you go back a little way Austria owes a thrashing to every nation in Europe.

In Berlin I was bidden to trot back to Paris and take another look at that Strassburg statue. Germans point to its perennial heap of garlands as proof of France's hatred for the Fatherland.

"Turn to the map and see our position," said a Berliner. "There is France on one side, Austria and Russia on another, and England across a hand's breadth of salt water which her ships command—and all of them lemon-color with hatred of Germany. Do you think for an instant that we could disarm or disband a single regiment?"

So I found it everywhere—always not only a convincing but an absolutely invincible reason for mustering in the last man and spending the last dollar. Comparatively few Americans, I am satisfied, understand the feeling over there. To most of us their furious competition in armaments, adding regiment to regiment and piling tax on tax until peace has become far more costly than war formerly was, seems ridiculous or a bit insane. We are apt to think of it as something hatched in chancelleries and imposed upon reluctant people. But there is no doubt that a great part of the people themselves are in favor of it.

The only important opposition anywhere comes from the Socialists, and I doubt whether Socialist opposition goes much below the surface. For example, Germany last year had eight hundred thousand men under arms and a fleet second only to that of England, with forty-one battleships afloat or building and fifty-two cruisers, and was spending on army and navy about two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The emperor then proposed to increase the peace footing of the army by a hundred and thirty-six thousand men, and to raise a special military contribution of two hundred and forty million dollars.

Now anti-militarism is a cardinal tenet in the Socialist creed. The party has one hundred and ten members in the Reichstag out of a total of three hundred and ninety-seven members. Its members had always voted against taxes for military purposes. But on this proposal, which one of the Socialist members described as "the most monstrous military bill that a government ever dared offer a country," they voted unanimously for the government.

The Zabern Incident

To be sure, they insisted that the proposal to increase the army and the proposal to raise a huge fund to pay for that increase and for other military purposes be put in separate bills. Excepting themselves, everybody was in favor of increasing the army, so that bill passed without their vote. Then they voted unanimously for the second bill, which made the first effective.

It is also true that they got the second bill so drafted that the huge special contribution would fall mostly—in theory at least—upon the rich and well-to-do. Their argument was that the increase in the army and the special levy were bound to pass anyway, so the best practical thing they could do was to throw the financial burden on the bourgeoisie.

But there was probably another and more compelling reason. The Socialists poll some four million votes, but the outright members of the party number less than a million. Their great voting strength comes from people who are not members of the party but who vote its ticket out of sympathy for many of its objects and because it is the only real opposition party in Germany. These millions of sympathizers—the limitations to whose sympathies nobody knows—are often small tradesmen, professional men, clerks and the like. There is every probability that the Socialists voted for the Kaiser's proposal in deference to the sentiments of these sympathizers. In fine, when it comes to a real test no party in Germany stands unflinchingly against militarism; and the action of the Socialists on last summer's military bills is as good an indication of public opinion among the less fortunate mass of the people as anything I know of.

A few months later Germany was much agitated—for a fortnight—over the Zabern incident. Military officers stationed in that town of the conquered French province superseded civil authority and behaved in a very high-handed, not to say outrageous, manner toward some civilians. There was a good deal of angry talk in the newspapers about military despotism and saber rule. The Reichstag, by a decisive majority, passed a vote of censure on the imperial chancellor, which in England or France would have brought an immediate downfall of the ministry.

English and American newspapers sagely discussed forthcoming changes of a portentous nature in the German constitution, with the emperor reduced to a mere social leader, like the British king.

But the emperor simply shrugged his shoulders. When I was in Berlin sufficient time had elapsed for a sober second thought, and every well-informed man with whom I talked assured me that as a net result of the Zabern incident the government—which means the Kaiser—was stronger than ever. And a little later, when Russia adopted measures that will work out an increase in her peace strength by four hundred thousand men, the Kaiser could have had anything he wanted—that is, in the contingency that there is anything he wants in the political way which he doesn't have now.

The German Income Tax

Those Russian proposals sent a thrill through Germany which was perceptible even to a foreigner. Men talked of war, not the way we talk of it here as something very remote and conjectural, but as a thing of deadly imminence. Americans think of war about twice in a decade, and then with no very keen interest. In Europe they think of it all the time. It is so much in the air that Americans need live in any European country only a short time to get their systems thoroughly impregnated with it.

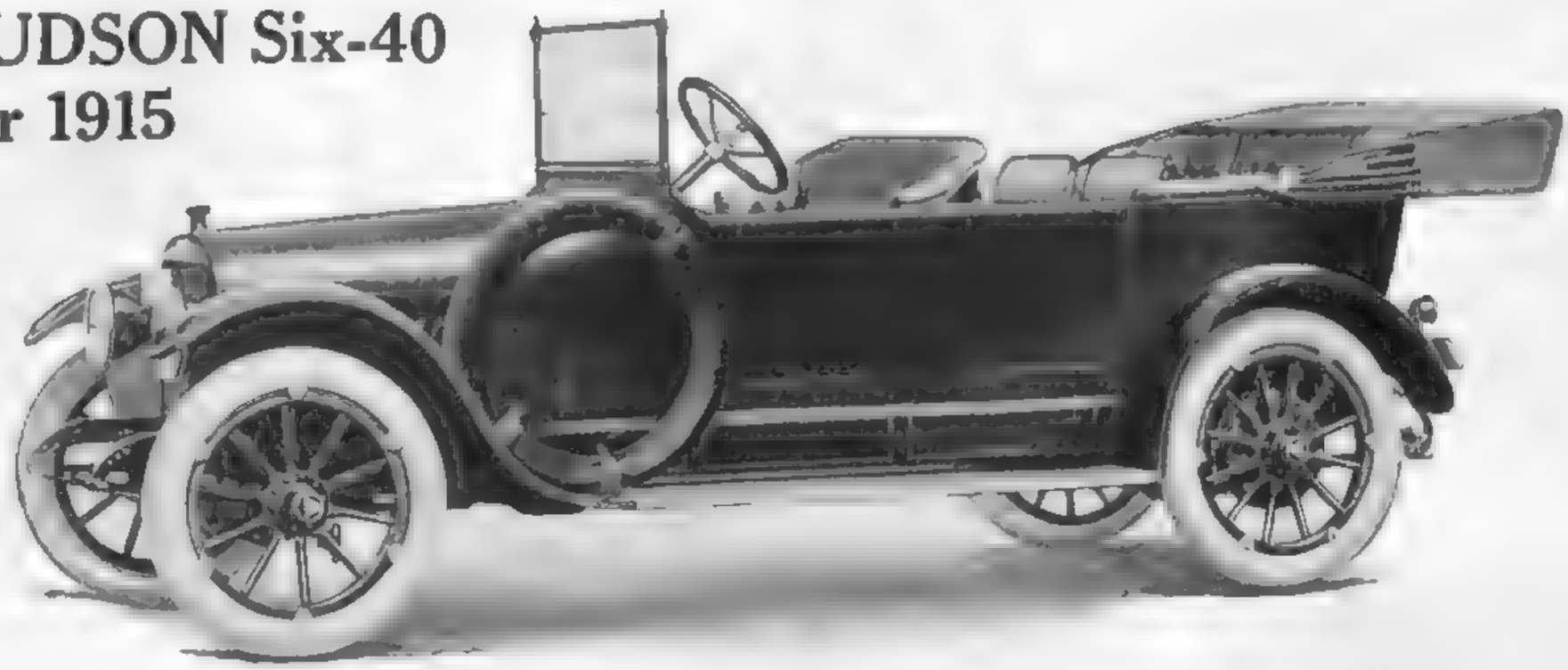
I talked with a good many Americans who have resided in Europe for some time, and found them, to a man, as much committed to the militarist program as the natives are—and always from the point of view of the country in which they are domiciled. The American living in London sees the vital necessity to England of maintaining as many warships as any other two nations. Otherwise France and Russia or Germany and Italy might shut off her food supplies, starve her into submission in a month, and walk off with all her colonies. The American in Paris sees that a disarmed France would immediately sink to insignificance among the nations, with a rôle in Europe about like that of Venezuela in America. In Rome he sees that Austria would reimpose her detestable rule upon the country, or Austria and France would divide it up, if Italy relaxed her military preparedness. In Berlin he sees Russia pouring a horde of Cossacks across the frontier, unless the Kaiser has a very warm welcome prepared for them, or England gobbling up German East Africa.

For each particular country there is a cogent reason why it must not let up in the competition of regiments and dreadnoughts. The people of that country believe in it, vote for it and pay for it. Probably there is no better test of a man's belief in a thing than the cheerfulness with which he will pay for it, and in that respect the Kaiser's extraordinary military contribution brought out some interesting evidence.

Taxes in Germany were already heavy. The Prussian income tax, for example, begins with what would be considered a day laborer's income in this country, with an increased percentage as the income rises. If a man's income is fifteen hundred dollars a year his state tax on it is forty dollars—the same that a married man with eight thousand dollars a year would pay under our new Federal income-tax law. With an income of twenty-five hundred dollars the Prussian pays seventy-five dollars a year to the state. But the cities also derive a substantial part of their revenue from income tax, by levying a certain per cent of the state tax. This city levy amounts on the average to about one hundred per cent of the state levy, so a Prussian income

(Continued on Page 65)

HUDSON Six-40
For 1915



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The Ideal Six, with 31 New Features and a $1,550 Price

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 will be accepted, we think, as America's representative car. It leads in its class. And the class which it leads best typifies the modern ideals and trends.

All things considered—all the time's tendencies toward lightness, economy, modest size and cost—this new HUDSON Six-40 will be widely conceded first place among coming cars.

The Criterions

These are the criterions by which the majority now measure a quality car. Note how the HUDSON meets them:

First, good engineering. The 48 Hudson engineers—headed by Howard E. Coffin—have devoted four years to this HUDSON Six-40. The car represents the crowning effort of the ablest corps in this industry.

Next, men insist on Sixes for high-grade cars. This HUDSON Six-40 embodies all the refinements men have worked out in Sixes.

Today's demand is for lightness without sacrificing strength. That lightness which comes through skilful designing and proper materials. The HUDSON Six-40, as built this year, weighs 2,900 pounds. The old-time average, for cars of this capacity, was fully one-third more. We have removed, by sheer good designing, the weight of a car-full of people. Yet this light HUDSON has proved itself one of the staunchest cars.

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The Price Question

Last year we astonished all with a $1,750 price on the HUDSON Six-40. It was the lowest price ever quoted on any comparable car.

On the model just out—for 1915—we drop that price $200. That is due to trebled output. It is the saving we make by building three times as many cars.

In this ultra-value the HUDSON Six-40 leads all the high-grade cars. There is nothing in sight of it. In this point, above all, it accords with modern ideas.

Look back a little. Three years ago not a Six could be bought for less than $3,000. High-grade cars of any type cost around $2,000. Now this new HUDSON Six-40—the thoroughbred Six—is offered for $1,550.

The Popular Car

Popularity is the final test of place. This car came last year to open up an entirely new field in Sixes. From the start the demand overwhelmed us. The cars which went out sold others, until our dealers were besieged.

The end of the season left us 3,000 unfilled orders. Men were offering premiums—as high as $200—to get a HUDSON Six-40. To cope with this demand we have this year been compelled to treble our capacity.

Now 31 Refinements

Our whole engineering corps devoted last year to refinements. The car itself developed no shortcomings. But we found 31 ways to add comfort, convenience and beauty. Go see these new features. Some are very important. Most of them, as usual, will be found this year in HUDSON cars alone.

You will find this new model one of the handsomest cars ever built. You will find a 20-coat finish—luxurious upholstery. You will find the latest and best in each form of equipment. There are disappearing seats in the tonneau. Every detail, inside and outside, shows the extreme of refinement. It will set many new standards for you.

Phaeton seating up to 7 passengers, $1,550, f. o. b. Detroit.

Standard Roadster, same price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have this new model on show. New catalog on request.

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We build this same model with a larger engine and a 135-inch wheelbase. It is for men who want these ideal features in a big, impressive car. The HUDSON Six-54—our 1915 larger model—sells for $2,350.

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The Way It Holds The Road Shows How It Is Built

One of the striking ways in which these FOURS show their superiority is the manner in which they hold the road.

You do not see the driver of a Studebaker FOUR continually bringing it back to a straightaway by "nursing" the wheel.

It does not creep to one side, but once "set" it goes straight ahead.

This is the quality sometimes called roadability.

Roadability indicates perfect balance, and balance goes clear back to the beginning of Studebaker manufacturing methods.

It starts with the raw material; with steels which are not only the costliest of their kind but made strictly to our own specifications.

It is developed by from two to four heat treatments, which double and treble the strength of these steels with large reductions in both size and weight.

It is carefully worked out by the forging, stamping and machining of all parts in our own plants—6,000 operations requiring 5,000 machines.

To this perfect balance, resulting from Studebaker design, wrought by Studebaker methods with Studebaker materials, is added a full floating rear axle.

The Studebaker FOUR is the only "Four" in the world at its price which has a full floating rear axle, equipped with Timken bearings.

The Studebaker FOUR is completely Timken equipped even to the hubs of the wheels.

The result of this manufacturing efficiency plus superb equipment is better quality—true roadability—vastly greater value than in any other "Four".

The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific manufacturing operations of Studebaker. Send for it.

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The Full Floating Rear Axle

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9,000 Miles without changing a spark plug

Twice across the United States with the motor as clean at the end as at the beginning, without the necessity that the cylinder oil cut and eat free carbon and burnt up with it. This is not a theory—it has been done with

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Fun and Health Before School!

Stuffy school-rooms won't hurt the youngsters who start—and end—the day with a lung-full, joyful, muscle-building spin out on the boulevard. Five miles in twenty minutes is boy's play. Never late to school—errands for the asking—no moping about the house—healthy, vigorous bodies.

The Iver Johnson "Boy Scout" and "Campfire Girl" bicycles are in every respect the same grade as our best men's models. Same tubing, same bearings, same splendid workmanship and finish. Prices, $20 to $25.

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Send for 82-page book which tells about Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Iver Johnson Champion Shotguns. It's free.

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Chairs and Tricycles

For Invalids and Cripples.

WORTHINGTON CO

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(Continued from Page 62)

of twenty-five hundred dollars would pay a total income tax of about one hundred and fifty dollars.

Now the special military contribution included, not only a tax on principal, but a supertax on incomes above twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year. Calculating on income-tax returns and other data, the government estimated that the total contribution would reach two hundred and forty million dollars, and in order to induce patriotic citizens to disclose their full incomes the government announced that if any citizen's return for the extraordinary contribution showed a larger income than he had been reporting for the normal income tax the discrepancy would be forgiven him; the government would neither prosecute him for having failed to disclose his full income nor attempt to collect arrears.

The result was that the first installment of the extraordinary contribution, which was expected to yield only a third of the total, yielded nearly two-thirds as much as the government had calculated upon getting from all three installments. It is true that immunity was offered for tax-dodging sins of the past, yet the citizen who disclosed a larger income than he had been paying taxes upon certainly knew that he would be obliged in the future to pay the regular tax on the full income, so it stands as an example of the German's willingness to foot the military bill.

The German business man speaks of his war taxes as insurance—that is, he regards the tax receipt as a policy of insurance that for another twelve months no British cruiser will shoot the roof off his warehouse.

As in every country where military service is universal and compulsory, its physical benefits are much extolled.

But the death rate in Germany, France and Italy, where military service is universal, is considerably higher than in England, Wales, Scotland and the registration area of the United States, where, comparatively speaking, there is no military service.

The alleged physical benefits, however, are one of the mainstays of the militarist system. This spring a large and distinguished delegation waited upon the prime minister of England to urge the adoption in that country of compulsory military service on the Continental plan. Here are some of the arguments presented, as reported in the London Times:

Militarism in England

A manufacturer: "As the senior working partner in a firm employing over nine thousand men and boys, he believed that universal military training would not disorganize business, though it would of course entail reorganization. Any inconvenience during the period of reorganization would not last more than one or two years and would be amply and permanently compensated for by the improved physical condition and general well-being of the employees."

Sir James Crichton-Browne: "National service is now absolutely necessary to complete our educational system and to insure the freedom of the next generation from many crippling blemishes and defects. Military drill and discipline during adolescence would enlarge the mental caliber of the nation."

The Dean of Durham: "While visiting America he had heard again and again that the young Englishman was conspicuous among immigrants for his helpleasness before the novel and bewildering conditions of American life. He could not but connect that fact with the significant circumstance that of all Europeans entering America probably the young Englishman was the only one who had never passed through systematic military training."

It is not difficult to read between the lines here. Military service is necessary because of the physical benefits which will flow from it; also as a powerful deterrent to various social aberrations, such as strikes and unearned-increment taxes, which are naturally distressing to elderly gentlemen in possession of pleasant jobs and comfortable incomes.

This English case illuminates the whole subject. A few days after the delegation waited upon the prime minister the government's supplementary naval estimates were presented to the House of Commons. They brought the navy bill for the year up to two hundred and fifty million dollars. The bill has been rapidly increasing year by year. Great Britain now has seventy-two battleships and one hundred and thirty-two

Macbeth-Evans installation in the lobby of the Hotel St. Regis, Vancouver, B. C., makes seeing easy and comfortable and is beautiful—Architect, W. T. Whiteway

Good Light Increases Business

Good Light attracts and increases patronage by making seeing easy; by harmonizing with and enhancing the beauty of the surroundings; by increasing the comfort of your patrons and the efficiency of your employees. People visit oftener, stay longer and enjoy themselves better in well-lighted places.

Macbeth-Evans Lighting Equipment

Alba globes and shades on Macbeth-Evans fixtures convert the harsh, dazzling light of modern illuminants into a soft, comfortable illumination, direct the light where it is needed and get more and better light from the same current.

How to get Good Light. You can get better light simply by adding Alba Globes and Shades to your present equipment. But in order to be sure of getting the best light for your purpose, write us for one or more of the following Lighting Articles and for a Portfolio of Individual Suggestions for your needs:

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

1—Homes 2—Department Stores 3—Restaurants 4—Stores 5—Offices 6—Clubs 7—Hotels 8—Banks 9—Theatres 10—Hospitals

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

Sales and Show-rooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco. Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Ltd. Toronto

PARCEL POST

Insure your shipments at minimum cost against loss by slipping our coupons into your parcel post or other mail packages

Costs only 2½c for $10 parcel

Insurance Rates

$10 or less	2½c
$10 to $25	5c
$25 to $37.50	7½c
$37.50 to $50	10c
Etc. to $200	

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA

Capital $4,000,000 Surplus $8,500,000

234 Walnut St. Philadelphia

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send for our free Guide Book, How to Obtain a Patent, What to Invent, List of Inventions Wanted, Prices of Patents, etc. **FREE**

Wanted New Ideas Send for list of PATENT BUYERS Manufacturers

Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

If you will have some leisure hours

this Summer we'll buy them from you. During the time when you would otherwise be "loafing" we should like to have you look after our local subscription work. We'll pay you a liberal commission and salary. Write for information to

Box 539, Agency Division

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Philadelphia, Penna.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

BLACK TAN WHITE

Make it Easy to Polish all Shoes at Home

All dealers 10c

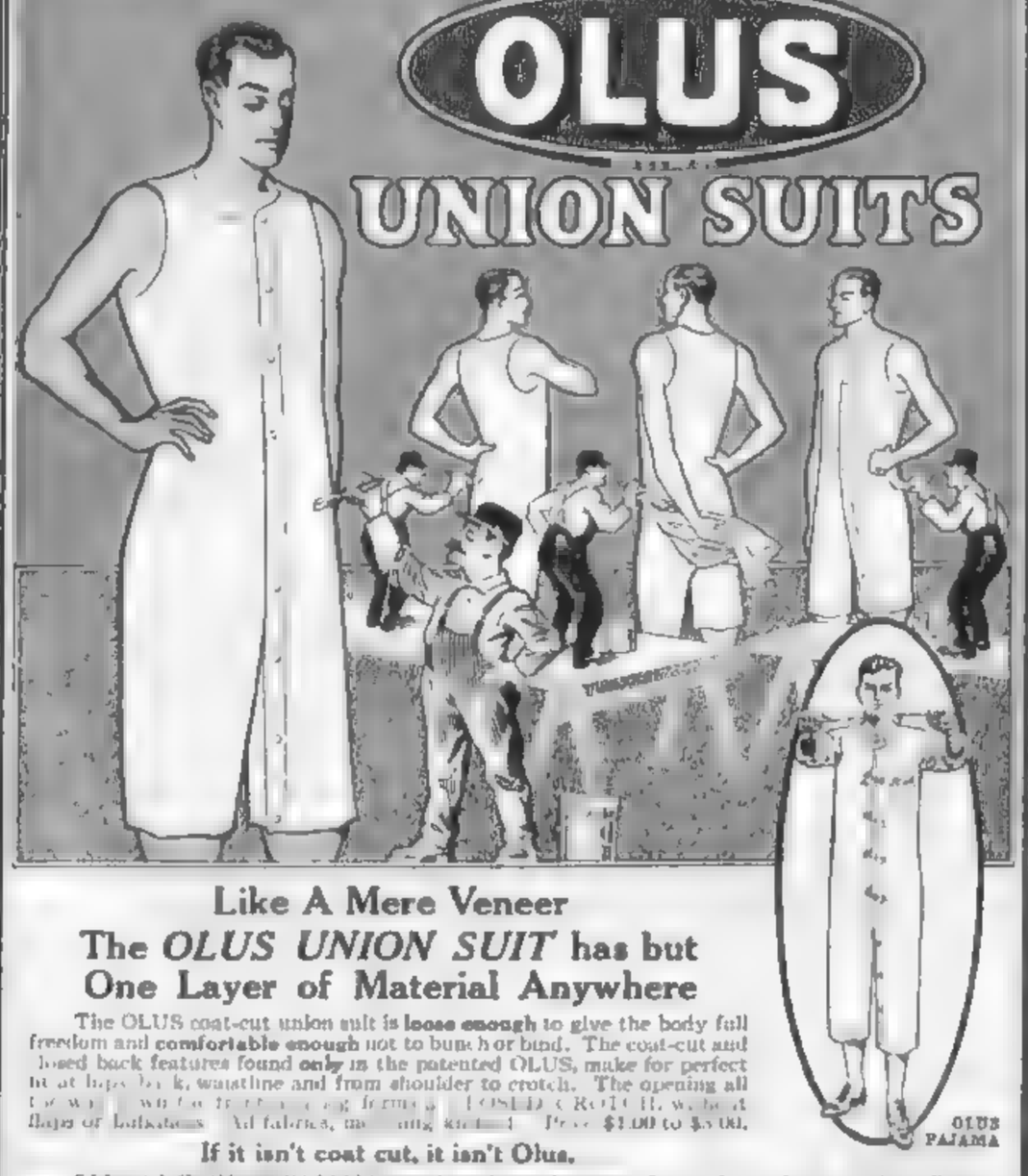
The "Easy-Opening" box, opens with the twist of a coin.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LTD. BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, CAN.

A MERE VENEER

OLUS

UNION SUITS



OLUS PAJAMA

Like A Mere Veneer

The *OLUS UNION SUIT* has but One Layer of Material Anywhere

The OLUS coat-cut union suit is **loose enough** to give the body full freedom and **comfortable enough** not to bunch or bind. The coat-cut and closed back features found **only** in the patented OLUS, make for perfect fit at hips, back, waistline and from shoulder to crotch. The opening all [illegible] forms a CLOSED CROTCH without flaps or buttons. All fabrics, all [illegible] Prices $1.00 to $5.00.

If it isn't coat cut, it isn't Olus.

OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS combine luxury, lounging, free action and easy resting. Cannot work up [illegible] THICKNESS BOTH THROUGHOUT. Made on the same principle as the OLUS UNION SUIT—coat cut, closed crotch, closed back. *No strings to tighten or come loose.*

Price $1.50 to $8.50.

Ask your dealer for Olus. If he cannot supply you, we will send prepaid. Write for booklet.

To Dealers—Your wholesaler carries Olus.

THE GIRARD COMPANY, Makers, Dept. O, 346 Broadway, New York City

The 10th Year in The Saturday Evening Post

We have been advertising in The Saturday Evening Post for 10 years. That means that the

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

has made good during that time. A 6 cent pound of ordinary sugar [illegible] year after year, with no expense for repairs. Ten years of big money making experience have proved this your opportunity. No experience necessary. Today is the day to get the facts. Write to Dept. P.

Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.

Snug Shirt—Trim Socks

Style B Shown

Three Styles—Silk or Lisle

25c, 50c and 75c

SHIR GAR

Adjusts itself to any posture—comfortable, durable.

Ask your dealer—if he can't, we will.

SHIRT GARTER CO. Columbia, Tenn.

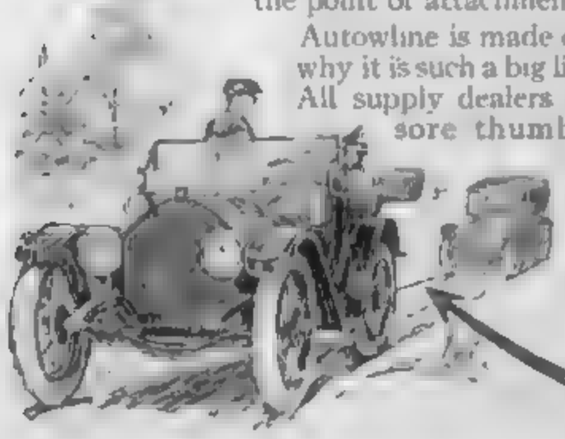
BASLINE

AUTOWLINE

The Always Ready Auto Tow

Nothing easier than taking or giving a tow-home with a Basline Autowline. No bungling knots to tie—no big rope to slip—no marred paint or varnish! Autowline is about 25 feet long—no bigger around than a lead pencil and weighs only 4½ pounds. Special hooks hold on half-inch manila slings which you pass round the point of attachment to prevent marring paint.

Autowline is made of Yellow Strand steel wire rope. That's why it is such a big little puller. All motorists need Autowlines. All supply dealers sell them. The moral sticks out like a sore thumb. Why not heed it? Price east of Rocky Mountains, $3.95.



FREE An illustrated Autowline circular telling the whole story.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

811 N. Second Street, St. Louis, Missouri

New York Office, 76 D. Warren Street

Makers of famous Yellow Strand wire rope

cruisers afloat or building, a fleet superior to those of any other two European powers.

That has been the safety mark for England—a fleet equal to any other two. But of late distinguished military men, headed by Lord Roberts, have discovered that this great fleet is little better than a broken reed to lean upon unless it is complemented by a large, well-drilled standing army. Otherwise, what would happen? Why, in case of a war with Germany the fleet might sink the Kaiser's dreadnoughts, but there England's military power would stop. She would be in the humiliating position of a dog that has treed a cat and can only sit at the foot of the tree and bark.

So everywhere the military argument proceeds in a circle, or rather in an ascending spiral. The emperor calls upon Germany to increase the peace footing by a hundred and thirty thousand men and to raise an extraordinary war fund of two hundred and forty million dollars by a supreme effort, in order that the national existence of the Fatherland may be finally assured. Within a short time Russia brings forward plans to increase the peace footing by four hundred thousand men, involving an extraordinary expenditure of one hundred and fifty-five million dollars, and France lengthens the term of active military service by half. So Germany's relative position is what it was before the supreme effort was made.

There was an unusual spectacle in Stockholm last February. Over thirty thousand Swedish peasants from all parts of the kingdom met at the outskirts of the city, marched through the streets to the royal palace and petitioned the king to increase the army. They were nearly all small farmers; some of them had traveled upward of seven hundred miles; they wore their best clothes and carried various emblems of their districts. They are the men who will do the actual fighting if there is war, and mostly foot the bill; yet this seems to have been a voluntary, spontaneous demonstration truly reflecting the wish of the mass of the people.

The Ever-Ascending Spiral

And it is very easy to understand that wish. The demonstration was inspired by news that Russia had been massing troops in Finland almost within gunshot of the Swedish border. Within a few years these Swedish peasants have seen the savage and bloody rule of the Czar extended like a plague over Finland, blotting out every particle of political liberty. If I were a Swedish peasant in like circumstances I should at least send the hired man to the colors.

So in any particular country you can find a convincing reason for that country's militarism. A great majority of the people of Europe, looking at it from their own particular national angle, do see convincing reasons for it. Broadly speaking, it is only when you look at the whole thing across the Atlantic that you see its colossal folly. For the motives upon which militarism rests are no longer valid. Time and progress have made them as hollow as a worm-eaten nut, as bogus as a china egg. No enlightened nation any longer can gain anything by conquering another nation. It is demonstrable that war among civilized nations is an enterprise in which every participant is bound to lose. There is no territory in the world whose conquest by an enlightened nation would repay the cost; because among enlightened nations every country belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Imagine that Germany had conquered Canada. What could she do with it? There would be no confiscation of private property. All the resources of the Dominion would still belong to the inhabitants, just as at present.

Russia, having a barbarous government, might gain something by conquest, but no enlightened nation can. The enlightened nations recognize this by implication, because they one and all avow that their armaments are solely for purposes of national defense and not for aggression. In fine, Jones, who abhors fires, pays a third of his income to insure that Robinson will not burn down his barn, while Robinson, who wouldn't touch a match to the kitchen stove, pays a third of his income to insure that Jones will not burn down his barn.

Militarism is costing Europe about two and a half billion dollars a year to support in idleness some five million able-bodied men who might be productively employed. And its path still pursues an upward spiral.

The Solution of the Motorists' Problem

THE strength of various types of spark plugs and likewise their weakness cannot be described in detail within this space, but for the careful motorists, those who demand the *best* in every detail of their cars, we have prepared

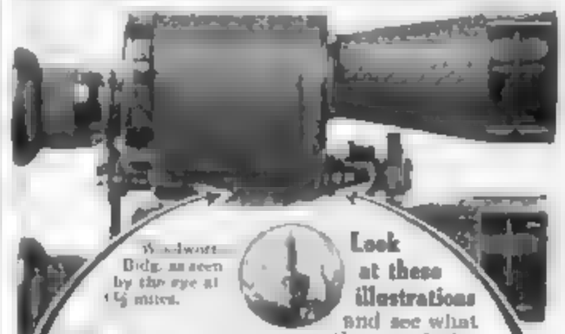
"Locating The Spark Plug"

It's a treatise on plugs—so thorough, so detailed that the reader will acquire a complete spark plug knowledge—will know when poor motor performance can be laid to poor spark plug action—will know the remedy for that condition.

Just a line on a postcard will bring it. Say: "Send me the free booklet—'Locating the Spark Plug.' I drive a—"

BOSCH MAGNETO CO., 233 W. 46th St. New York

199 Service Stations to Serve Bosch Users



Woolworth Bldg. as seen by the eye at 4½ miles.

Look at these illustrations and see what the wonderful

PERPLEX

Prism Binocular

[illegible] field glass. [illegible] which does [illegible] ordinary field glasses [illegible] beyond human ranges!

C. M. Taylor, Postmaster at Evansville, Fla., says: "I have [illegible] easily to pick up the [illegible] [illegible] can be seen at [illegible] 21 feet long."

Think of the pleasure and use a Perplex will give you.

Illustrated Catalog, FREE, gives full information and prices of our entire line of high-grade glasses.

If your optical or sporting goods dealer cannot supply you, we will send direct and guarantee satisfaction.

As seen through Perplex Binocular

American Thermo Ware Co., 16 Warren St., Dept. P, New York

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" [illegible] sold or rented anywhere [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] for interesting and valuable information about

PATENTS WANTED

and bought by Manufacturers; send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper [illegible] Rewards and List of Inventions Wanted. R. B. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. T, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

If you will have some leisure time this summer we'd like to buy it from you. We want you to look after our local subscriptions and renewals and will pay salary and commission.

Box 536, Agency Division

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Plain Talk About Chalmers Policy

To the 2,000,000 Saturday Evening Post Readers:

You who read The Saturday Evening Post regularly see a great many page and double-page automobile advertisements.

Many of these automobile advertisements read much alike.

The reason for this is the similarity in many respects between some of the most favorably known and most widely sold cars.

Chalmers Cars Are Different

Now Chalmers cars—the "Light Six" at $1800; the "Master Six" at $2175—are different from others because they are distinctively Chalmers—because they are built by Chalmers men in the Chalmers shops.

And we want to make this a different kind of an automobile advertisement if we can. We will leave out such words as "best," "greatest," "finest," "lightest," and so forth, and try to give you some definite idea of what there is about Chalmers cars that makes them different from others.

We will begin by making this statement, which you have never before read in any automobile advertisement:

We have never lost a sale to a prospective buyer who has seen the Chalmers "Sixes" being made in the Chalmers factory.

This tells you, first of all, that Chalmers cars are built complete in the Chalmers plant. No "assembling" company could make a statement of this kind, because to see an assembled car being manufactured, one would have to visit many cities and many factories.

Our statement tells you next that Chalmers quality is a definite thing which can be readily appreciated once you have seen the Chalmers methods of manufacture, and the materials which go into Chalmers cars.

Undoubtedly those who visit the different automobile factories before buying a car have an advantage over those who cannot. We will try, therefore, to tell you in detail what it is that makes those who visit the Chalmers factory buy Chalmers cars.

Chalmers Quality In-built

Probably the first thing that would impress you in the Chalmers plant is the fact that quality is something that must be "built in" an automobile. You would see that this quality means painstaking workmanship by skilled mechanics; rigid inspection; up-to-date machinery, and high grade materials.

Only a small part of the quality built into a car shows on the surface. Quality isn't something that tells in the first few months. It is only two, three, four, or five years after the purchase of a car that you fully appreciate the importance of in-built quality.

In the Chalmers factory you would be impressed with the fact that Chalmers cars ***must*** be of high quality to protect the Chalmers investment. The Chalmers Company is in business to ***stay***. You would see 30 acres covered with big, permanent buildings, which have more than a million square feet of floor space. These buildings and land are owned free from encumbrance by the Chalmers Company.

Nearly 4,000 trained employees work in Chalmers shops.

As you walked through the Chalmers plant you would see that every important part that goes into a Chalmers car is built in the Chalmers works.

Chalmers Men Profit Only by Building Quality Cars

If you come to the Chalmers plant and meet the factory Superintendent, under whose personal supervision Chalmers cars are built, you will find that he is an officer, director, stockholder and a permanent member of the organization. If you meet the Chief Engineer you will find he is an officer, director and stockholder in the company. If you meet the General Manager you will find that he is an officer, director and stockholder in the company.

You cannot help but being impressed with the fact that the Chalmers organization is composed of men who hope to profit by making Chalmers cars just as good as they can possibly be made for the money. The success of the men in the Chalmers organization depends entirely upon the continued success of Chalmers cars. They realize that they cannot sell Chalmers cars in large quantities year after year without building into the product a high quality which will gain an enviable reputation.

A trip through the Chalmers plant has never failed to convince a prospective buyer of the high quality which makes the Chalmers "Master Six" and the Chalmers "Light Six" different from other cars in their price classes.

Buy a Car for What It *Has*

Just now there is considerable discussion on the subject of automobile weight. The appeal to your pocketbook in many of the written or spoken arguments has a "pound" appeal rather than a "common sense" appeal. Be sure you spend your money for the things a car ***has***, rather than the things it ***lacks***.

You may remember that there was some discussion about power a few years ago. Reading over the automobile advertisements of a few seasons back one would think that automobiles must have been then sold at so much per horsepower. Perhaps you know what happened.

Public Will Decide

The public settled the question of horsepower—as it will eventually settle the question of weight.

Buyers did not want extreme high power. They did not want extreme low power—***they wanted medium power.***

They demanded medium power because they did not want to pay exorbitant upkeep prices for high power—because they would not risk buying a car that was underpowered.

In the same way the public will ultimately decide that overweight means ***excessive*** upkeep. The public will also decide that underweight means ***lack of strength and easy riding qualities.***

Economy Is Comparative

It costs money to pull useless weight, but it costs more money to repair broken parts whose strength has been sacrificed in the rush to get aboard the light car "bandwagon."

The difference in gasoline consumed by a medium weight car of scientifically determined strength and one weighing several hundred pounds less is so slight for the season's mileage that anyone who stops to consider that expenditure should not buy an automobile at all.

The people who buy Chalmers cars are settling the weight question ***now***. They are settling it ahead of others in the way that it will be eventually settled—by purchasing medium weight cars.

No Skimping at Expense of Safety and Strength

To those who visit the Chalmers factory we gladly explain how and why the Chalmers concentric torque tube prevents sidesway, which is hard on tires, and makes the car hang well to any road. This Chalmers torque tube weighs 47 pounds. Some builders leave out the torque tube entirely—they say to save weight. But don't forget that torque tubes cost money, and they save that too.

Many visitors to our factory ask why Chalmers springs are so big and heavy. We could use narrower, lighter weight springs on Chalmers cars—and save the money, because springs are bought at so much per pound. But Chalmers owners are interested more in the resiliency and strength of the heavy, underslung springs than in the few dollars we could save for them if we used narrower, lighter springs. Each rear spring on the Chalmers "Light Six" weighs 56¼ pounds—and that 56¼ pounds is a guarantee of safety and endurance.

Strength in Every Part

Probably it has never occurred to you to ask the weight of an automobile wheel. The rear wheel of the Chalmers "Light Six" weighs 83 pounds, but if we used lighter ones you might never know the difference.

But then again in an emergency the flimsy wheel might not stand the strain. It is to protect you and your pocketbook that we use wheels of unusual weight. It is worth something to you to know when you are driving at high speed over a rough road that you need not worry about a wheel breaking down.

We follow the same precautions throughout Chalmers cars. All parts that should be big and strong are made big and strong. We save on weight where weight is not needed for safety.

Chalmers Materials Are Never Skimped

And no lighter car than the Chalmers uses better materials. We use as good materials as money can buy, and we don't overweight any part of our car because we don't like to spend money uselessly for materials any more than you would like to have us.

These are some of the things in Chalmers manufacturing which make Chalmers cars different from others—to your advantage. And here is another reason—perhaps the greatest from the buyer's viewpoint—for Chalmers high dollar-for-dollar value:

It is only because the Chalmers Company is satisfied with a small profit per car that we are able to build such values into our product at Chalmers prices. Our profit on the $1800 "Light Six" is less than $100 per car. And you pay one profit only when you buy a Chalmers. For we build our own parts—do not purchase them outside.

We know of no other company marketing cars of the Chalmers price and quality that takes as small a profit.

We Are in Business to Stay

But as we have often stated in Chalmers advertisements, we are in business to stay. We are not trying to get rich in a hurry. We believe that by building quality into Chalmers cars, by giving the utmost for the money and by being content with a small profit per car, but with a big production, we have found the surest way to maintain a big and permanent volume of business. And it is only by having a big volume of business that we can get legitimate return on the money we have invested in the Chalmers plant.

We know that quality counts. So we believe it will be even easier to sell Chalmers cars in two or three years than now. We are building for the future—and so we build quality first. Price comes afterward.

If you are considering a car below the Chalmers price don't let $100 to $300 stand in the way of your getting a real quality car easily worth many times the extra cost in value and service.

We would not reduce the quality of Chalmers cars to meet "price." It may be necessary to raise the prices of our cars later in the season. We shall certainly not lower the quality.

Ask Your Chalmers Dealer to Prove Chalmers Quality

If you will visit the nearest Chalmers dealer, he will show you more ways in which Chalmers cars differ from others. He is now delivering 1915 models. He will be glad to give you a searching demonstration of the $1800 Chalmers "Light Six," or the $2175 Chalmers "Master Six," that will be a revelation to you.

We believe you will be making a big mistake if you don't investigate the Chalmers cars. We believe the reputation of the Chalmers Company for ***building quality*** cars entitles us to your serious consideration of our product before you buy any car.

1915 Chalmers "Light Six" Touring Car . . $1800
1915 Chalmers "Light Six" Coupélet 2050

Chalmers "Master Six" 5-passenger $2175
Chalmers "Master Six" 6-passenger 2275

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

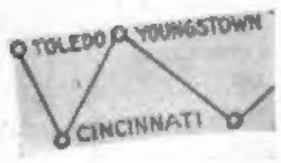
Stewart Speedometer – the most popular speedometer in the world

Nearly 300 car manufacturers equip with the Magnetic Speedometer. 95% of all the speedometers in use are Magnetic Type. It is permanently accurate because it is built on a proven principle. It has *only one moving part.*

You will *probably* find a Magnetic Type Speedometer on the car you are considering. But look—be sure!

The Magnetic Type Speedometer costs the car manufacturer more than any other type. You may be sure that he adopted the Stewart Magnetic Speedometer *only* because he considers it *best.* And the fact that he has gone down in his pocket to provide the best speedometer proves that he has also provided the best to be had for the entire equipment of the car—he is building cars on a *quality basis.*

Stewart Model B-Z-12
Speedometer
Price $50



Save your back,- save your tires, – by having a Stewart Tire Pump mounted right on, and driven by, your motor

It is time you were relieved of all back-breaking hand pumping, and all the tire troubles and expenses that are caused by using a hand pump.

Manufacturers have made it possible for you to start your motor by pressing a pedal. They have provided lighting equipments that are controlled from the driver's seat by merely touching a button.

But the most important thing of all they are just coming to—the Power Tire Pump. Many car manufacturers are now installing this Stewart Tire Pump as regular equipment. Everyone knows that the hardest work about an automobile is the job of filling your tires by hand. You are sure to be up against the necessity of tire pumping *sometime—somewhere*—on the road, if you've used all your extra tires—in your garage when you get back from a trip, to get your extra tires in condition again.

Stewart Tire Pump Complete only $15

You cannot fill a tire sufficiently by hand, and an under-inflated tire wears out rapidly through rim-cutting, broken fabric, and friction. A half-filled tire drags on the road, increasing the consumption of gasoline. All this doubles your tire expense.

What's the use of beautiful spring construction and 10-inch upholstery if you haven't a pump that will keep your tires up to proper inflation?

How many car owners religiously test the pressure of air in the tires on their cars? How many run along on half-filled tires until they are nearly flat, before they again blow them up to the pressure stipulated by the tire maker?

Tire manufacturers will tell you that you should test the tires every few days, and if they don't show the right pressure, then they should be immediately brought up to the right pressure. But you are bound to put off this hard work as long as you can, if it is up to you to do it with a hand pump.

With the Stewart Tire Pump mounted on your motor you simply throw over a little lever and the motor does all the work—quickly. It fills a big 36 x 4½ in. tire, for instance, in five minutes. It is designed on the most efficient engineering lines, beautifully built and finished. The piston is steel, hardened, ground and lapped. The connecting rod is hardened steel. The cylinder has fins which insure perfect air cooling. The base is aluminum. No dust or oil can enter tire.

Complete, with air pressure gauge and 12 feet of high grade hose, only $15

Can be fitted on your present car, old or new. Write for complete catalog, and let us know the car you are now driving. If you are buying a new car the dealer will install it for you.

Double air valves insuring positive operation
Cylinder beautifully machined Fins mean perfect cooling
Air intake screen
Piston oiled by oil-soaked wick
Crankshaft oil hole
Clutch
Hardened steel shaft

The Great Chain of Stewart Service Stations – that mean Real Service

We maintain the most complete, thorough and efficient service organization in the automobile accessory industry—bar none. Devoted exclusively to our own products. Dedicated to you who own and use Stewart equipment on your cars. Yours to command and profit by wherever you go in the civilized world.

Look at the names of the cities dotted about the oval border of this advertisement. In each of these cities is a Stewart Service Station. This is only a partial list, comprising those in the United States alone. We have 17 direct Factory Branches and 70 Service Stations, and they are being added to constantly. They soon will cover the automobile-using world.

There are some "service stations"—small concerns that merely carry a few spare speedometer parts, with no equipment to make any repairs or adjustments. As compared to these, Stewart Service Stations are completely equipped, manned by factory experts, carry a full line of Stewart products and parts, and are as well prepared to care for your Stewart equipment as though you sent it to our factory.

When you buy equipment for your car, remember the importance and advantage of being able to command Stewart Service—REAL Service. It means everything in the world to you afterward.

Stewart-Warner

Executive Offices: 1910
Factories: Chicago

17 Branches. Service Stations

You stand by and watch the Stewart Tire Pump do the work.

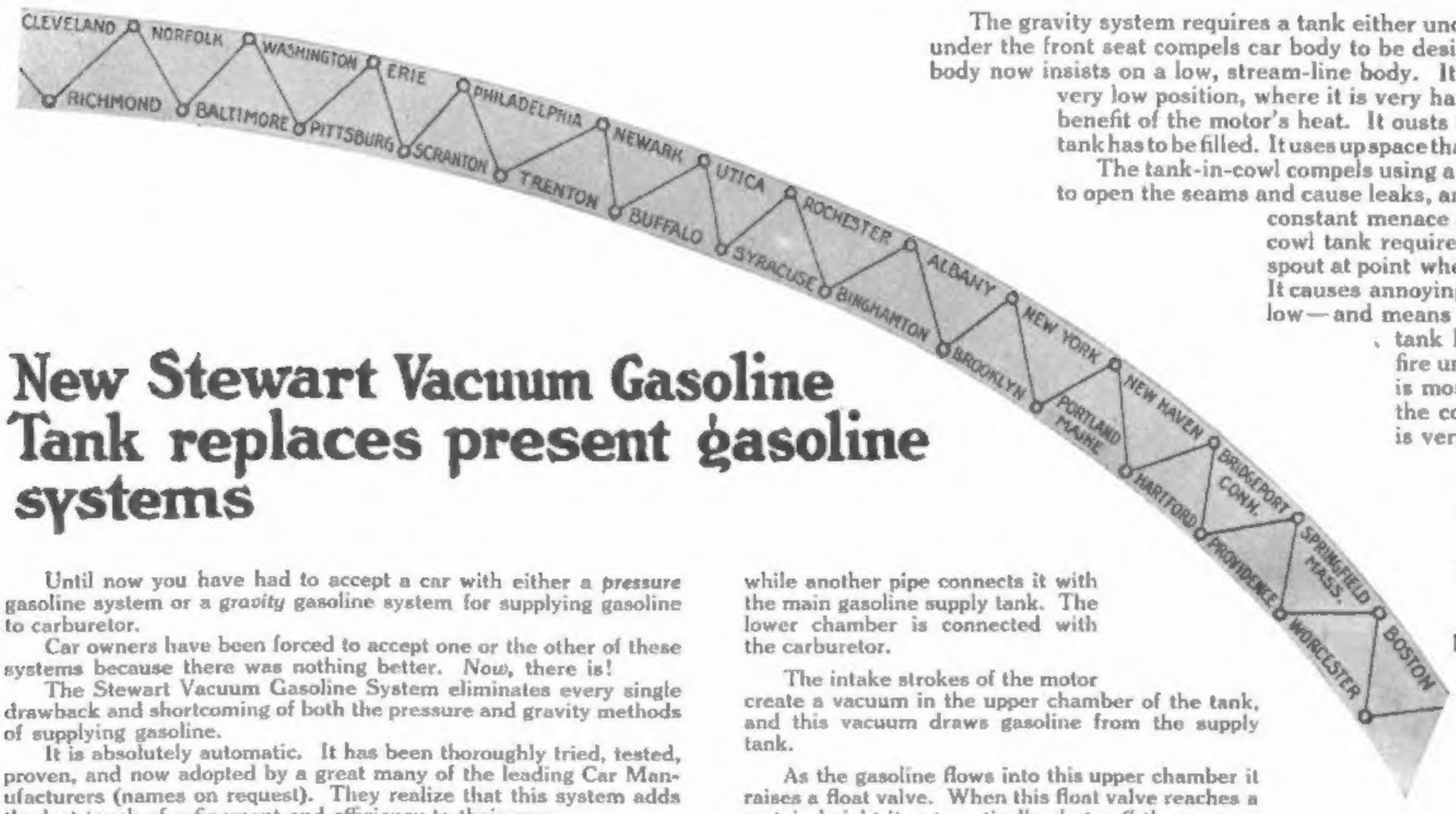
Disadvantages of Gravity Systems, which the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System entirely overcomes

The gravity system requires a tank either under front seat or in cowl. The tank under the front seat compels car body to be designed "up in the air," while everybody now insists on a low, stream-line body. It forces placing the carburetor in a very low position, where it is very hard to get at, and where it loses the benefit of the motor's heat. It ousts the front seat passenger whenever tank has to be filled. It uses up space that can be used more advantageously.

The tank-in-cowl compels using a soldered tank. Rough riding is apt to open the seams and cause leaks, and soak the electric wiring, hence a constant menace from explosion and collision. The cowl tank requires unsightly and inconvenient filler spout at point where spilled gasoline attacks varnish. It causes annoying splashing sound when gasoline is low—and means partial disassembling of car when tank has to be repaired. In case of any fire under the hood a leaky gasoline tank is most dangerous. Also with a tank in the cowl, the continued odor of gasoline is very obnoxious.

Both gravity systems limit the size of the tank and force you to refill often.

Every one of these disadvantages is done entirely away with by the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.



New Stewart Vacuum Gasoline Tank replaces present gasoline systems

Until now you have had to accept a car with either a *pressure* gasoline system or a *gravity* gasoline system for supplying gasoline to carburetor.

Car owners have been forced to accept one or the other of these systems because there was nothing better. *Now*, there is!

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System eliminates every single drawback and shortcoming of both the pressure and gravity methods of supplying gasoline.

It is absolutely automatic. It has been thoroughly tried, tested, proven, and now adopted by a great many of the leading Car Manufacturers (names on request). They realize that this system adds the last touch of refinement and efficiency to their cars.

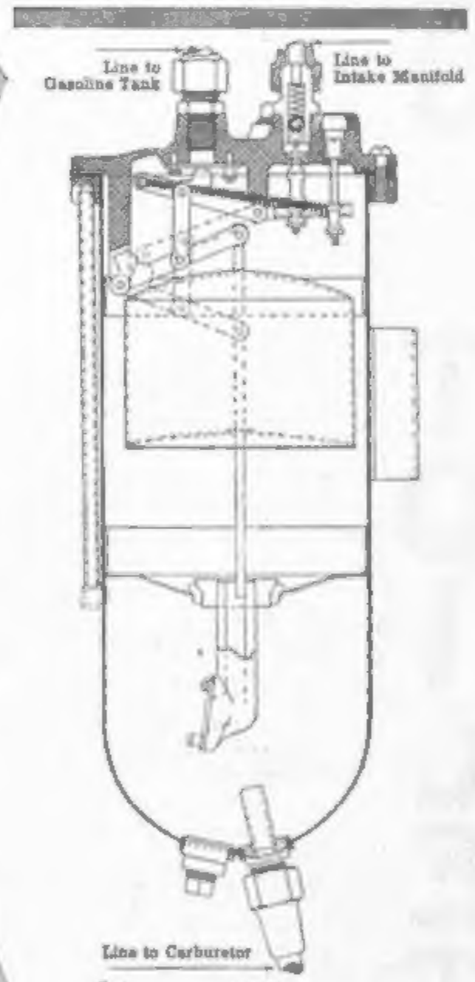
Over the roughest roads, and up and down the steepest grades, it insures an absolutely positive gasoline feed to the carburetor.

It is self-contained—simple in construction—nothing to get out of order. Once installed it can be forgotten. There is absolutely nothing that requires attention. It is positively and lastingly automatic.

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System comprises a small round tank, 3 inches in diameter and 9 inches deep, mounted on engine side of dash. This tank is divided into two chambers, upper and lower. The upper chamber is connected to the intake manifold, while another pipe connects it with the main gasoline supply tank. The lower chamber is connected with the carburetor.

The intake strokes of the motor create a vacuum in the upper chamber of the tank, and this vacuum draws gasoline from the supply tank.

As the gasoline flows into this upper chamber it raises a float valve. When this float valve reaches a certain height it automatically shuts off the vacuum valve, and opens an atmospheric valve, which lets the gasoline flow down into the lower chamber. The float valve in the upper chamber drops with the gasoline flowing out, and when it reaches a certain point it in turn re-opens the vacuum valve, and the process of re-filling the upper chamber begins again. The same processes are repeated continuously, and absolutely automatically. The lower chamber is always open to the atmosphere, so that the gasoline flows to the carburetor, as required, uninterruptedly and with an even pressure.



Stewart Vacuum Gasoline Tank

The Advantages of the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System

—Does away with all need of pressure—eliminates power pressure-pumps, hand pressure-pumps, air gauge on dash, extra line of piping to rear tank, gasoline filter, and all labor of installing all this equipment—does not require air-tight supply tank, nor air-tight filler caps.

Does away with trouble of trying to keep air pressure in supply tank—trying to overcome leaks in connections—necessity of always tightening down filler cap—for with this system it doesn't matter if filler cap is left off entirely, it works just as well—car starts instantaneously—no need of laborious pumping pressure in the tank by hand.

The carburetor may be placed high on the motor where it is easily accessible, and where heat of motor greatly assists carburetion.

Tank is located under hood on front side of dash—out of the way—heat of engine warms gasoline and assists carburetion.

Lower chamber of tank is constructed as a filter, and prevents any water or sediment in gasoline from passing into carburetor. A plug in bottom of tank permits drawing off this water, and also allows you to draw gasoline, if required for priming or cleaning purposes.

Supply tank can also be placed in advantageous position in rear of car, permitting car manufacturers to design body as low as style and requirements demand—puts weight where it is carried to best advantage to the riding qualities of the car.

Does away with gasoline tank in cowl where they have been found to be noisy—giving off annoying odors—troublesome to fill and dangerous in collision, and hazardous from possible explosions through leakage of gasoline to ignition wires.

This system makes climbing the steepest grades as easy as running on the level.

Car Manufacturers claim for this system a 10% saving in gasoline by reason of its even flow to the carburetor, instead of the feed being forced.

Starting in cold weather is easier because of having a supply of gasoline under the hood where it receives and retains the heat of the motor for a much longer period than if drawn directly from the exposed supply tank.

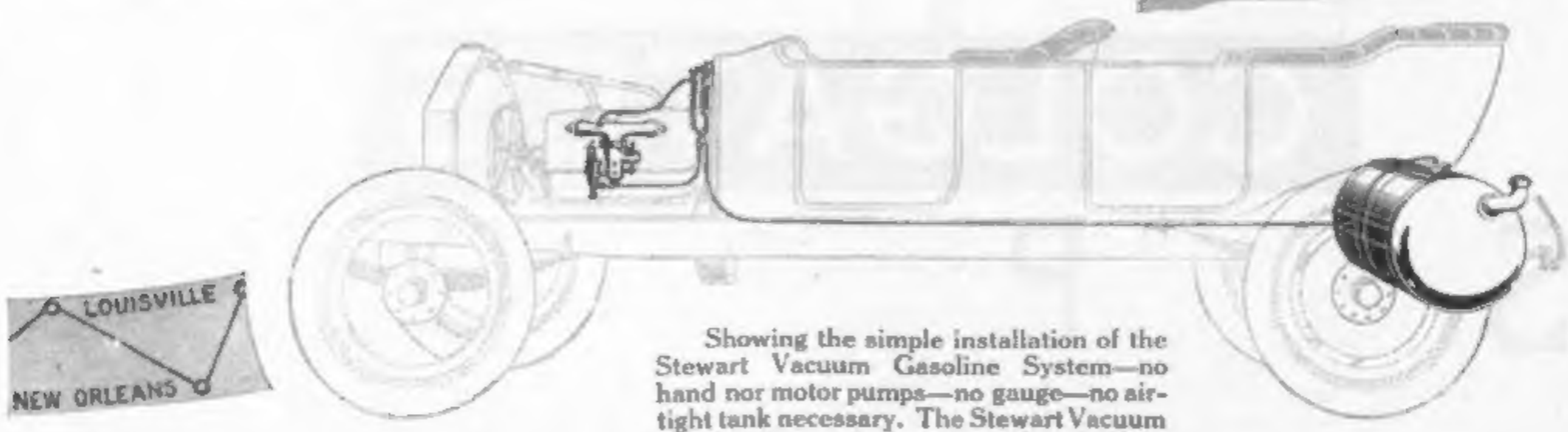
This Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System can be installed on your present car, whether old or new, at any of our Service Stations or by any garage man. Price . . . . . .

$15

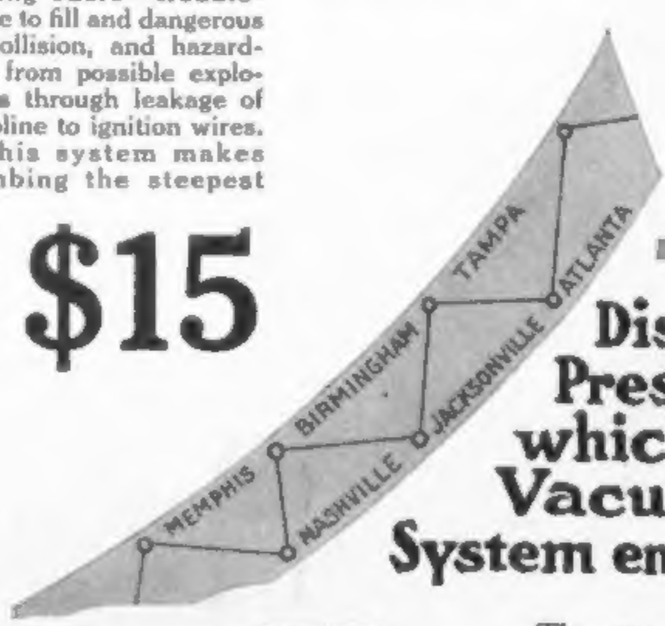
Speedometer Corporation

Diversey Boulevard, Chicago
and Beloit, Wisc.

in all cities and large towns.



Showing the simple installation of the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System—no hand nor motor pumps—no gauge—no air-tight tank necessary. The Stewart Vacuum System draws, by vacuum, the gasoline from rear supply tank into a small tank located on the dash—and from which small tank the gasoline falls with even pressure to the carburetor. It is absolutely automatic and unfailing. Read complete description above.



Disadvantages of Pressure Systems, which the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System entirely overcomes

The pressure system requires, first, a hand pump to supply pressure before starting the motor—next, an air gauge; then, an air pump on motor or a pressure regulator on exhaust manifold—also an *air-tight* gasoline tank in *rear*—an *air-tight* filler cap—a spout strong enough to resist use of heavy wrench on filler cap—a magnetic gasoline gauge on tank—a filter on gasoline line—an extra line of piping—and all the disadvantages and annoyances of taking care of so many devices. All these contraptions cause trouble; leaks—stoppages—first, too much pressure—then, no pressure—then, no gasoline.

Every one of these disadvantages is done entirely away with by the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.

COLGATE'S TOILET SOAPS

COLGATE'S

Coleo
Cashmere Bouquet
Oatmeal
Lettuce
Glycerine
All Round
Turkish Bath
Eclat
Sandal Wood

TOILET

Transparent Glycerine
Oval Palm
Imperial Lilac
La France Rose
Alder Flower
Tuscan Castile

SOAPS

Shaving STICK, POWDER, CREAM
Olive Oil
Almond Cream
Pine Tar
Sulphur

A Soap
for every purpose
at a price
for every purse

COLGATE'S

STICK Society for POWDER Prevention of CREAM Cruelty to shavers

COLGATE & COMPANY

Established 1806